

THE
ODYSSEY
OF
H O M E R.

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

ODYSSEY

HOMER

ALFRED DODGE

THE
ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER.

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WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,
By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

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ODYSSEY

HOMER

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.



ROBERT WATFIELD, R.A.

VOLUME III

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MDCCLXXVI.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. III.

B

THE ARCHITECT

Adventures with the ...

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THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Æolus, the Lestrigons, and Circe.

ULYSSES arrives at the island of Æolus, who gives him prosperous winds, and incloses the adverse ones in a bag, which his companions untying, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Lestrigons, where they lose eleven ships, and with one only remaining, proceed to the island of Circe. Eurylochus is sent first with some companions, all which, except Eurylochus, are transformed into swine. Ulysses then undertakes the adventure, and by the help of Mercury, who gives him the herb Moly, overcomes the Enchantress, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with her, he prepares at her instigation for his voyage to the infernal shades.

P.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adventures with Robin, the Legion, and Cinc.

LYONS arrives at the head of Robin, who gives him proper reward, and orders the adventure in a bag, which his companion might, they are driven back again, and rejected. Then they sail to the Legion, where they take their ship, and with me only remaining, proceed to the head of Cinc. Fugitive is first left with some companions, all which, except Fugitive, are transformed into stone. After that, under the assistance, and by the help of Lyons, who gives him the ship itself, returns the Fugitive, and procures the restoration of his men. After a year's stay with him, he proceeds at his request for his voyage to the island of F.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

POETRY is a mixture of History and Fable; the foundation is historical, because the Poet does not entirely neglect truth; the rest is fabulous, because naked truth would not be sufficiently surprizing; for the marvellous ought to take place, especially in epick poetry. But it may be asked, does not Homer offend against all degrees of probability in these Episodes of the Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, Cyclops and Antiphates? How are these incredible stories to be reduced into the bounds of probability? It is true, the marvellous ought to be used in epick Poetry; but ought it to transgress all power of belief? Aristotle in his *Art of Poetry* lays down a rule to justify these incidents: *A Poet, says that author, ought to prefer things impossible, provided they are probable, before things possible, that are nevertheless incredible.* Chap. xv. This rule is not without obscurity; but Monsieur Dacier has explained it in his Annotations upon that author: a thing may be impossible, and yet probable: thus when the Poet introduces a Deity, any incident humanly impossible receives a full probability by being ascribed to the skill and power of a God: it is thus we justify the story of the transformation of the ship of the Phæaciens into a rock, and the fleet of Æneas into sea-nymphs. But such relations ought not to be too frequent in a poem; for it is an established rule, that all incidents which require a divine probability only, should be so disengaged from the action, that they may be substracted from it without destroying it; for instance, if we omit the transformation of the ship, the action of the Odyssey will retain the same perfection. And therefore those episodes which are necessary, and make essential parts of the poem, ought to be grounded upon human probability; now the episodes of Circe, Polypheme, the Sirens, &c. are necessary to the action of the Odyssey: but will any man say they are within the bounds of human probability? How then shall we solve this difficulty? Homer artificially has brought them within the degrees of it; he makes Ulysses relate them before a credulous and ignorant assembly; he lets us into the character of the Phæaciens, by saying they were a very dull nation, in the sixth book,

Where never Science rear'd her laurel'd head.

It is thus the Poet gives probability to his fables, by reciting them to a people who believed them, and who through a laziness

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

of life were fond of romantick stories; he adapts himself to his audience, and yet even here he is not unmindful of his more intelligent readers: he gives them, (observes Bossu) in these fables all the pleasure that can be reaped from physical or moral truths, disguised under miraculous allegories, and by this method reconciles them to poetical probability.

There are several heads to which probability may be reduced; either to divinity, and then nothing is improbable, for every thing is possible to a Deity; or to our ideas of things whether true or false: thus in the descent of Ulysses into hell, there is not one word of probability or historick truth; but if we examine it by the ideas that the old world entertained of hell, it becomes probable; or lastly, we may have respect to vulgar opinion or fame; for a Poet is at liberty to relate a falsehood, provided it be commonly believed to be true. We might have recourse to this last rule, which is likewise laid down by Aristotle, to vindicate the *Odyssey*, if there were occasion for it; for in all ages such fables have found belief.

I will only add, that Virgil has given a sanction to these stories, by inserting them in his *Aeneis*; and Horace calls them by the remarkable epithet of *specious* miracles.

Ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat;

“Antiphaten, Scyllamque & cum Cyclope Charybdis.”

Longinus calls these fables dreams, but adds, that they are the dreams of Jupiter; he likewise blames those episodes, because in all of them there is much more fable and narration than action: which criticism may perhaps be too severe, if we consider that past adventures are here brought into present use, and though they be not actions, yet they are the representations of actions, agreeable to the nature of episodes.

It may be questioned if Virgil is so happy in the choice of the audience to which he relates many of these fables; the Carthaginians were not ignorant like the Phœaciens: from whence then do his stories receive their probability? It is not so easy to answer this objection, unless we have recourse to common fame: Virgil was not the author of them, Homer had established them, and brought them into fame, so that Virgil had common opinion to vindicate him, joined with Homer's authority.

THE
TENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

AT length we reach'd Æolia's sea-girt shore
Where great Hippotades the sceptre bore,

N O T E S.

Ver. 1. *We reach'd Æolia's shore.*] It is difficult to distinguish what is truth from what is fiction in this relation: Diodorus, who was a Sicilian, speaks of Æolus, and refers to this passage: "This is that Æolus, says he, who entertained Ulysses, in his voyages: he is reported to have been a pious and just prince, and given to hospitality, and therefore φίλος ἀνθρώποις, as Homer expresses it." But whence has the fable of his being the governor of the winds taken its foundation? Eustathius tells us, that he was a very wise man, and one who from long observation could foretel what weather was like to follow: others say he was an astronomer, and studied chiefly the nature of the winds; and as Atlas from his knowledge in astrology was said to sustain the heavens; so Æolus, from his experience and observation, was fabled to be the ruler or disposer of the winds. But what explanation can be given of this bag, in which he is said to bind the

A floating isle ! high-rais'd by toil divine,
Strong walls of brass the rocky coast confine.

winds? Eratosthenes, continues Eustathius, said pleasantly, that we shall then find the places where Ulysses voyaged, when we have discovered the artist, or cobbler, τοῖς σκυτῖα, who sewed up this bag of the winds. But the reason of the fiction is supposed to be this: Æolus taught the use and management of sails, and having foretold Ulysses from what quarter the winds would blow, he may be said to have gathered them into a kind of enclosure, and retained them as use should require. Diodorus explains it a little differently, lib. v. Πρὸς δὲ ταῖς τὴν τῶν ἰσίων χρεῖαν τοῖς ναυτικοῖς ἐπιστηγῆσθαι, καὶ ἀπὸ τῆς τῷ κυρτῷ προσημασίας παρατηρητότα, ἀπορίγῃ τὰς ἰσχυρίας αἰέμας ἐνέχεσθαι, ἐξ ὧν ταμίαν ἀνέμων μῦθος ἀνίδειξαι; that is, "He taught the use of sails, and having learned from observing the bearing of the smoke and fires (of those Vulcanian islands) what winds would blow, he usually foretold them with exactness, and from hence he is fabled to be the disposer of the winds." The words of Varro, quoted by Servius, are to the same purpose: *Varro autem dicit hunc insularum regem fuisse, ex quarum nebulis & fumo Vulcania insule prædicens futura flabra ventorum, ab imperitis visus est ventos suâ potestate retinere.*

Polybius will not admit that this story of Æolus is entirely fable; and Strabo is of the same opinion, that Ulysses was in the Sicilian seas; and that there was such a king as Æolus, he affirms to be truth; but that he met with such adventures is, in the main, fiction. There may another reason, as Eustathius observes, be given for the fiction of binding up the winds in a bag: they who practised the art of incantation or charms, made use of the skin of a dolphin, and pretended by certain ceremonies to bind or loose the winds as they pleased; and this practice is a sufficient ground to build upon in poetry.

The solution also of Bochart is worth our notice: Homer borrowed the word Αἶολος from the Phœnician *Aol*, which signifies a whirlwind or tempest, from whence the Greeks formed their word αἶλλα; the Phœnicians observing the king of this island to be very expert in foretelling the winds, called him king Aolin, or king of the winds and storms; from hence Homer formed a proper name and called him Αἶολος. It must be confessed, that this solution is ingenious, and not without an appearance of probability.

Six blooming youths, in private grandeur bred,;
And six fair daughters, grac'd the royal bed:

But having laid together what may be said in vindication of this story of Æolus: Justice requires that I should not suppress what has been objected against it by no less a Critick than Longinus; he observes that a genius naturally lofty sometimes falls into trifling; an instance of this, adds he, is what Homer says of the bag wherein Æolus inclosed the winds. Cap. vii. *περὶ ἰψῶς*. P.

Ver. 3. *A floating isle* —] The word in the original is *πλωτῆ*: some take it, as Eustathius remarks, for a proper name; but Aristarchus believes Homer intended to express by it a floating island, that was frequently removed by concussions and earthquakes, for it is seen sometimes on the right, at other times on the left hand: the like has been said of Delos; and Herodotus thus describes the island Echémis in the Ægyptian seas. Dionysius, in his *περίηγησις*, affirms, that this island is not called by the name of *πλωτῆ*, by reason of its floating, but because it is an island of fame, and much sailed unto, or *πλωτῆ*, by navigators; that is, *πλεομένη*, or *ἐν τόποις πλεομένοις κειμένη*, or lying in seas of great navigation: but perhaps the former opinion of Aristarchus may be preferable, as it best contributes to raise the wonder and admiration of the credulous ignorant Phæacians, which was the sole intention of Ulysses.

These islands were seven in number, (but eleven at this day) Strongyle, Hiera, Didyme, Hicesta, Lipara, Erycodes, and Phænicodes, all lying in the Sicilian seas, as Diodorus Siculus testifies; but offers in the name of one of the islands.

Strabo is of opinion, that the island called by Homer, the Æolian, is Strongyle; *Ἡ δὲ Στρογγύλη, ἐν διαπυρρῇ, τῷ φέγγει πλεονέουσα, ἵσταυθα δὲ τὸν Αἰόλον οἰκῆσαι φασί.* “This island Strongyle abounds with subterraneous fires, &c. and here Æolus is said to have reigned.” Pliny agrees with Strabo, lib. iii. but Dacier understands it to be Lipara, according to Virgil, *Æn.* lib. viii. but in reality the seven were all called the Æolian islands.

“*Insula Sicaniæ juxta latus, Æolianque*
“*Erigitur Liparen, fumantibus ardua saxa.*”

But why is it fabled to be surrounded with a wall of brass? Eustathius says, that this may proceed from its being almost inaccessible; but this reason is not sufficient to give foundation to such a fiction.

These sons their sisters wed, and all remain
 Their parents' pride, and pleasure of their reign.

Dacier observes that it is thus described, because of the subterranean fires, which from time to time break out from the entrails of this island. Aristotle speaking of Lipara, which is the most considerable of the Æolian islands, thus describes it; "All night long the island of Lipara appears enlightened with fires." The same relation agrees with Strongyle, called Strombolo at this day.

I will take the liberty to propose a conjecture, which may perhaps not unhappily give a reason of this fiction of the wall of brass, from this description of Aristotle: all night fires appear (says that author) from this island, and these fires falling upon the seas, might cast a ruddy reflection round the island, which to navigators might look like a wall of brass enclosing it. This is but a conjecture drawn from appearances; but to write according to appearances is allowable in poetry, where a seeming or a real truth may be used indifferently. P.

Ver. 5. *Six blooming youths—and six fair daughters.*] Diodorus Siculus mentions the names of the six sons of Æolus, but is silent concerning his daughters, and therefore others, who can find mysteries in the plainest description, assure us, that this is not to be understood historically, but allegorically: Æolus represents the year, his twelve children are the twelve months, six of which are female, to denote those six months in which the earth brings forth her fruits; by his six sons the other months are understood, in which the seed is sown, or in which the herbs, fruits, &c. are nourished in order to production; these may therefore be called males. But this is to darken an author into mystery, not to explain him. Dacier gives us another allegorical interpretation: the Poet makes him the governor of the winds, and gives him twelve children, these denote the twelve principal winds; half of which children are males, half females; the males denote the winter winds, which as it were brood upon the earth, and generate its increase; the females those warmer seasons of the year, when the more prolific winds blow, and make the earth teem with fruitfulness: these children of Æolus are in continual feasts in his palace; that is, the winds are continually fed by the exhalations from the earth, which may be called their food or nourishment: the brothers and sisters intermarry; this denotes the nature of the

All day they feast, all day the bowls flow round,
 And joy and musick thro' the isle resound: 10
 At night each pair on splendid carpets lay,
 And crown'd with love the pleasures of the day.

This happy port affords our wand'ring fleet
 A month's reception, and a safe retreat.

winds, which blow promiscuously, and one wind unites itself with another from all quarters of the world indifferently: the brothers and sisters are said to sleep by night together; that is, the winds are usually still and calm, and as it were rest together, at that season. But what occasion is there to have recourse to an uncertain allegory, when such great names as Polybius, Strabo, and Diodorus assure us, that this relation is in part true history; and if there was really such a king as Æolus, why might he not be a father of six sons and as many daughters? I should prefer a plain history to a dark allegory. P.

Ver. 7.] More distinctly, perhaps:

These, wedded to the sons, at home remain.

Ver. 9. All day they feast, — — —

— and musick through the isle resounds.]

Homer was not unacquainted with the wonders related of this island Lipara. "In this island, says Aristotle, a monument is reported to be, of which they tell miracles: they assure us that they hear issuing from it the sound of timbrels or cymbals, plainly and distinctly." It is easy to perceive that this is founded upon the noise the fires make which are inclosed in the caverns in this island, and that Homer alludes to the ancient name of it, which in the Phœnician language (Meloginin, as Bochart observes) signifies the land of those who play upon instruments. We learn from Callimachus, in his Hymn to Diana, that Lipara was originally called Meligounis. *She (Diana) went to find out the Cyclops: she found them in Lipara, for that is the name the isle now bears, but antiently it was called Meligounis; they were labouring a huge mass of red hot iron, &c.* So that Homer is not all invention, but adapts his poetry to tradition and ancient story. Dacier. P.

Ver. 10.] I know not what could lead him to this needless deviation. His author dictates:

And joy and music thro' the dom ereound.

Full oft' the monarch urg'd me to relate 15
 The fall of Ilion, and the Grecian fate ;
 Full oft' I told : at length for parting mov'd ;
 The king with mighty gifts my suit approv'd.
 The adverse winds in leathern bags he brac'd,
 Compress'd their force, and lock'd each struggling
 blast : 20

For him the mighty Sire of Gods assign'd
 The tempest's lord, the tyrant of the wind ;
 His word alone the list'ning storms obey,
 To smoothe the deep, or swell the foamy sea.
 These in my hollow ship the monarch hung, 25
 Securely fetter'd by a silver thong ;
 But Zephyrus exempt, with friendly gales
 He charg'd to fill, and guide the swelling sails :
 Rare gift ! but oh, what gift to fools avails ! }

Nine prosp'rous days we ply'd the lab'ring
 oar ; 30

The tenth presents our welcome native shore :

Ver. 17.] So Chapman :

The fit time come, when I dismissal mov'd —

Ver. 19.] The vicious rhyme and open vowel may be super-
 seded thus :

Each adverse wind a leathern bag made fast.

Ver. 23.] Thus ? to mend the rhymes :

His word alone the list'ning *deeps* obey,

To smoothe the *surge*, or swell the *waiv'y* way.

Ver. 28.] Or thus ?

To guide *our ship* he charg'd, and *swell* *our* sails,

The hills display the beacon's friendly light,
 And rising mountains gain upon our sight.
 Then first my eyes, by watchful toils oppress'd,
 Comply'd to take the balmy gifts of rest; 35
 Then first my hands did from the rudder part,
 (So much the love of home possess'd my heart)
 When lo! on board a fond debate arose;
 What rare device those vessels might enclose?
 What sum, what prize from Æolus I brought? 40
 Whilst to his neighbour each express'd his thought.

Ver. 32. *The hills display the beacon's friendly light.*] Eustathius observes, that these fires were a kind of beacons kept continually burning to direct navigators; the smoke gave notice by day, the light of the flame by night. Ithaca was environed with rocks, and consequently there was a necessity for this care, to guide sea-faring men to avoid those rocks, and to point out the places of landing with security.

But is it not an imputation to the wisdom of Ulysses, to suffer himself to be surpris'd with sleep, when he was almost ready to enter the ports of his own country? And is it not probable that the joy he must be supposed to receive at the sight of it, should induce him to a few hours watchfulness? It is easier to defend his sleeping here, than in the thirteenth of the *Odyssey*: the Poet very judiciously tells us, that Ulysses for nine days together almost continually wak'd and took charge of the vessel, and the word *κηληνῶτα* shews that nature was wearied out, and that he fell into an involuntary repose: it can therefore be no diminution to his character to be forced to yield to the calls of nature, any more than it is to be hungry: his prudence and love of his country sufficiently appear from the care he took through the space of nine days to arrive at it; so that this circumstance must be imputed to the infirmity of human nature, and not to a defect of care or wisdom in Ulysses.

Ver. 39.] We should substitute—*that vessel*.

Say, whence, ye Gods, contending nations strive
 Who most shall please, who most our hero give?
 Long have his coffers groan'd with Trojan spoils;
 Whilst we, the wretched partners of his toils, 45
 Reproach'd by want, our fruitless labours mourn,
 And only rich in barren fame return.
 Now Æolus, ye see, augments his store:
 But come my friends, these mystick gifts explore.
 They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs un-
 bound! 50
 The gushing tempest sweeps the ocean round;

Ver. 46.] Faulty rhymes! I would propose a substitution:

Through the long pilgrimage, with empty hand
 Come, unrewarded, to our native land.

Ver. 49.] I would borrow a term from Ogilby, and thus modify the verse:

But come, this mine of precious wealth explore.

Ver. 50. *They said: and (oh curs'd fate!) the thongs unbound.*] This relation has been blamed as improbable; what occasion was there to unbind the bag, when these companions of Ulysses might have satisfied their curiosity that there was no treasure in it from the lightness of it? But Homer himself obviates this objection, by telling us that Æolus fastened it in the vessel, as Eustathius observes,

Ναὶ δ' ἐν γλαφυρῇ κατέειλεν. — Boissu gives the moral of this fable or allegory, cap. x. lib. i. By the winds inclosed in the bag, into which the companions of Ulysses were so unwise as to pry, is to be understood, that we ought not to intrude into those mysteries of government which the prince intends to keep secret: the tempests and confusions raised by the loosing the winds, represent the mischiefs and disorders that arise from such a vain curiosity in the subject: a wise people permit the winds to rest without molestation, and satisfy themselves with those that the prince is pleased to release, and believe

Snatch'd in the whirl, the hurried navy flew,
 The ocean widen'd, and the shores withdrew.
 Rous'd from my fatal sleep, I long debate
 If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to fate: 55
 Thus doubting, prostrate on the deck I lay,
 'Till all the coward thoughts of death gave way.

Meanwhile our vessels plough the liquid plain,
 And soon the known Æolian coast regain,
 Our groans the rocks remurmur'd to the main. }
 We leap'd on shore, and with a scanty feast 61
 Our thirst and hunger hastily repress'd;
 That done, two chosen heralds strait attend
 Our second progress to my royal friend;

them to be the most proper and useful. But whatever judgment is pass'd upon this explication, it is certainly an instance of the ill consequences of avarice, and unseasonable curiosity. P.

Ver. 55. *If still to live, or desp'rate plunge to fate.*] We ought not to infer from this passage, that Homer thought a person might lawfully take away his own life to avoid the greatest dangers; what Ulysses here speaks arises from the violence of a sudden passion, and gives us a true picture of human nature: the wisest of men are not free from the infirmity of passion, but reason corrects and subdues it. This is the case in the instance before us; Ulysses has so much of the man in him as to be liable to the passion of man; but so much virtue and wisdom as to restrain and govern it. P.

Ver. 57.] For this line Homer says only,

But resolute I bore:

so that our Poet seems to have taken a hint from Dacier: "Je pris ce dernier parti comme le plus digne de l'homme."

Ver. 60.] Our translator has here interwoven his favourite thought: for his original had simply given,

— — — — — and my comrades groan'd.

And him amidst his jovial sons we found; 65
 The banquet steaming, and the goblets crown'd:
 There humbly stopp'd with conscious shame and
 awe,
 Nor nearer than the gate presum'd to draw.
 But soon his sons their well-known guest descry'd,
 And starting from their couches loudly cry'd, 70
 Ulysses here! what dæmon cou'dst thou meet
 To thwart thy passage and repel thy fleet?
 Wast thou not furnish'd by our choicest care
 For Greece, for home, and all thy soul held dear!
 Thus they; in silence long my fate I mourn'd, 75
 At length these words with accent low return'd.
 Me, lock'd in sleep, my faithless crew bereft
 Of all the blessings of your god-like gift!

Ver. 65.] Or thus, with more melody and vigour, as well as closeness:

My royal friend with wife and sons we found.

Ver. 67.] Our Poet indulges his fancy here. These *four* verses correspond to the subjoined *two* of Homer:

Come to the mansion, by the thresh-hold posts

We sat: amaz'd they view'd, and thus enquir'd.

Ver. 73.] The rhymes are inaccurate; but I forbear to specify every instance of this kind, that I may not disgust the reader; especially as similar imperfections, and of the same words, have been noticed so often in the course of these remarks. No less than *four* couplets come together in this place, justly censurable on this account.

Ver. 75.] This couplet is amplified, with misrepresentation, from the following line:

Thus they: and I, with sorrow wrung, reply'd.

But grant, oh grant our loss we may retrieve:
A favour you, and you alone can give.

Thus I with art to move their pity try'd,
And touch'd the youths; but their stern fire re-
ply'd,

Vile wretch, be gone! this instant I command
Thy fleet accurs'd to leave our hallow'd land.

His baneful suit pollutes these bless'd abodes, 85
Whose fate proclaims him hateful to the Gods.

Thus fierce he said: we sighing went our way,
And with desponding hearts put off to sea.

Ver. 83. *Vile wretch, be gone!* —] This inhospitable character of Æolus may seem contrary to the humane disposition which Homer before ascribed to him; he therefore tells us, that Ulysses appeared to him to be an object of divine vengeance, and that to give him assistance would be to act against the will of the Gods. But, observes Eustathius, is not this an ill-chosen relation to be made to the Phæacians, as the Criticks have remarked, and might it not deter them from assisting a man whom Æolus had rejected as an enemy to the Gods? He answers, that it was evident to the Phæacians, that Ulysses was no longer under the displeasure of heaven, that the imprecations of Polypheme were fulfilled; he being to be transported to his own country by strangers, according to his prayer in the ninth of the Odyssey, and consequently the Phæacians have nothing to fear from the assistance which they lend Ulysses. P.

Ver. 85.] On account of these defective rhymes, I prefer Chapman:

Away, and with thee go the worst of woes,
That seek't my friendship, and the Gods thy foes.

Ver. 87.] Or thus? for reasons so often stated:
Thus fierce he said, and left my crew to weep.
With hearts desponding we regain the deep.

The sailors spent with toils their folly mourn,
 But mourn in vain; no prospect of return. 90
 Six days and nights a doubtful course we steer,
 The next proud Lamos' stately tow'rs appear,
 And Læstrigonia's gates arise distinct in air.
 The shepherd quitting here at night the plain,
 Calls, to succeed his cares, the watchful swain; 95

*Unceasing toil had spent my sinking train;
 They mourn their folly, but they mourn in vain.*

Ver. 91.] Thus Ogilby:

Six days, and nights, through briny waves we steer;
 The seventh, to us king Lamus walls appear.

Ver. 93.] Or, with a proper rhyme,

And Læstrigonia's plains their bosom rear.

Ver. 94. *The shepherd quitting here at night the plain, &c.*]

This passage has been thought to be very difficult; but Eustathius makes it intelligible: the land of the Læstrigons was fruitful, and fit for pasturage; it was the practice to tend the sheep by day, and the oxen by night; for it was infested by a kind of fly that was very grievous to the oxen by day, whereas the wool of the sheep defended them from it: and therefore the shepherds drove their oxen to pasture by night. If the same shepherd who watched the sheep by day, could pass the night without sleep, and attend the oxen, he performed a double duty, and consequently merited a double reward. Homer says, that the ways of the night and day were near to each other, that is, the pastures of the sheep and oxen, and the ways that led to them were adjacent; for the shepherd that drove his flocks home, (or *σιειλῶν*, as Homer expresses it,) could call to the herdsman, who drove his herds to pasture, or *ἰειλῶν*, and be heard with ease, and therefore the roads must be adjoining.

Crates gives us a very different interpretation; he asserts that Homer intended to express the situation of the Læstrigons, and affirms that they lay under the head of the dragon, *Κισσῶν δ' ἀφ' ὧν ὁ δράκων*, (which Dacier renders the tail of the dragon) according to Aratus,

But he that scorns the chains of sleep to wear,
And adds the herdsman's to the shepherd's care,

And join the labour of the day and night

— — ἥχιπτε (κεφαλῇ) ἄκραι

Μισθονίαι δούσις, καὶ ἀνατολαὶ ἀλλήλοισιν.

which Tully thus translates,

“ Hoc caput hic paullum sese subitoque recondit

“ Ortus ubi atque obitus partem admiscetur in unam.”

If this be true, the Poet intended to express that there was scarce any night at all among the Læstrigons, according to that of Manilius,

“ Vixque ortus, occasus erit” — —

But how will this agree with the situation of the Læstrigons, who were undoubtedly Sicilians, according to the direct affirmation of Thucydides, lib. vi. of his History? Besides, if Læstrigonia lay under the head of the dragon, Ulysses must have spent seven months instead of seven days, in sailing from the Æolian islands to that country. Neither is there any necessity to have recourse to this solution; for what signifies the length or shortness of the day to the double wages of the shepherds, when it was paid to him who took upon him a double charge of watching the whole day and night, which comprehends the space of four and twenty hours; which alone, whether the greater part of it was by night or day, entitled the shepherd to a double reward? I therefore should rather chuse the former interpretation, with which Didymus agrees. Νυκτεριναὶ, καὶ ἡμεριναὶ νομαὶ ἐγγὺς εἰσὶ τῆς πόλεως; that is, “ both the night pastures, and those of the day, are adjacent to the city.”

It is evident that the Læstrigons also inhabited Formiæ, a city of Campania near Cajeta: thus Horace, lib. iii. Ode 17.

“ Æli vetusto nobilis ab Lamo — —

“ Auctore ab illo ducit originem

“ Qui Formiarum mœnia dicitur

“ Princeps” — —

It was called Hormiæ, according to Strabo, Φορμίαι, Λακωνικὸν κλισμα, Ορμίαι λεγόμενον διὰ τὸ εὖορμον: that is, “ Formiæ was built
“ by a Laconian, called also Hormiæ, from its being an excellent
“ station for ships.” Tully had this place in view in his epistle

So near the pastures, and so short the way,
 His double toils may claim a double pay,
 And join the labours of the night and day. 100

to Atticus, lib. ii. epist. 13. *Si vero in hanc τῆλεπυλον, veneris λαιστρογόνον, Formias dico.* And Pliny to the same purpose, lib. iii. cap. 5. *Oppidum Formiæ, Hormiæ ante dictum, ut existimavere, antiqua Læstrigonum sedes.* But how will this agree with Homer, who places them in Sicily, whilst Tully and Pliny place them in Campania in Italy?

Dacier answers, that they were originally Sicilians, as appears from Pliny, lib. iii. cap. 8. *Flumina Symæthus, Teras; intus, Læstrigonii campi; oppidum, Leontini.* And why might not these Læstrigons, or a colony of them, leave Sicily to settle in Italy, as it is evident the Phæacians had done, and fixed in Corcyra? Bochart's opinion concerning this nation is not to be neglected; the words *Læstrigons* and *Leontines* are of the same import; *læstrigon* is a Phœnician name, *lais tircam*, that is, *a devouring lion*; this is rendered literally by the Latin word *leontinum*, and both denote the savage and leonine disposition of this people; the word *lamus* is also of Phœnician extract: *laham*, or *lahama*, signifies *a devourer*; from hence probably was derived that *Lamia*, who devoured young infants, mentioned by Horace in his *Art of Poetry*.

"Nec pransæ Lamiaë vivum puerum extrahat alvo."

We are informed that there was a queen of Lybia of that name, by Diodorus Siculus; she was a person of great beauty, but of great barbarity.

It is most apparent to me, that Homer means to describe a country, in which the twilight was so powerful, and the interval of total darkness so transitory, that the flocks continued feeding day and night. Upon this notion (whether the historical propriety will hold, or not, upon any explanation; of which Homer's accuracy will scarce admit a doubt) the passage is obvious at once, and perfectly intelligible. The following attempt is literal:

To shepherd, unremitting, shepherd calls;
 Alternate yields the flock, alternate feeds.

Within a long recess a bay there lies,
 Edg'd round with cliffs, high pointing to the
 skies;
 The jutting shores that swell on either side
 Contract its mouth, and break the rushing tide.
 Our eager sailors seize the fair retreat, 105
 And bound within the port their crowded fleet:
 For here retir'd the sinking billows sleep,
 And smiling calmness silver'd o'er the deep.
 I only in the bay refus'd to moor,
 And fix'd, without, my haulsers to the shore. 110

There, could a man keep sleepless, he might gain
 A double hire, now herds, now tending sheep;
 So close the confines of the day and night!

Ver. 105.] Ogilby has a good couplet here:

There in close order the whole navy lay,
 And fill'd the bosom of the winding bay.

Ver. 109. *I only in the bay refus'd to moor.*] It may appear at the first view, that Ulysses took more care of himself than of his companions; and it may be asked, why did he not restrain them from entering the bay, when his caution plainly shews that he was apprehensive of danger? Had he more fear than the rest of the company? No; but a greater foresight; a wise man provides as far as lies within his power against all contingencies, and the event shews, that his companions were rash, and he wise to act with so much circumspection; they stayed not for command, and therefore were justly punished for acting precipitately without the direction of their general and king.

Thus, more faithfully, and with a better rhyme:

*I outwards, to the verge, my vessel bore;
 And ty'd my haulsers to the rocky shore.*

From thence we climb'd a point, whose airy
 brow
 Commands the prospect of the plains below :
 No tracks of beasts, or signs of men we found,
 But smoky volumes rolling from the ground.
 Two with our herald thither we command,
 With speed to learn what men possess'd the land.
 They went, and kept the wheel's smooth beaten
 road
 Which to the city drew the mountain wood ;
 When lo ! they met, beside a crystal spring,
 The daughter of Antiphates the king ;

120

Ver. 111.] Or, for more reasons than one ;
 A rugged point I climb, whose airy brow—

Ver. 117.] Or thus :

They went, and kept the wheel's smooth-beaten way,
 Where cars their timber to the town convey.

Ver. 120. *The daughter of Antiphates, &c.*] It is not evident from whence Ulysses had the knowledge of these particulars; the persons whom he sent to search the land perished in the attempt; or were destroyed with the fleet by the Læstrigons: how then could this relation be made to Ulysses? It is probable that he had his information from Circe or Calypso, for Circe in the sequel of the *Odyssey* tells Ulysses, that she was acquainted with all the sufferings that he had undergone by sea; and if she, as a Goddess, knew his adventures, why might she not relate to him these particulars? Homer a little lower tells us, that the Læstrigons transfix'd (*καίροντες*) the companions of Ulysses, and then carried them away on their weapons like so many fishes; others prefer *ἵκοντες*, that is, connecting them together like a range of fishes; both which very well express the prodigious strength of these giants: others chuse the word *ἀσπασσόμενοι*, or, “ they eat them yet alive (*palpitantes*) “ like fishes.” The preference is submitted to the reader. *Eustathius*.

She to Artacia's silver streams came down,
 (Artacia's streams alone supply the town :)
 The damsel they approach, and ask'd what race
 The people were ? who monarch of the place ?
 With joy the maid, th' unwary strangers heard,
 And shew'd them where the royal dome ap-
 pear'd. 126

They went ; but as they ent'ring saw the queen
 Of size enormous, and terrifick mien,
 (Not yielding to some bulky mountain's height)
 A sudden horror struck their aking sight. 130
 Swift at her call her husband scour'd away
 To wreak his hunger on the destin'd prey ;

I will only add, that possibly the relation of the barbarity of Polypheme, and Antiphates, with respect to their eating the flesh of men, may not be entirely fabulous : modern history assures us, that savages have been found in parts of the world lately discovered, who eat the bodies of their enemies : it is therefore no wonder that the more polite and civilized nations of antiquity, looked upon such men as monsters, and that their poets painted them as such, or perhaps aggravated the *fierte*, or fierceness of their features, struck with horror at their brutal inhumanity. P.

Ver. 130.] More accurately,

They view with horror the detested sight :

which would make a slight correction necessary in verse 127.

— — — but, as they *enter'd*, saw the queen.

Dryden, in his *State of Innocence*, iv. 1.

Their glory shoots upon my *aking sense* :

as Gray in his *Bard* :

Visions of *glory* ! spare my *aching sight*.

One for his food the raging glutton flew,
But two rush'd out, and to the navy flew.

Balk'd of his prey, the yelling monster flies,
And fills the city with his hideous cries; 136

A ghastly band of giants hear the roar,
And pouring down the mountains, croud the
shore.

Fragments they rend from off the craggy brow,
And dash the ruins on the ships below: 140

The crackling vessels burst; hoarse groans arise,
And mingled horrors echo to the skies;

The men, like fish, they stuck upon the flood,
And cram'd their filthy throats with human food.

Whilst thus their fury rages at the bay, 145

My sword our cables cut, I call'd to weigh;

And charg'd my men, as they from Fate would fly,
Each nerve to strain, each bending oar to ply.

Ver. 138.] Or, with more energy, perhaps, and propriety:
Pour through the streets, and thicken to the shore.

Ver. 139.] Or thus:
They rend huge fragments from the craggy brow.

Ver. 141.] Or, with greater accuracy:
*Groans of crush'd men and crackling ships arise,
In mingled tumult echoing to the skies.*

Ver. 146.] They could not *aveigh*, if the cables were cut.
Ogilby is not amiss:

*Their oars I bid them ply, their lives to save,
Death at their heels: they brush the briny wave,
And soon our ships the open sea enjoy'd;
But all the rest the Læstygons destroy'd.*

The sailors catch the word, their oars they seize,
 And sweep with equal strokes the smoky seas; 150
 Clear of the rocks th' impatient vessel flies;
 Whilst in the port each wretch encumber'd dies.
 With earnest haste my frightened sailors press,
 While kindling transports glow'd at our success;
 But the sad fate that did our friends destroy 155
 Cool'd ev'ry breast, and damp'd the rising joy.
 Now dropp'd our anchors in th' Ææan bay,
 Where Circe dwelt, the daughter of the day;

Ver. 158. *Where Circe dwelt.*] Hesiod in his Theogony agrees with Homer as to the genealogy of Circe and Æetes.

Ἡλίου δ' ἀνέματι τέκε κλυτὴ ὤκεανον

Περσέης, Κίρκης τε καὶ Αἰήτης βασιλῆα.

That is, "Perseis the daughter of Oceanus bore to Phœbus, "Circe and king Æetes." But why are they fabled to be the offspring of the sun? Eustathius answers, either from their high birth, as the great personages of antiquity were called Διοσμήϊς, or the sons of Jupiter, and the sun in the antient mythology represented that deity; or from their extraordinary beauty, which might be compared to the sun, or from their illustrious actions. But perhaps the whole might be derived from the way of speaking among the orientals; at this day we are informed from the best historians, that such language prevails in the eastern countries, and kings and great personages are called the brothers or offspring of the sun.

This Ææa is a mountain or promontory in Italy: perhaps originally an island, and still keeping the resemblance of it. Thus Procopius, Gothicorum, lib. i. *Cerceium haud modico tractu in mare porrectum insule speciem fert, tam præternavigantibus quam terrestri itinere prætereuntibus*: and Strabo, lib. v. *Κίρκας δὲ ὄρος ἡμιστοῦ Σαλαῖης τε καὶ Ἰλίου*. But is the relation that Homer makes of this island, and of Circe, agreeable to truth? Undoubtedly it is not; but Homer was very well acquainted with the story of Medea, and applies what was reported of that enchantress to Circe, and

Her mother Persè, of old Ocean's strain,
 Thus from the Sun descended, and the main; 160
 (From the same lineage stern Æetes came
 The far-fam'd brother of th' enchantress dame)
 Goddess, and queen, to whom the pow'rs belong
 Of dreadful magick, and commanding song.
 Some God directing, to this peaceful bay 165
 Silent we came, and melancholy lay,
 Spent and o'erwatch'd. Two days and nights
 roll'd on,
 And now the third succeeding morning shone.
 I climb'd a cliff, with spear and sword in hand,
 Whose ridge o'erlook'd a shady length of land;

gives the name of *Ææa* to the island of Circe, in resemblance to *Ææa*, a city of Colchos, the country of Medea and Æetes. That Homer was not a stranger to the story of Medea is evident, for he mentions the ship *Argo* in the twelfth *Odyssey*, in which Jason sailed to Colchos, where Medea fell in love with him; so that though Circe be a fabled deity, yet what Homer says of her, was applicable to the character of another person, and consequently a just foundation for a story in poetry. With this opinion Strabo agrees. P.

Ver. 163.] This couplet corresponds to a verse of his author, which may be verbally given thus:

Melodious, fair-tress'd Circe, goddess dire!

Ver. 167.] Somewhat more closely, thus:

Consum'd with cares. Two days —

Ver. 168:] I would avoid the jingle by substituting,

— — the third *successive* morning shone.

Ver. 169. *I climb'd a cliff.*] Scaliger, lib. v. of his *Poeticks* observes, that there is a general resemblance between Ulysses in Homer, and Æneas in Virgil, and that Æneas acts in the same manner as Ulysses.

To learn if aught of mortal works appear, 171
 Or chearful voice of mortal strike the ear ?
 From the high point I mark'd, in distant view,
 A stream of curling smoke, ascending blue,
 And spiry tops, the tufted trees above, 175
 Of Circe's palace bosom'd in the grove.

Thither to haste, the region to explore,
 Was first my thought : but speeding back to shore
 I deem'd it best to visit first my crew,
 And send out spies the dubious coast to view. 180
 As down the hill I solitary go,
 Some pow'r divine who pities human woe

“ — — — — — exire, locosque

“ Explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,

“ Qui teneant, (nam inculta videt) hominesne ferant

“ Quærere constituit.”

That Critick remarks, that though the attitudes of the two heroes are the same, yet they are drawn by Virgil with a more masterly hand : *Fusior & latior Homerus invenietur, pictior Virgilius & numeris astrictior.*

Ulysses himself here takes a general view of the island, but sends his companions for a more particular information ; this was necessary to introduce the following story, and give it an air of probability ; if he had made the experiment in his own person, his virtue would have been proof against the sorceries of Circe, and consequently there could not have been room for a description of her enchantments. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 172.] Or thus ?

If aught of mortal voice might reach mine ear.

Ver. 175.] Thus Milton, Allegro, ver. 77.

Towers and battlements it sees,

Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Ver. 179.] Thus his author :

I deem'd it prudent to refresh my crew.

Sent a tall stag, descending from the wood,
 To cool his fervour in the crystal flood;
 Luxuriant on the wave-worn bank he lay,
 Stretch'd forth, and panting in the sunny ray.
 I lanch'd my spear, and with a sudden wound
 Transpierc'd his back, and fix'd him to the ground.
 He falls, and mourns his fate with human cries:
 Thro' the wide wound the vital spirit flies.
 I drew, and casting on the river side
 The bloody spear, his gather'd feet I ty'd
 With twining osiers which the bank supply'd.
 An ell in length the pliant wisp I weav'd
 And the huge body on my shoulders heav'd:
 Then leaning on the spear with both my hands,
 Up-bore my load, and press'd the sinking sands
 With weighty steps, 'till at the ship I threw
 The welcome burden, and bespoke my crew.

Ver. 183.] Ogilby is closer to his original, whom our translator but little heeds in this passage. The following portion is a correction of his predecessor:

*The raging fervours of the solar beam
 Had sent to lave him in the crystal stream.
 Just as he clomb the bank, my spear I threw;
 Clear through his chine, the well-aim'd javelin flew.
 He fell, with cries, expiring, to the ground:
 My foot impress'd, the weapon quits the wound.*

Ver. 190.] This thought of *human cries* is engrafted by the translator, who has interwoven several beautiful inventions in his delicate version of this passage. The reader, who wishes perfect accuracy, must betake himself to Mr. Cowper.

Chear up, my friends! it is not yet our fate
To glide with ghosts thro' Pluto's gloomy gate:
Food in the desert land, behold! is giv'n,
Live, and enjoy the providence of heav'n.

The joyful crew survey his mighty size,
And on the future banquet feast their eyes, 205
As huge in length extended lay the beast;
Then wash their hands, and hasten to the feast.
There, 'till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
They sat indulging in the genial rite.
When ev'ning rose, and darkness cover'd o'er 210
The face of things, we slept along the shore.
But when the rosy morning warm'd the east,
My men I summon'd, and these words address:
Followers and friends; attend what I propose:
Ye sad companions of Ulysses' woes! 215

Ver. 205.] For this turn he was ultimately indebted, I presume, to Ogilby's translation:

When they enough had *banqueted their eyes*.

Ver. 206.] Our Poet seems to have glanced on Chapman:

— — — — — came, and lookt upon
With admiration, the huge bodied *beast*;
And when their first-serv'd eyes had done their *feast*,
They wash'd.

Ver. 208.] This couplet will admit, I think, additional polish:

Thus, 'till the setting sun roll'd down the light,
We sat indulging there the genial rite.

Ver. 212.] The versification may be consulted thus;

But, when the rosy morning *brake sun rest* —

We know not here what land before us lies,
 Or to what quarter now we turn our eyes,
 Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.

Ver. 217.] Literally, thus:

If to the west, or east, we turn our eyes.

Ver. 218. *Or where the sun shall set, or where shall rise.*] The interpretations of this passage are various; some, says Eustathius, judge these words not to proceed from the ignorance of Ulysses, but that they are the language of despair suggested by his continual calamities: for how could Ulysses be ignorant of the east or west, when he saw the sun rise and set every day? Others understand it to signify, that he was ignorant of the clime of the world (*ἔπη κοσμοῦ ἀλγυῖα*) in which this island lay. Strabo was of opinion, that the appearance of the heavenly bodies, as the stars, &c. were different in this island from the position which he had ever before observed in any country, and therefore he might well confess his ignorance, and express his concern for his almost desperate condition. He understands by *ἡδὲ* all that region through which the sun passes opposite to the north. It is true, that the four quarters of the world may be supposed to be here mentioned by Ulysses, *ἡδὲ* may express the southern parts through which the sun passes, and *ζέφος* the opposite quarter, which may be said comparatively to be *ζέφος*, or dark? And then the rising and setting of the sun will undeniably denote the eastern and western regions. Spondanus is of opinion, that Homer intended to express the four quarters of the world, otherwise the second verse is a tautology. Dacier calls it an explication of the first description. And indeed the mind of man is apt to dwell long upon any object, by which it is deeply affected, as Ulysses must here be supposed to be, and therefore he might enlarge upon the sentiment advanced in the former line. The meaning then will be this. I know not, says that hero, where this island lies, whether east or west, where the sun rises, or where he sets. I should therefore understand Ulysses to mean, that he knows not how the island lies with respect to the rest of the world, and especially to Ithaca his own country. This is evident from his conduct when he sailed from Formiz the land of the Læstrigons; for instead of making toward the east where Ithaca lay, he bore to this island of Circe, which lies on the west of Formiz.

Here let us think (if thinking be not vain)
 If any counsel, any hope remain. 226
 Alas! from yonder promontory's brow,
 I view'd the coast, a region flat and low;
 An isle incircled with the boundless flood;
 A length of thickets, and entangled wood.
 Some smoke I saw amid the forest rise, 229
 And all around it only seas and skies!

With broken hearts my sad companions stood,
 Mindful of Cyclops and his human food,
 And horrid Læstrigons, the men of blood. }
 Prefaging tears apace began to rain; 230
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.

Ver. 220. *If any counsel, any hope remain.*] This expression may be thought unworthy of the mouth of an hero, and serve only to cause his companions to despair; but in reality it has a double effect; it gives us a lively picture of human nature, which in the greatest men will shew some degrees of sensibility, and, at the same time it arms his friends against surprise, and sets the danger they are in full before their eyes, that they may proceed with due circumspection. We do not find that Ulysses abandons himself to despair, he still acts like a brave man, but joins wisdom with bravery, and proceeds at once with the caution of a philosopher, and the spirit of an hero. P.

Ver. 226.] This verse is not in Homer, but is translated from Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 193.

— — — — cœlum undique, et undique pontus:

With only seas around and skies above;
 as Dryden represents the verse.

Ver. 230.] This metaphor, I confess, does not please me, as here exhibited: but it may be deemed presumptuous to propose a substitution:

Prefaging tears in streams began to flow:
 Tears, consolation vain to mortal woe!

In equal parts I straight divide my band,
 And name a chief each party to command;
 I led the one, and of the other side
 Appointed brave Eurylochus the guide. 235
 Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw,
 And fortune casts Eurylochus to go:
 He march'd, with twice eleven in his train:
 Pensive they march, and pensive we remain.

The palace in a woody vale they found, 240
 High rais'd of stone; a shaded space around:

Ver. 236. *Then in the brazen helm the lots we throw.* Dacier is of opinion that Ulysses cast lots out of an apprehension of being disobeyed if he had given positive commands; his companions being so greatly discouraged by the adventures of Polypheme and the Lestrigons. It will be a nobler reason, and more worthy of an hero to say, that Ulysses was so far from declining a common danger, that he submits himself to an equal chance with his companions to undertake it. This expedition appeared very hazardous, and if he had directly commanded a select number of his men to attempt it, they might have thought he had exposed them to almost certain destruction; but the contrary conduct takes away this apprehension, and at the same time shews the bravery of Ulysses, who puts himself upon a level with the meanest of his soldiers, and is ready to expose his person to an equality of danger.

Ulysses divides his men into two bodies; each contains two and twenty men: this is agreeable, observes Eustathius, to the former account of Homer; each vessel carried fifty men, six out of every one were destroyed by the Ciconians, and therefore forty-four led the exact number, inclusive of himself and the surviving company.

Ver. 241.] His author says,

Of polis'd stones.

Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,
(By magick tam'd) familiar to the dome.

Ver. 242. *Where mountain wolves and brindled lions, &c.*] Virgil has borrowed almost this whole description of Circe, and as Scaliger judges, perhaps with good reason, greatly improved it.

“ Hinc exaudiri gemitus iræque leonum

“ Vincla recusantum, & fera sub nocte rudentum,

“ Setigerique sues, atque in præsepibus urfi, &c.”

From hence we heard rebellowing from the main,

The roars of lions that refuse the chain,

The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,

And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors ears:

These from their caverns, at the close of night,

Fill the sad isle with horror and affright:

Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,

That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour,

With words and wicked herbs, from human kind

Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.

Dryden.

It must be confessed, that *Ira leonum vincla recusantum*, and the epithets and short descriptions adapted to the nature of each savage, are beautiful additions. Virgil likewise differs from Homer in the manner of the description: Homer draws the beasts with a gentleness of nature; Virgil paints them with the fierceness of savages. The reason of Homer's conduct is, because they still retained the sentiments of men, in the forms of beasts, and consequently their native tenderness.

There is a beautiful moral couched under this fable or allegory: Homer intended to teach, as Eustathius remarks, that pleasure and sensuality debase men into beasts. Thus Socrates understood it, as Xenophon informs us. Perhaps, adds Dacier, by the fawning wolves and lions that guard the portals of Circe's palace, the Poet means to represent the attendants of such houses of debauchery, which appear gentle and courteous, but are in reality of a brutal disposition, and more dangerous than lions. But upon what foundation is this fable built? Many writers inform us, that Circe was a famous courtesan, and that her beauty drew her admirers as it were by enchantment. Thus Horace writes,

With gentle blandishment our men they meet,
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.

“ — — — — — Circes pocula nosti,
“ Quæ si cum sociis stultus, cupidusque bibisset,
“ Sub dominâ Meretrice fuisset turpis & excors,
“ Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.”

It is evident, that Ulysses had a very intimate commerce with Circe, for Hesiod writes that he had two sons by her, Agrius and Latinus, who afterwards reigned in Tuscany; other authors call them Naufithous and Telegonus.

Κίρην δ' Ἡλίου θυγάτηρ ὑπεριώδω
Γένετ' Ὀδυσσεὺς τολοαίφρων· ἱὸν φιλότῳ
Ἄγριον, ἂν δὲ Λατίνον.

Dionysius Halicarnassus and Aristotle mention Telegonus as the son of Circe and Ulysses, who afterwards slew his father with the bone of a fish inadvertently. Thus Horace,

“ Telegoni juga Parricidæ.”

But then is not this intrigue a breach of morality, and conjugal fidelity in that hero? I refer the reader to note on ver. 198. of the fifth book of the *Odyssey*: I shall only add, that the notions of morality are now very different from what they were in former ages. Adultery alone was esteemed criminal, and punished with death by the antient heathens: concubinage was not only permitted, but thought to be honourable, as appears from the practice, not only of heroes, but even of the Pagan Deities; and consequently this was the vice of the age, not in particular of Ulysses. But there is a stronger objection against Ulysses; and it may be asked, how is he to be vindicated for wasting no less space than a whole year in dalliance with an harlot? Penelope and his country seem both forgotten, and consequently he appears to neglect his own re-establishment, the chief design of the *Odyssey*: what adds some weight to this observation is, that his companions seem more sensible of his long absence from his country, and regret it more than that hero; for they awake him out of his dream, and intreat him to depart from the island. It is therefore necessary to take away this objection: for if it be unanswerable, Ulysses is guilty of all the miseries of his family and country, by neglecting to redress them by returning, and therefore he must cease to be an

As from some feast a man returning late,
 His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
 Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,
 (Such as the good man ever us'd to give.)

hero, and is no longer to be proposed as a pattern of wisdom, and imitation, as he is in the opening of the *Odyssey*. But the stay of Ulysses is involuntary, and consequently irreproachable; he is in the power of a Deity, and therefore not capable of departing without her permission: this is evident: for upon the remonstrance made by his companions, he dares not undertake his voyage without her dismissal. His asking consent plainly shews that it was not safe, if practicable, to go away without it; if he had been a free agent, her leave had been unnecessary: it is true, she tells him she will not detain him any longer against his inclinations; but this does not imply that his stay till then had been voluntary, or that he never had intreated to be dismissed before, but rather intimates the contrary: it only shews that now at last she is willing he should go away. But why should Ulysses stand in need of being admonished by his companions? Does not this imply that he was unmindful of returning? This is only an evidence that they were desirous to return as well as he; but he makes a wise use of their impatience, and takes an occasion from their importunities to press for an immediate dismissal.

In short, I am not pleading for perfection in the character of Ulysses: human nature allows it not, and therefore it is not to be ascribed to it in poetry. But if Ulysses were here guilty, his character ceases to be of a piece: we no longer interest ourselves in his misfortunes, since they are all owing to his own folly: the nature of the poem requires, that he should be continually endeavouring to restore his affairs: if then he be here sunk into a lethargy, his character is at once lost, his calamities are a just punishment, and the moral of the *Odyssey* is destroyed, which is to shew wisdom and virtue rewarded, and vice and folly punished by the death of the Suitors, and re-establishment of Ulysses.

Thus, with more fidelity:

*Made harmless, there wild wolves and lions roam,
 By potent drugs, familiar to her dome.*

Domestick thus the grisly beasts drew near ; 250
 They gaze with wonder, not unmix'd with fear.
 Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,
 And heard a voice resounding thro' the wood :
 Plac'd at her loom within, the Goddess sung ;
 The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung. 255
 O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,
 Immortal labour ! worthy hands divine.
 Polites to the rest the question mov'd,
 (A gallant leader, and a man I lov'd.)
 What voice celestial, chanting to the loom 260
 (Or nymph, or goddess) echoes from the room ?
 Say shall we seek access ? With that they call ;
 And wide unfold the portals of the hall.
 The Goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,
 Who blindly follow where she leads the way. 265
 Eurylochus alone of all the band,
 Suspecting fraud, more prudently remain'd.

Ver. 255.] Our translator anticipates this thought from below, where Chapman's version is this :

— — — — — *the pavement rings*

With imitation of the tunes she *sings*.

Grammar and rhyme had been both consulted by *lang* and *rang*.

Ver. 262.] Thus Ogilby :

— — — — — *this said, aloud they call,*

The gates she opening, leads into the *hall*.

Ver. 266.] These rhymes cannot be admitted as legitimate.
Thus ?

Eurylochus alone was left behind,
 Suspicious that the nymph some fraud design'd.

On thrones around with downy cov' rings grac'd,
 With semblance fair th' unhappy men she plac'd.
 Milk newly press'd, the sacred flour of wheat, 270
 And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat:
 But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl,
 With drugs of force to darken all the soul:

Ver. 272. *But venom'd was the bread, and mix'd the bowl.*] It is an undoubted truth, that Homer ascribes more power to these magical drugs and incantations than they have in reality; but we are to remember that he is speaking before a credulous audience, who readily believed these improbabilities, and at the same time he very judiciously provides for the satisfaction of his more understanding readers, by couching an excellent moral under his fables; viz. that by indulging our appetites we sink below the dignity of human nature, and degenerate into brutality.

I am not in the number of those who believe that there never were any magicians who performed things of an uncommon nature: the story of Jannes and Jambres, of the Witch of Endor, and Simon Magus, are undeniable instances of the contrary. Magick is supposed to have been first practis'd in Ægypt, and to have spread afterwards among the Chaldeans: it is very evident that Homer had been in Ægypt, where he might hear an account of the wonders performed by it. Dacier is of opinion, that these deluders, or magicians, were mimicks of the real miracles of Moses, and that they are described with a wand, in imitation of that great prophet.

But if any person thinks that magick is mere fable, and never had any existence, yet established fame and common opinion justify a Poet for using it. What has been more ridiculed than the winds being inclosed in a bag by Æolus, and committed to Ulysses? But as absurd as this appears, more countries than Lapland pretend to the power of selling a storm or a fair wind at this day, as is notorious from travellers of credit; and perhaps a Poet would not even in these ages be thought ridiculous, if speaking of Lapland, he should introduce one of these Venefica's, and describe the ceremonies she used in the performance of her pretended in-

Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,
 And drank oblivion of their native coast. 275
 Instant her circling wand the Goddess waves,
 To hogs transforms 'em, and the sty receives.
 No more was seen the human form divine;
 Head, face, and members, bristle into swine: 279

cantations. Milton not unhappily has introduced the imagined power of these Lapland witches into his *Paradise Lost*.

— — The night-hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding thro' the air she comes,
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the lab'ring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. — —

In short, Virgil has imitated Homer in all these bold episodes, and Horace calls them the miracles of the *Odyssey*. P.

Ver. 275.] We much regret the imperfection of rhyme in so fine a verse; the *metaphor*, however, of the translation is not from the present passage of Homer, but from Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 714.

— — — — — Lethæi ad fluminis undam
 Securos latices & longa oblivia potant:

thus incomparably rendered by Pitt:

To yon dark streams the gliding ghosts repair,
 And quaff deep draughts of long oblivion there.

Ver. 276.] I know not, if the following couplet, though more faithful, will compensate that before us, inaccurate as its rhymes must be deemed:

Instant the Goddess waves her potent wand;
 Strikes, and in flies encloses, all the band.

Ver. 278. *No more was seen the human form divine, &c.*] Longinus here reports a criticism of Zoilus; he is very pleasant upon this transformation of the companions of Ulysses, and calls them, *the squeaking pigs of Homer*; we may gather from this instance the nature of his criticisms, and conjecture that they tended to turn the finest incidents of Homer into ridicule. Burlesque was his talent, and instead of informing the reason by pointing out the errors of the poem, his only aim was to make his readers

Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone,
And their own voice affrights them when they
groan.

Meanwhile the Goddess in disdain bestows
The mast and acorn, brutal food! and strows
The fruits of cornel, as their feast, around;
Now prone and grov'ling on unfav'ry ground. 285
Eurylochus with pensive steps and slow,
Aghast returns; the messenger of woe,

laugh; but he drew upon himself the indignation of all the learned world: he was known by the name of the vile Thracian slave, and lived in great want and poverty; and posterity prosecutes his memory with the same animosity. The man was really very learned, as Dionysius Halicarnassus informs us: his morals were never reproached, and yet, as Vitruvius relates, he was crucified by Ptolemy, or as others write, stoned to death, or burnt alive at Smyrna; so that his only crime was his defamation of Homer: a tragical instance of the great value which was set upon his poetry by antiquity, and of the danger of attacking a celebrated author with malice and envy. P.

This gloriously happy phrase is borrowed from *Paradise Lost*, iii. 44.

Or flocks, or herds, or *human face divine*.

Ver. 281.] An admirable thought of the translator only, transferred from more than one passage, if my memory fails me not, of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Ver. 282.] Thus, more faithfully:

There to the wretches, as they weep, she throws
The mast and acorn—.

Ver. 285.] Thus his original:

The feasts of swine low-grov'ling on the ground.

Ver. 286.] He has also in a former place called to our remembrance the conclusion of *Paradise Lost*:

They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow—.

And bitter fate. To speak he made essay,
 In vain essay'd, nor would his tongue obey,
 His swelling heart deny'd the words their way: }
 But speaking tears the want of words supply, 291
 And the full soul bursts copious from his eye.
 Affrighted, anxious for our fellows fates,
 We press to hear what sadly he relates.

We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command)
 Thro' the lone thicket, and the desert land. 296

Ver. 288.] These *five* verses are beautifully amplified from the following lines of his author:

Eager to speak, no utterance could he find,
 Such anguish pierc'd his heart! Tears fill'd his eyes,
 Sure sign of sorrow to my boding soul!

Ver. 295, &c. *We went, Ulysses! (such was thy command.)* We have here a very lively picture of a person in a great fright, which was admired, observes Eustathius, by the ancients. There is not only a remarkable harmony in the flowing of the poetry, but the very manner of speaking represents the disorder of the speaker; he is in too great an emotion to introduce his speech by any preface, he breaks at once into it, without preparation, as if he could not soon enough deliver his thoughts. Longinus quotes these lines as an instance of the great judgment of Homer: there is nothing, says that Critick, which gives more life to a discourse, than the taking away the connections and conjunctions; when the discourse is not bound together and embarrassed, it walks and slides along of itself, and will want very little oftentimes of going faster even than the thought of the orator: thus in Xenophon, *Joining their bucklers, they gave back, they fought, they flew, they dy'd together*; of the same nature is that of Eurylochus.

We went, Ulysses — such was thy command —
 Access we sought — nor was access deny'd:
 Radiant she came — the portals open'd wide, &c.
 I only wait behind — of all the train;
 I waited long — and ey'd the doors in vain:
 The rest are vanish'd — none repais'd the gate.

A palace in a woody vale we found
Brown with dark forests, and with shades around.

These periods thus cut off, and yet pronounced with precipitation, are signs of a lively sorrow; which at the same time hinders, yet forces him to speak.

Many such sudden transitions are to be found in Virgil, of equal beauty with this of Homer:

“Me, me, inquam qui feci, in me convertite tela.”

Here the Poet shews the earnestness of the speaker, who is in so much haste to speak, that his thoughts run to the end of the sentence almost before his tongue can begin it. Thus Achæmenides in his flight from the Cyclops,

“ — — — — Per sidera testor,

“ Per superos, atque hoc cœli spirabile lumen,

“ Tollite me, Teucrit.”

Here the Poet makes no connection with the preceding discourse, but leaves out the *inquit*, to express the precipitation and terrour of Achæmenides.

But our countryman Spenser has equalled, if not surpassed these great poets of antiquity, in painting a figure of Terrour in the ninth Canto of the Fairy Queen, where Sir Trevisan flies from Despair.

He answer'd nought at all: but adding new

Fear to his first amazement, staring wide

With stony eyes, and heartless hollow hue,

Astonish'd stood, as one that had espy'd

Infernal Furies, with their chains unty'd;

Him yet again, and yet again bespake

The gentle knight; who nought to him reply'd;

But trembling ev'ry joint did inly quake,

And falt'ring tongue at last, these words seem'd forth to

shake:

For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not stay,

For lo! he comes, he comes, fast after me,

Eft looking back, would fain have run away.

The description sets the figure full before our eyes, he speaks short, and in broken and interrupted periods, which excellently

A voice celestial echo'd from the dome,
 Or nymph, or goddess, chanting to the loom. 300
 Access we sought, ~~nor was access deny'd~~ :
 Radiant she came ; the portals open'd wide :
 The Goddess mild invites the guests to stay :
 They blindly follow where she leads the way.
 I only wait behind, of all the train ; 305
 I waited long, and ey'd the doors in vain :
 The rest are vanish'd, none repass'd the gate ;
 And not a man appears to tell their fate.

represent the agony of his thoughts ; and when he is a little more confirmed and emboldened, he proceeds,

And am I now in safety sure, quoth he,
 From him who would have forced me to die ?
 And is the point of death now turn'd from me ?
 Then I may tell this hapless history.

We see he breaks out into interrogations, which, as Longinus observes, gives great motion, strength, and action to discourse. If the Poet had proceeded simply, the expression had not been equal to the occasion ; but by these short questions, he gives strength to it, and shews the disorder of the speaker, by the sudden starts and vehemence of the periods. The whole Cantab of Despair is a piece of inimitable poetry ; the picture of Sir Trevisan has a general resemblance to this of Eurylochus, and seems to have been copied after it, as will appear upon comparison. P.

Ver. 303.] So Chapman :

Her faire invitement made : nor would they stay,
 (Fooler than they were) when she once led the way.

Ver. 306.] This is finely improved from Ogilby :

But straight they vanish'd, and appear'd no more,
 Though long I stay'd expecting at the door.

Ver. 308.] Our poet should by all means have written,
 And not a man appear'd to tell their fate.

I heard, and instant o'er my shoulders flung
 The belt in which my weighty falchion hung; 310
 (A beamy blade) then seiz'd the bended bow,
 And bade him guide the way, resolv'd to go.
 He, prostrate falling, with both hands embrac'd
 My knees, and weeping thus his suit address'd.

O king below'd of Jove! thy servant spare, 315
 And ah, thyself the rash attempt forbear!
 Never, alas! thou never shalt return,
 Or see the wretched for whose loss we mourn.
 With what remains from certain ruin fly,
 And save the few not fated yet to die. 320

Ver. 313. *With both hands embrac'd My knees — —*] The character of Eurylochus, who had married Climene the sister of Ulysses, is the character of a brave man, who being witness to the dreadful fate of his companions is diffident of himself, and judges that the only way to conquer the danger is to fly from it. To fear upon such an occasion, observes Dacier, is not cowardice, but wisdom. But what is more remarkable in this description, is the art of Homer in inserting the character of a brave man under so great a consternation, to set off the character of Ulysses, who knows how at once to be bold and wise; for the more terrible and desperate the adventure is represented by Eurylochus, the greater appears the intrepidity of Ulysses, who trusting to his own wisdom, and the assistance of the Gods, has the courage to attempt it. What adds to the merit of the action is, that he undertakes it solely for his companions, as Horace describes him:

“ Dum tibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa

“ Pertulit, adversis rerum immerfabilis undis.”

P.

Dreadful rhymes, not to be endured! Thus?

Then, with both hands, he closely clinging prest—

Ver. 315.] Our Poet has adopted here the degrading language of modern servility, unknown to the magnanimity of Greece, and unauthorised of course by his original.

I answer'd stern. Inglorious then remain,
 Here feast and loiter, and desert thy train.
 Alone, unfriended will I tempt my way;
 The laws of Fate compel, and I obey.
 This said, and scornful turning from the
 shore
 My haughty step, I stalk'd the valley o'er.

Ver. 321. — — *Inglorious then remain,*
Here feast and loiter — —]

This expression is used sarcastically by Ulysses, and in derision of his fears. Dacier remarks, that Ulysses having not seen what is related by Eurylochus, believes his refusal to return, proceeds from his faintheartedness: an instance, adds she, that we frequently form wrong judgments of mens actions, when we are ignorant of the motives of them. I confess I am of opinion, that there is some degree of cowardice in the character of Eurylochus: a man truly brave would not express such confusion and terror, in any extremity; he is not to be inspirited either by Ulysses, or the example of his other companions, as appears from the sequel, inasmuch that Ulysses threatens to kill him for a coward; this prevails over his first fears, and he submits to meet a future danger, merely to avoid one that is present. What makes this observation more just is, that we never see a brave man drawn by Homer or Virgil in such faint colours; but they always discover a presence of mind upon all emergencies. P.

Our translator is not countenanced either by his author or his predecessors in giving this turn of insult and severity to this speech. I shall quote Chapman's version:

I answerd him: Eurylochus! stay thou
 And kepe the ship then; eate and drinke: I now
 Will undertake th' adventure: there is cause
 In great Necessities unalterd lawes.

Ver. 325.] Or thus, to obviate the wrong complexion of the passage lately censured, and the less elegant rhyme of the succeeding verse:

'Till now approaching nigh the magick bow'r,
Where dwelt th' enchantress skill'd in herbs of
pow'r;

A form divine forth issu'd from the wood,
(Immortal Hermes with the golden rod) 330

In human semblance. On his bloomy face
Youth smil'd celestial, with each op'ning grace.

He seiz'd my hand, and gracious thus began.

Ah whither roam'st thou? much-enduring man!

O blind to fate! what led thy steps to rove 335

The horrid mazes of this magick grove?

Each friend you seek in yon enclosure lies;

All lost their form, and habitants of flies.

Think if thou by wit to model their escape?

Sooner shalt thou, a stranger to thy shape, 340

Fall prone their equal: first thy danger know.

Then take the antidote the Gods bestow.

Then from the ship and sea I straight ascend,

And thro' the sacred vale my footsteps bend.

Ver. 340.] The following substitution will scarcely make

amends for this couplet, notwithstanding the vicious rhyme:

A form divine I saw the grove unfold,

Immortal Hermes with his rod of gold.

Ver. 335.] Or thus, more faithfully, with the rhymes of

Ogilby:

Unhappy wretch! to wander thus alone

The rugged mazes of these wilds unknown

Ver. 341. Fall prone. A beautiful expression! due to the

translator only. So Milton in his *Comus*, verse 53.

— — — — — whole charmed cup

Whoever tasted, lost his upright shape,

And downward fell into a groveling swine.

The plant I give thro' all the direful bow'r
 Shall guard thee, and avert the evil hour.
 Now hear her wicked arts. Before thy eyes 345
 The bowl shall sparkle, and the banquet rise;
 Take this, nor from the faithless feast abstain,
 For temper'd drugs and poisons shall be vain.
 Soon as she strikes her wand, and gives the
 word,
 Draw forth and brandish thy refulgent sword, 350
 And menace death: those menaces shall move
 Her alter'd mind to blandishment and love.
 Nor shun the blessing proffer'd to thy arms,
 Ascend her bed, and taste celestial charms:
 So shall thy tedious toils a respite find, 355
 And thy lost friends return to human kind.
 But swear her first by those dread oaths that
 tie
 The pow'rs below, the blessed in the sky;
 Left to thee naked secret fraud be meant,
 Or magick bind thee, cold and impotent. 360

Mr. Nevile has happily exhibited this beauty in his excellent imitation of Horace, epist. i. 2. 33.

Some few, ambitious to be Circe's guests,
 Swill'd the full calice, and fell down to brass.

Ver. 342.] This open vowel should be avoided:
 Then take *that* antidote the Gods bestow.

Ver. 348.] Or, more faithfully:

This drug shall make her temper'd potion vain.

Thus while he spoke, the sov'reign plant he
drew,
Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew,

Ver. 361. — — *The sov'reign plant he drew,*

Where on th' all-bearing earth unmark'd it grew, &c.]

This whole passage is to be understood allegorically. Mercury is Reason, he being the God of Science: the plant which he gives as a preservative against incantation is instruction; the root of it is black, the flower white and sweet; the root denotes that the foundation or principles of instruction appear obscure and bitter, and are distasteful at first, according to that saying of Plato, *The beginnings of instruction are always accompanied with reluctance and pain.* The flower of Moly is white and sweet; this denotes that the fruits of instruction are sweet, agreeable, and nourishing. Mercury gives this plant; this intimates, that all instruction is the gift of heaven: Mercury brings it not with him, but gathers it from the place where he stands, to shew that Wisdom is not confined to places, but that every where it may be found, if heaven vouchsafes to discover it, and we are disposed to receive and follow it. Thus Isocrates understands the allegory of Moly; he adds, *Περὶ αὐτῆς ῥίζαν αὐτῆς, τὸ δὲ Μόλυον αἰεὶ λευκὸν καὶ γάλα, διὰ τὴν αὐτῆς παιδείας λαμπρότητα, ἣν καὶ τὸ ἴδιον ἐστὶ τροφίμον.* The root of Moly is bitter, but the flower of it white as milk, to denote the excellency of instruction, as well as the pleasure and utility of it in the end. He further illustrates the allegory, by adding *Κάρπος τῆς παιδείας, ἢ καὶ μὴ γάλακτι, ἰκέλει, ἀλλὰ γλυκεῖ, &c.* That is, "the fruits of instruction are not only white as milk, but sweet, though they spring from a bitter root." *Eustathius.*

Maximus Tyrimus also gives this story an allegorical sense, *Dissert. xvi.* *Αὐτὸν μὲν τὸν Ὀδυσσεῖα ἐξ ἑρῶος ἐκ σωστικῆς οὐρανοῦ ἀντιπαρακρίνον ἀρτὴν σώζει; τὸ αὐτὸν τὸ δὲ Κίρκης Μόλυον τὸν ἐκ τῆς θαλάττης κρήδον;* that is, "Dost thou not observe Ulysses, how by opposing virtue to adversity he preserves his life? This is the Moly that protects him from Circe, this is the scarf that delivers him from the storm, from Polypheme, from hell," &c. See also *Dissert. xix.*

It is pretended that Moly is an Egyptian plant, and that it was really made use of as a preservative against enchantments:

And shew'd its nature and its wond'rous pow'r :
 Black was the root, but milky-white the flow'r ;
 Moly the name, to mortals hard to find, 365
 But all is easy to th' ætherial kind.

This Hermes gave, then gliding off the glade
 Shot to Olympus from the woodland shade.

but I believe the Moly of Mercury, and the Nepenthe of Helen,
 are of the same production, and grow only in poetical ground.

Ovid has translated this passage in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. xiv.

“ Pacifer huic dederat florem Cyllenius album ;

“ Moly vocant Superi, nigrâ radice tenetur, &c.”

There is a remarkable sweetness in the verse which describes the
 appearance of Mercury in the shape of a young man ;

— — Νενίκη ἀνδρὶ ἰοικώς

Πρῶτον ὑπνήτην τὸν ὡς χαρισάτην ἔβη.

— — On his bloomy face

Youth smil'd celestial — —

Virgil was sensible of the beauty of it, and imitated it ;

“ Ora puer primâ signans intonsa juventâ.”

But in the opinion of Macrobius, he falls short of Homer, lib. v.
 Saturn. 13. *Prætermittâ gratiâ incipientis pubertatis τὸν ὡς χαρισάτην,*
minus gratam fecit latinam descriptionem. P.

Ver. 363.] So Chapman :

— — — — — but Gods *powre*

Can all things do. Tis blacke, but beares a *flowre*

As white as milke :

who is followed by Ogilby :

Ver. 367.] Thus his author :

To high Olympus thro' the woody isle

Departed Hermes :

but Chapman renders :

— — — — — And thus flew Mercurie

Up to immense Olympus, *gliding* by

The sylvan island.

While full of thought, revolving fates to come,
 I speed my passage to th' enchanted dome : 370
 Arriv'd, before the lofty gates I stay'd ;
 The lofty gates the Goddess wide display'd ;
 She leads before, and to the feast invites ;
 I follow sadly to the magick rites.
 Radiant with starry studs, a silver seat 375
 Receiv'd my limbs ; a footstool eas'd my feet.
 She mix'd the potion ; fraudulent of soul ;
 The poison mantled in the golden bowl.
 I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n :
 Then way'd the wand, and then the word was
 giv'n. 380

Ver. 371.] So Chapman:

— — — — At her gates I *staid*
 And cald: she heard, and her bright doores *displaid*.

Ver. 379. *I took, and quaff'd it, confident in heav'n.*] It may be asked if Ulysses is not as culpable as his companions, in drinking this potion? Where lies the difference? and how is the allegory carried on, when Ulysses yields to the solicitation of Circe, that is pleasure, and indulges, not resists his appetites? The moral of the fable is, that all pleasure is not unlawful, but the excess of it: we may enjoy, provided it be with moderation. Ulysses does not taste till he is fortified against it; whereas his companions yielded without any care or circumspection; they indulged their appetites only, Ulysses takes merely out of a desire to deliver his associates: he makes himself master of Circe, or pleasure, and is not in the power of it, and enjoys it upon his own terms; they are slaves to it, and out of a capacity ever to regain their freedom but by the assistance of Ulysses. The general moral of the whole fable of Circe is, that pleasure is as dreadful an enemy as danger, and a Circe as hard to be conquered as a Polypheme. P.

Hence to thy fellows ! (dreadful she began)
Go, be a beast !—I heard, and yet was man.

Then sudden whirling, like a waving flame,
My beamy falchion, I assault the dame.
Struck with unusual fear, she trembling cries, 385
She faints, she falls ; she lifts her weeping eyes.
What art thou ? say ! from whence, from
whom you came ?

O more than human ! tell thy race, thy name.
Amazing strength, these poisons to sustain !
Not mortal thou, nor mortal is thy brain. 390
Or art thou he ? the man to come (foretold
By Hermes pow'rful with the wand of gold)
The man from Troy, who wander'd Ocean round ;
The man for Wisdom's various arts renown'd,
Ulysses ? oh ! thy threat'ning fury cease, 395
Sheath thy bright sword, and join our hands in
peace ;

Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence be thine.

Ver. 382.] I like the simple words of his author better :
Go, to the sty !

Ver. 387.] This couplet wants polish, and rhymes that have
not occurred so lately.

Ver. 391.] So Chapman :

Deepe-soul'd Ulysses : who, I oft was told,
By that lie God, that beares the rod of gold—

Ver. 397.] Such a collection of similar rhymes is intolerable,
Thus?

And how, dread Circe ! (furious I rejoin)
 Can love, and love-born confidence be mine ! 400
 Beneath thy charms when my companions groan,
 Transform'd to beasts, with accents not their own.
 O thou of fraudulent heart ! shall I be led
 To share thy feast-rites, or ascend thy bed ;
 That, all unarm'd, thy vengeance may have vent,
 And magick bind me, cold and impotent ? 406
 Celestial as thou art, yet stand deny'd ;
 Or swear that oath by which the Gods are ty'd,
 Swear, in thy soul no latent frauds remain,
 Swear, by the vow which never can be vain. 410

The Goddess swore : then seiz'd my hand, and
 led

To the sweet transports of the genial bed.

Let rapturous joys our confidence improve,
 And mutual trust arise from mutual love.
 But how, dread Circe ! my misgiving soul
 Can mutual love and confidence controul ?
 I said : beneath thy charms my comrades groan.

Ver. 403. — — Shall I be led
 To share thy feast-rites.]

Eustathius observes, that we have here the picture of a man truly wise, who when Pleasure courts him to indulge his appetites, not only knows how to abstain, but suspects it to be a bait to draw him into some inconveniences : a man should never think himself in security in the house of a Circe. It may be added, that these apprehensions of Ulysses are not without a foundation ; from this intercourse with that Goddess, Telegonus sprung, who accidentally slew his father Ulysses. P.

Ver. 404.] Or rather,
 To climb thy chamber, and partake thy bed.

An ample vase receives the smoking wave ; 425
 And, in the bath prepar'd, my limbs I lave :
 Reviving sweets repair the mind's decay,
 And take the painful sense of toil away.
 A vest and tunick o'er me next she threw,
 Fresh from the bath and dropping balmy dew ; 430
 Then led and plac'd me on the sov'reign seat,
 With carpets spread ; a footstool at my feet.
 The golden ew'r a nymph obsequious brings,
 Replenish'd from the cool translucent springs ;
 With copious water the bright vase supplies 435
 A silver laver of capacious size.
 I wash'd. The table in fair order spread,
 They heap the glitt'ring canisters with bread ;
 Viands of various kinds allure the taste,
 Of choicest sort and favour, rich repast ! 440
 Circe in vain invites the feast to share ;
 Absent I ponder, and absorb'd in care :
 While scenes of woe rose anxious in my breast
 The queen beheld me, and these words address.

Ver. 426.] These lines are languid : but who shall mend them ?

Then in the temper'd bath my limbs I lave.
 O'er my spent limbs refreshing waters roll,
 And spread their genial influence to the soul.

Ver. 441.] Or thus, with more exactness :

In vain *she bids me then* the feast to share,
 Absent, *forboding*, and *absorb'd* in care.

Why sits Ulysses silent and apart, 449
 Some hoard of grief close harbour'd at his heart?
 Untouch'd before thee stand the cates divine,
 And unregarded laughs the rosy wine.
 Can yet a doubt, or any dread remain,
 When sworn that oath which never can be vain!

I answer'd, Goddess! Humane is thy breast, 451
 By justice sway'd, by tender pity prest:
 Ill fits it me, whose friends are sunk to beasts,
 To quaff thy bowls, or riot in thy feasts.
 Me wou'd'st thou please? for them thy cares
 employ, 455
 And them to me restore, and me to joy.

With that, she parted: in her potent hand
 She bore the virtue of the magick wand.
 Then hast'ning to the sties set wide the door,
 Urg'd forth, and drove the bristly herd before; 460

Ver. 446.] To preserve the *metaphor* of his original, we may thus correct:

The tooth of sorrow gnaws his secret heart:

Or,

The tooth of woe still rankling at his heart,

Ver. 455.] Chapman is good, with trivial correction:

Dissolve the charms, that their *lov'd* forms enchain,
 And shew me here my honour'd friends *again*.

Ver. 458.] We are furnished here with a noble specimen of that capital poetical embellishment, the substitution of a *quality* for the *thing* itself: but no man has exceeded a specimen of Mr. Gray, in his Bard:

And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Unwieldy, out they rush'd, with gen'ral cry,
 Enormous beasts dishonest to the eye.
 Now touch'd by counter-charms, they change
 agen,
 And stand majestick, and recall'd to men.
 Those hairs of late that bristled ev'ry part, 465
 Fall off; miraculous effect of art!
 'Till all the form in full proportion rise,
 More young, more large, more graceful to my eyes.
 They saw, they knew me, and with eager pace
 Clung to their master in a long embrace: 470
 Sad, pleasing fight! with tears each eye ran o'er,
 And sobs of joy re-echo'd thro' the bow'r:

[Ver. 461.] A poor complement, in my opinion; totally unnecessary to the sense of his author, and would be well expunged. Our Poet might enlarge from Chapman, who comments better on his original:

— — — — — They opposite stood,
 Observ'd their *brutish forms*, and look't for food.

[Ver. 468. *More young, — more graceful to my eyes.*] Homer excellently carries on his allegory: he intends by this expression of the enlargement of the beauty of Ulysses's companions, to teach that men who turn from an evil course, into the paths of virtue, excel even themselves; having learned the value of virtue from the miseries they suffered in pursuit of vice, they become new men, and as it were enjoy a second life. *Eustathius.* P.

[Ver. 471.] So in his St. Cecilia:

In a *sadly-pleasing* strain
 Let the warbling lute complain:

on which intermixture of dissimilar ideas, of such beautiful effect and so conformable to nature, the reader so disposed may see more in my commentary on St. Matthew, c. xxviii. v. 8. my Lucretius, iii. 28. and in my notes on the Hercules furens of Euripides, verse 744.

Ev'n Circe wept, her adamantine heart
Felt pity enter, and sustain'd her part.

Son of Laertes ! (then the queen began) 475
Oh much-enduring, much-experienc'd man !
Haste to thy vessel on the sea-beat shore,
Unload thy treasures, and the gally moor ;
Then bring thy friends, secure from future harms,
And in our grottoes stow thy spoils and arms. 480

She said. Obedient to her high command
I quit the place, and hasten to the strand.
My sad companions on the beach I found,
Their wistful eyes in floods of sorrow drown'd.
As from fresh pastures and the dewy field 485
(When loaded cribs their ev'ning banquet yield)

But the rhyme of this couplet is inelegant and vicious. Thus, more faithfully :

Each eye in sadly-pleasing tears is drown'd ;
Each sigh, each sob, from vaulted roofs rebound.

Ver. 473.] This couplet, which is not excellent, in my opinion, is amplified from these few words of his author :

— — — — — and e'en the Goddess pity felt.

Thus ?

E'en Circe bore a sympathizing part,
And sorrow pierc'd her adamantine heart.

Ver. 483.] Thus Ogilby :

Straight went I to my vessel, where I found
My woeful friends in tears and sorrow drown'd.

Ver. 485. *As from fresh pastures and the dewy field, &c.*] If this simile were to be rendered literally, it would run thus ; " as
" calves seeing the droves of cows returning at night when they
" are filled with their pasturage, run skipping out to meet them ;
" the stalls no longer detain them, but running round their dams
" they fill the plain with their lowings, &c." If a similitude of

The lowing herds return ; around them throng
 With leaps and bounds their late-imprison'd young,
 Rush to their mothers with unruly joy,
 And echoing hills return the tender cry : 499
 So round me press'd exulting at my fight,
 With cries and agonies of wild delight,
 The weeping sailors ; nor less fierce their joy
 Than if return'd to Ithaca from Troy.

this nature were to be introduced into modern poetry, I am of opinion it would fall under ridicule for a want of delicacy : but in reality, images drawn from nature, and a rural life, have always a very good effect ; in particular, this before us enlivens a melancholy description of sorrows, and so exactly expresses in every point the joy of Ulysses's companions, we see them in the very description. To judge rightly of comparisons, we are not to examine if the subject from whence they are derived be great or little, noble or familiar, but we are principally to consider if the image produced be clear and lively, if the Poet have skill to dignify it by poetical words, and if it perfectly paints the thing it is intended to represent. This rule fully vindicates Homer : though he frequently paints low life, yet he never uses terms which are not noble ; or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as Dionysius observes, they become noble and harmonious. In short, a top may be used with propriety and elegance in a similitude by a Virgil, and the sun may be dishonoured by a Mæviu ; a mean thought expressed in noble terms being more tolerable, than a noble thought disgraced by mean expressions. Things that have an intrinsic greatness need only to be barely represented to fill the soul with admiration, but it shews the skill of a Poet to raise a low subject, and exalt common appearances into dignity. P.

Ver. 490.] A favourite interpolation of our translator ; and the less acceptable on this occasion on account of the speedy return of the same rhyme. In the present instance he might take the hint from Dacier, who is little less fond of engrafting the same conceit : “ Elles accourent au-devant, & font retentir de leurs meuglemens toute la plaine.”

Ah master! ever honour'd, ever dear, 495
(These tender words on ev'ry side I hear)

What other joy can equal thy return?

Not that lov'd country for whose fight we mourn,

The soil that nurs'd us, and that gave us breath:

But ah! relate our lost companions death. 500

I answer'd chearful. Haste, your gally moor,

And bring our treasures and our arms ashore:

Those in yon' hollow caverns let us lay;

Then rise and follow where I lead the way.

Your fellows live: believe your eyes, and come

To take the joys of Circe's sacred dome. 506

With ready speed the joyful crew obey:

Alone Eurylochus persuades their stay.

Whither (he cry'd) ah whither will ye run?

Seek ye to meet those evils ye shou'd shun? 510

Ver. 495.] This is from Virgil, *Æn.* v. 49.

— — — — — quem *semper acerbum,*
Semper honoratum, sic di voluistis, habebo:

see my note on *Iliad* xxii. 422.

Ver. 501.] Thus his author:

They said; and I with soothing words reply'd:
but Ogilby had rendered:

— — — — — I *cheerfully* reply'd.

Ver. 506.] Or, more exactly:

To taste *with them* the joys of Circe's dome.

Ver. 510.] Or thus?

To seek those evils *Wisdom warns* to shun?

But the speech is executed with incomparable ability.

Will you the terrors of the dome explore,
 In swine to grovel, or in lions roar,
 Or wolf-like howl away the midnight hour
 In dreadful watch around the magick bow'r?
 Remember Cyclops, and his bloody deed; 515
 The leader's rashness made the soldiers bleed.

I heard incens'd, and first resolv'd to speed
 My flying falchion at the rebel's head.
 Dear as he was, by ties of kindred bound,
 This hand had stretch'd him breathless on the
 ground; 520

Ver. 512.] This is in the spirit of Dryden's version at Virgil's *Georgics*, iv. 592.

Break out in crackling flames to shun thy snare,

Or hiss a dragon, or a tiger start.

Ver. 513.] All this embellishment, beyond the name of the animal, in this verse, is his own; suggested, perhaps, by Dryden, *Æn.* vii. 22.

The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,

And herds of howling wolves, that stun the sailors' ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of night,

Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.

Ver. 515. *Remember Cyclops, &c.*] The Poet paints Eurylochus uniformly, under great disorder of mind and terrible apprehensions: there is no similitude between Circe and Cyclops, with respect to the usage of the companions of Ulysses; but Homer puts these expressions into his mouth, to represent the nature of terror, which confounds the thoughts, and consequently distracts the language of a person who is possessed by it. The character therefore of Eurylochus is the imitation of a person confounded with fears, speaking irrationally and incoherently. *Eusebius*. P.

Ver. 517.] The rhymes are bad in themselves, and are rendered insupportable by the similarity of their predecessors. Thus?

I heard incens'd, resolving at the word

His head to sever with my brandish'd sword.

But all at once my interposing train
 For mercy pleaded, nor could plead in vain.
 Leave here the man who dares his prince desert,
 Leave to repentance and his own sad heart,
 To guard the ship. Seek we the sacred shades 525
 Of Circe's palace, where Ulysses leads.

This with one voice declar'd, the rising train
 Left the black vessel by the murm'ring main.
 Shame touch'd Eurylochus's alter'd breast, 529
 He fear'd my threats, and follow'd with the rest.

Meanwhile the Goddess, with indulgent cares
 And social joys, the late-transform'd repairs;
 The bath, the feast, their fainting soul renews;
 Rich in refulgent robes, and dropping balmy dews:
 Bright'ning with joy their eager eyes behold 535
 Each other's face, and each his story told;
 Then gushing tears the narrative confound,
 And with their sobs the vaulted roofs resound.

Ver. 523.] The rhymes of this and the succeeding couplet are not such as lovers of correct versification will approve. Thus? with more attention to the original:

If so thy pleasure, let the rebel stay
 To guard the vessel; we thy will obey,
 Illustrious chief! nor fear with thee to come,
 Our honour'd guide, to Circe's sacred dome.

Ver. 531.] This whole passage is translated with admirable skill and beauty: but whether the word *repairs* does not give the couplet before us too much similarity with the next? Thus?

Meanwhile the *nymph* our *absent* friends employ
 In *cares* indulgent and in *social* joy.

When hush'd their passion, thus the Goddess
cries; }
Ulysses, taught by labours to be wise, 540 }
Let this short memory of grief suffice.
To me are known the various woes ye bore
In storms by sea, in perils on the shore;
Forget whatever was in Fortune's pow'r,
And share the pleasures of this genial hour. 545
Such be your minds as e'er ye left your coast,
Or learn'd to sorrow for a country lost.
Exiles and wand'ers now, where-e'er ye go,
Too faithful memory renews your woe;
The cause remov'd, habitual griefs remain, 550
And the soul saddens by the use of pain.

Her kind intreaty mov'd the gen'ral breast;
Tir'd with long toil, we willing sunk to rest.
We ply'd the banquet and the bowl we crown'd,
'Till the full circle of the year came round. 555
But when the seasons, following in their train,
Brought back the months, the days, and hours
again;

Ver. 542.] Ogilby is above contempt:

No more, renown'd Ulysses, now complain;
I know your sufferings on the boyst'rous main,
And what by men more rough you felt ashore;
Now eat, and drink, and wasted spirits restore.

Ver. 546.] This couplet is so excellent, as to make the substitution of one at all comparable, with correcter rhymes, a very great difficulty.

Such be your minds, as *when estrang'd from toil*;
Nor taught to sorrow for your *native soil*.

As from a lethargy at once they rise,
And urge their chief with animating cries.

Is this, Ulysses, our inglorious lot? 560
And is the name of Ithaca forgot?
Shall never the dear land in prospect rise,
Or the lov'd palace glitter in our eyes?

Melting I heard; yet 'till the sun's decline
Prolong'd the feast, and quaff'd the rosy wine: 565
But when the shades came on at ev'ning hour,
And all lay slumb'ring in the dusky bow'r;
I came a suppliant to fair Circe's bed,
The tender moment seiz'd, and thus I said.

Be mindful, Goddess, of thy promise made; 570
Must sad Ulysses ever be delay'd?
Around their lord my sad companions mourn,
Each breast beats homeward, anxious to return:

Ver. 562.] Or thus, perhaps, with superiour vigour and precision:

*Must the dear land no more in prospect rise,
Nor the lov'd palace glitter in thine eyes?*

Ver. 568.] Thus his author literally:

But I, who clomb the Goddess' sumptuous bed,
Besought her knees: to hear the Goddess deign'd;
I thus in winged words my suit prefer.

Ver. 569.] Our Poet had in mind, I presume, the

— — — — — mollissima tempora fandi,
— — — — — the softest seasons of address,

of Virgil's fourth *Æneid*.

Ver. 573.] The expression of the former clause is bold and beautiful, but the rhymes are vicious. It is presumptuous to propose a substitution:

Around their chief my sorrowing mates complain,
With anxious sighs to see their home again.

If but a moment parted from thy eyes, 574
 Their tears flow round me, and my heart complies.

Go then, (she cry'd) ah go ! yet think ! not I,
 Not Circe, but the Fates your wish deny.

Ah hope not yet to breathe thy native air !

Far other journey first demands thy care ;

Ver. 579. *Far other journey — —
 To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath.*

There should in all the episodes of epick poetry appear a convenience, if not a necessity of every incident ; it may therefore be asked what necessity there is for this descent of Ulysses into hell, to consult the shade of Tiresias ? Could not Circe, who was a Goddess, discover to him all the future contingencies of his life ? Eustathius excellently answers this objection ; Circe declares to Ulysses the necessity of consulting Tiresias, that he may learn from the mouth of that prophet, that his death was to be from the ocean ; she acts thus in order to dispose him to stay with her, after his return from the regions of the dead : or if she cannot persuade him to stay with her, that she may at least secure him from returning to her rival Calypso ; she had promised him immortality, but by this descent, he will learn that it is decreed that he should receive his death from the ocean ; for he died by the bone of a sea-fish called Xiphias. Her love for Ulysses induces her not to make the discovery herself, for it was evident she would not find credit, but Ulysses would impute it to her love, and the desire she had to deter him from leaving her island. This will appear more probable, if we observe the conduct of Circe in the future parts of the Odyssey : she relates to him the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, of the oxen of Phœbus, and the Sirens ; but says nothing concerning his death : this likewise gives an air of probability to the relation. The isle of Circe was adjoining to Scylla and Charybdis, &c. and consequently she may be supposed to be acquainted with those places, and give an account of them to Ulysses with exactness, but she leaves the decrees of heaven and the fate of Ulysses to the narration of the prophet, it best suiting his character to see into futurity. By the descent of Ulysses into hell may be signified, that a wise man ought to be ignorant of

To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath, 580
 And view the realms of darkness and of death.
 There seek the Theban Bard, depriv'd of fight;
 Within, irradiate with prophetick light;
 To whom Persephone, entire and whole,
 Gave to retain th' unseparated soul : 585

nothing; that he ought to ascend in thought into heaven, and understand the heavenly appearances, and be acquainted with what is contained in the bowels of the earth, and bring to light the secrets of nature : that he ought to know the nature of the soul, what it suffers, and how it acts after it is separated from the body.
Eustathius. P.

Ver. 583.] *Paradise Lost*, iii. 51.

So much the rather thou, celestial light !

Shine inward, and *the mind* through all her powers

Irradiate.

Ver. 584. *To whom Persephone, &c.*] Homer here gives the reason why Tiresias should be consulted, rather than any other ghost, because

Τὸ τι φρενὶς ἐμπεδοί εἰσι.

This expression is fully explained, and the notion of the soul after death, which prevailed among the ancients, is set in a clear light, verse 92, and 124, of the xxiiiid book of the *Iliad*, to which passages I refer the readers. But whence had Tiresias this privilege above the rest of the dead ? Callimachus ascribes it to Minerva.

Καὶ μόνος εὖτε δάνη, πεπνυμένος ἐν νηκύριοι

Φοῖβάσῃ, μεγάλῃ τίμιος Ἀγασίδα.

Tully mentions this pre-eminence of Tiresias in his first book of Divination. Perhaps the whole fiction may arise from his great reputation among the antients for prophecy ; and in honour to his memory they might imagine that his soul after death retained the same superiority. Ovid in his *Metamorphoses* gives us a very jocular reason for the blindness and prophetick knowledge of Tiresias, from a matrimonial contest between Jupiter and Juno. Cato Major, as Plutarch in his *Political Precepts* informs us, applied this verse to Scipio, when he was made consul contrary to the Roman statutes.

The rest are forms, of empty æther made;
Impassive semblance, and a flitting shade.

Struck at the word, my very heart was dead:
Pensive I sat; my tears bedew'd the bed;
To hate the light and life my soul begun, 590
And saw that all was grief beneath the sun.

Οὐδὲ ποινήναι, τοὶ δὲ οὐκ αἴσσαντι.

But I ought not to suppress what Diodorus Siculus relates concerning Tiresias. Biblioth. lib. iv. he tells us, that he had a daughter named Daphne, a priestess at Delphi. Παρ' ἧς φασὶ καὶ τὸν ποιῆσιν Ὅμηρον πολλὰ τῶν ἐπῶν σφισιμαίνον, κοσμεῖσθαι τὴν ἰδίαν ποίησιν. That is, "From whom it is said that the Poet Homer received many (of the Sibyls) verses, and adorned his own poetry with them." If this be true, there lay a debt of gratitude upon Homer, and he pays it honourably, by this distinguishing character, which he gives to the father. An instance of a worthy disposition in the Poet, and it remains at once an honour to Tiresias, and a monument of his own gratitude.

This descent of Ulysses into hell has a very happy effect, it gives Homer an opportunity to embellish his poetry with an admirable variety, and to insert fables and histories that at once instruct and delight. It is particularly happy with respect to the Phæacians, who could not but highly admire a person whose wisdom had not only delivered him from so many perils on earth, but had been permitted by the Gods to see the regions of the dead, and return among the living; this relation could not fail of pleasing an audience, delighted with strange stories, and extraordinary adventures. P.

More exactly,

To whom dire Proserpine —.

Ver. 591.] Ecclesiastes, i. 14. "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun; and behold! all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

The translation here is inimitably fine. The reader will form a better judgment of its excellence from a plain literal translation:

Compos'd at length, the gushing tears suppress'd,
 And my toft limbs now weary'd into rest,
 How fhall I tread (I cry'd) ah Circe! fay,
 The dark defcent, and who fhall guide the way?
 Can living eyes behold the realms below? 596
 What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Thy fated road (the magick pow'r reply'd)
 Divine Ulyffes! afks no mortal guide.
 Rear but the maff, the fpacious fail difplay, 600
 The northern winds fhall wing thee on thy way.
 Soon fhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoft ends,
 Where to the main the fhelving fhore descends;

She faid: my heart was fhatter'd with her words.
 Fix'd to the couch, I wept; nor longer wifht
 My foul to live, and fee the folar beam.
 At length with tears and tollings fated, thus
 In winged accents I befpoke the queen:

Ver. 596.] It is impoffible for any praife to transcend the
 merits of this glorious couplet, wrought by our matchlefs artift
 from the following verfe of his author:

None yet by fhip to Pluto's region went.
 Now, for the fake of contrast, hear Ogilby:
 Does any to the devil go by fea?

Some of my readers, I fear, will pronounce, that fuch a trans-
 lator fhould have been fent there, either by land or fea.

Ver. 602. *Soon fhalt thou reach old Ocean's utmoft ends, &c.*]
 This whole fcene is excellently imagined by the Poet, as Eufathius
 obferves; the trees are all barren, the place is upon the fhores
 where nothing grows; and all the rivers are of a melancholy
 fignification, fuitable to the ideas we have of thofe infernal regions.
 Ulyffes arrives at this place, where he calls up the fhades of the
 dead in the fpace of one day; from whence we may conjecture,
 that he means a place that lies between Cumæ and Baiæ, near the
 lake Avernus, in Italy; which, as Strabo remarks, is the fcene

The barren trees of Proserpine's black woods,
 Poplars and willows trembling o'er the floods: 605

of the Necromancy of Homer, according to the opinion of antiquity. He further adds, that there really are such rivers as Homer mentions, though not placed in their true situation, according to the liberty allowable to poetry. Others write, that the Cimmerii once inhabited Italy, and that the famous cave of Paulilipe was begun by them about the time of the Trojan wars: here they offered sacrifice to the Manes, which might give occasion to Homer's fiction. The Grecians, who inhabited these places after the Cimmerians, converted these dark habitations into stoves, baths, &c.

Silius Italicus writes, that the Lucrine lake was antiently called Cocytus, lib. xii.

"Ast hic Lucrino mansisse vocabula quondam

"Cocyti memorat." — —

It is also probable, that Acheron was the antient name of Avernus, because Acherusia, a large water near Cumæ, flows into it by concealed passages. Silius Italicus informs us, that Avernus was also called Styx.

"Ille olim populis dictum Styga, nomine verso,

"Stagna inter celebrem nunc mitia monstrat Avernum."

Here Hannibal offered sacrifice to the Manes, as it is recorded by Livy; and Tully affirms it from an antient poet, from whom he quotes the following fragment;

"Inde in viciniâ nostrâ Avernî lacus,

"Unde animæ excitantur obscurâ umbra,

"Alti Acherontis aperto ostio."

This may seem to justify the observation that Acheron was once the name of Avernus, though the words are capable of a different interpretation.

If these remarks be true, it is probable that Homer does not neglect geography, as most commentators judge. Virgil describes Æneas descending into hell by Avernus, after the example of Homer. Milton places these rivers in hell, and beautifully describes their natures, in his Paradise Lost.

There fix thy vessel in the lonely bay,
 And enter there the kingdoms void of day :
 Where Phlegeton's loud torrents rushing down,
 Hiss in the flaming gulf of Acheron ;
 And where, slow-rolling from the Stygian bed,
 Cocytus' lamentable waters spread : 611

— — — Along the banks
 Of four infernal rivers, that disgorge
 Into the burning lake their baleful streams :
 Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate ;
 Sad Acheron, of sorrow, black and deep :
 Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream : fierce Phlegeton,
 Whose waves of torrent-fire inflame with rage ;
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
 Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
 Her watry labyrinth, whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.

Thus also agreeably to the idea of hell the offerings to the infernal powers are all black, the Cimmerians lie in a land of darkness ; the heifer which Ulysses is to offer is barren, like that in Virgil,

“ — — Sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, Vaccam ;”

to denote that the grave is unfruitful, that it devours all things, that it is a place where all things are forgotten. P.

Or thus :

Soon shall thy ship old Ocean's border gain,
 Where the low shore goes shelving to the main :
 for utmost ends does not seem an eligible phrase.

Ver. 608.] Thus ?

Where roaring Phlegethon the region laves ;
 Where hiss in Acheron his flaming waves.

Ver. 611.] Paradise Lost, ii. 611.

Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
 And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.
 First draw thy falchion, and on ev'ry side
 Trench the black earth a cubit long and wide: 615
 To all the shades around libations pour,
 And o'er th' ingredients strow the hallow'd flour:
 New wine and milk, with honey temper'd, bring,
 And living water from the crystal spring.
 Then the wan shades and feeble ghosts implore,
 With promis'd off'rings on thy native shore; 621
 A barren cow, the stateliest of the isle,
 And, heap'd with various wealth, a blazing pile;
 These to the rest; but to the Seer must bleed
 A fable ram, the pride of all thy breed. 625
 These solemn vows and holy offerings paid
 To all the phantom-nations of the dead;
 Be next thy care the fable sheep to place
 Full o'er the pit, and hell-ward turn their face:

Cocytus, nam'd of *lamentation* loud
 Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
 Whose waves of *torrent fire* inflame with rage,

Ver. 616.] So Chapman:

Then sweete wine, neate; and thirdly, water *powre*;
 And lastly, adde to these the whitest *flowre*:

which are the rhymes also of Hobbes.

Ver. 626.] We may thus, perhaps, remedy the defect of rhyme:

Thy vows *thus* paid, and *solemn* offerings *led*—.

Ver. 628.] So Chapman:

But from th' infernal rite thine eye withdraw, 630
 And back to Ocean glance with rev'rend awe.
 Sudden shall skim along the dusky glades
 Thin airy shoals, and visionary shades.
 Then give command the sacrifice to haste,
 Let the slay'd victims in the flame be cast, 635
 And sacred vows, and mystick song, apply'd
 To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride.
 Wide o'er the pool, thy falchion wav'd around
 Shall drive the spectres from forbidden ground:
 The sacred draught shall all the dead forbear, 640
 'Till awful from the shades arise the Seer.
 Let him, oraculous, the end, the way,
 The turns of all thy future fate, display, }
 Thy pilgrimage to come, and remnant of thy day. }
 So speaking, from the ruddy orient shone 645
 The Morn conspicuous on her golden throne.
 The Goddess with a radiant tunick drest
 My limbs, and o'er me cast a filken vest.

— — — — — offer on the *place*

A ram and ewe all blacke; being turn'd in *face*
 To dreadfull Erebus.

Ver. 629.] Thus Hobbes:

— — — — — their heads to *bell-ward* place.

Ver. 634.] The rhymes are not correct. May I venture a
 substitution?

Then bid thy crew the slaughter'd victims slay;

Then to the hallow'd flames their limbs convey.

Ver. 640.] I wish a less exceptionable rhyme.

From the black current drive th' encroaching dead,

'Till the hoar sage uplifts his reverend head.

Long flowing robes, of purest white, array
 The nymph, that added lustre to the day : 650
 A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold ;
 Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.
 Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew ;
 Rouse man by man, and animate my crew. 654
 Rise, rise my mates ! 'tis Circe gives command :
 Our journey calls us ; haste, and quit the land.
 All rise and follow, yet depart not all,
 For Fate decreed one wretched man to fall.

A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd,
 Not much for sense, nor much for courage fam'd ;

Ver. 650.] The latter clause is unauthorised by Homer, and seems to have been suggested to our Poet by Chapman's version, which is worth presenting more at large to the reader.

— — — — This the Goddesse told ;
 And then the Morning in her throne of gold
 Survaud the vast world ; by whose orient light
 The nymph adorn'd me *with attires as bright*.

Ver. 659. *A youth there was, Elpenor was he nam'd.*] Homer dismisses not the description of this house of pleasure and debauch, without shewing the moral of his fable, which is the ill consequences that attend those who indulge themselves in sensuality ; this is set forth in the punishment of Elpenor. He describes him as a person of no worth, to shew that debauchery enervates our faculties, and renders both the mind and body incapable of thinking, or acting with greatness and bravery. At the same time these circumstantial relations are not without a good effect ; for they render the story probable, as if it were spoken with the veracity of an history, not the liberty of poetry.

I will conclude this book with a paragraph from Plutarch's *Morals* : it is a piece of advice to the fair sex, drawn from the story of Circe and Ulysses. " They who bait their hooks (says

The youngest of our band, a vulgar soul 66;
 Born but to banquet, and to drain the bowl.
 He, hot and careless, on a turret's height
 With sleep repair'd the long debauch of night :
 The sudden tumult stirr'd him where he lay, 66;
 And down he hasten'd, but forgot the way ;
 Full endlong from the roof the sleeper fell,
 And snapp'd the spinal joint, and wak'd in hell.

“ this philosopher) with intoxicated drugs may catch fish with
 “ little trouble ; but then they prove dangerous to eat, and un-
 “ pleasant to the taste : thus women who use arts to ensnare their
 “ admirers, become wives of fools and madmen : they whom the
 “ forcerefs Circe enchanted, were no better than brutes ; and
 “ she used them accordingly, enclosing them with flies ; but she
 “ loved Ulysses intirely, whose prudence avoided her intoxic-
 “ tions, and made his conversation agreeable. Those women
 “ who will not believe that Pasiphae was ever enamoured of a
 “ bull, are yet themselves so extravagant, as to abandon the
 “ society of men of sense and temperance, and to betake them-
 “ selves to the embraces of brutal and stupid fellows.” *Plut.*
Conjugal Precepts. P.

Ver. 660.] His original is literally this :

Not strong in war was he, nor firm in mind ;
 so that here also our poet seems to have turned his version by
 Chapman's model.

— — — — He was yongest man
 Of all my company, and *one that wanne*
Leaft fame for armes, as little for his braine.

Ver. 668.] So Chapman :

— — — — let loose his soule to *hell*.

I have often objected to the use of this odious word, and shall
 hazard a substitution here :

Full *headlong* from the roof the sleeper *drove* ;
 Snapt the *neck-spine*, nor *wakt* but in the *grave*.

The rest crowd round me with an eager look;
 I met them with a sigh, and thus bespoke. 670
 Already, friends! ye think your toils are o'er,
 Your hopes already touch your native shore:
 Alas! far otherwise the nymph declares,
 Far other journey first demands our cares;
 To tread th' uncomfortable paths beneath, 675
 The dreary realms of darkness and of death:
 To seek Tiresias' awful shade below,
 And thence our fortunes and our fates to know.

My sad companions heard in deep despair;
 Frantick they tore their manly growth of hair;
 To earth they fell; the tears began to rain; 681
 But tears in mortal miseries are vain.
 Sadly they far'd along the sea-beat shore;
 Still heav'd their hearts, and still their eyes ran
 o'er.

The ready victims at our bark we found, 685
 The fable ewe, and ram, together bound.

Ver. 669.] This couplet is expanded from the subjoined verse of his author:

To them assembled in these words I spake.

Ver. 680.] I should like better:

With loud lament, they frantic tore their hair.

Ver. 681.] See the remarks above, at verse 230 of this book.

Ver. 683.] What could induce him to forsake his author here?

Sadly *we* far'd along the sea-beat shore;

Still heav'd *our* hearts, and still *our* eyes ran o'er.

Ver. 685.] The following is a literal representation of the passage, to shew the luxuriancy of the translator:

For swift as thought, the Goddess had been there,
And thence had glided, viewless as the air:
The paths of Gods what mortal can survey?
Who eyes their motion? who shall trace their
way?

Meanwhile had Circe to the vessel been,
And bound the ram and fable ewe, with ease
Gliding by us, unseen. What eye shall ken
A God unwilling, here his path, or there?

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THE
ELEVENTH BOOK

ODYSSEY

THE ARGUMENT.

The descent into Hell.

ULYSSES continues his narration, How he arrived at the land of the Cimmerians, and what ceremonies he performed to invoke the dead. The manner of his descent, and the apparition of the shades: his conversation with Elpenor, and with Tiresias, who informs him in a prophetick manner of his fortunes to come. He meets his mother Anticlea, from whom he learns the state of his family. He sees the shades of the antient Heroines, afterwards of the Heroes, and converses in particular with Agamemnon and Achilles. Ajax keeps at a sullen distance, and disdains to answer him. He then beholds Tityus, Tantalus, Syfiphus, Hercules: till he is deterred from further curiosity by the apparition of horrid spectres, and the cries of the wicked in torments.

P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THE antients called this book *Nekropaeia*, or *Nekvia*, the book of Necromancy: because (says Eustathius) it contains an interview between Ulysses and the shades of the dead.

Virgil has not only borrowed the general design from Homer, but imitated many particular incidents: L' Abbé Fraguier in the *Memoirs of Literature* gives his judgment in favour of the Roman Poet, and justly observes, that the end and design of the journey is more important in Virgil than in Homer. Ulysses descends to consult Tiresias, Æneas his father. Ulysses takes a review of the shades of celebrated persons that preceded his times, or whom he knew at Troy, who have no relation to the story of the Odyssey: Æneas receives the history of his own posterity; his father instructs him how to manage the Italian war, and how to conclude it with honour; that is, to lay the foundations of the greatest empire in the world; and the Poet by a very happy address takes an opportunity to pay a noble compliment to his patron Augustus. In the Æneid there is a magnificent description of the descent and entrance into hell; and the *diseases, cares and terrors* that Æneas sees in his journey, are very happily imagined, as an introduction into the regions of death: whereas in Homer there is nothing so noble, we scarce are able to discover the place where the Poet lays his scene, or whether Ulysses continues below or above the ground. Instead of a descent into hell, it seems rather a conjuring up, or an evocation of the dead from hell; according to the words of Horace, who undoubtedly had this passage of Homer in his thoughts. *Satyr viii. lib. i.*

“ — — — — — Scalpere terram

“ Unguibus, & pullam divellere mordicus agnam

“ Cœperunt; cruor in fossam confusus, ut inde

“ Manes elicerent, animas responsa daturas.”

But if it be understood of an evocation only, how shall we account for several visions and descriptions in the conclusion of this book? Ulysses sees Tantalus in the waters of hell, and Sisyphus rolling a stone up an infernal mountain; these Ulysses could not conjure up, and consequently must be supposed to have entered at least the borders of those infernal regions. In short, Fraguier is of opinion, that Virgil profited more by the *Frogs* of Aristophanes than by Homer: and Mr. Dryden prefers the sixth book of the Æneid to the eleventh of the Odyssey, I think with very great reason.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

I will take this opportunity briefly to mention the original of all these fictions of infernal rivers, judges, &c. spoken of by Homer, and repeated and enlarged by Virgil. They are of Egyptian extract, as Mr. Sandys (that faithful traveller, and judicious poet) observes, speaking of the mummies of Memphis, p. 134.

“ These ceremonies performed, they laid the corpse in a boat
“ to be wafted over Acherusia, a lake on the south of Memphis,
“ by one only person, whom they called Charon; which gave
“ Orpheus the invention of his infernal ferryman; an ill-favoured
“ slovenly fellow, as Virgil describes him, *Æneid* vi. About
“ this lake stood the shady temple of Hecate, with the ports of
“ Cocytus and Oblivion, separated by bars of brass, the original
“ of like fables. When landed on the other side, the bodies
“ were brought before certain judges: if convicted of an evil
“ life, they were deprived of burial; if otherwise, they were
“ suffered to be interred.” This explication shews the foundation of those antient fables of Charon, Rhadamanthus, &c. and also that the Poets had a regard to truth in their inventions, and grounded even their fables upon some remarkable customs, which grew obscure and absurd only because the memory of the customs to which they allude is lost to posterity.

I will only add from Dacier, that this book is an evidence of the antiquity of the opinion of the soul's immortality. It is upon this that the most antient of all divinations was founded, I mean that which was performed by the evocation of the dead. There is a very remarkable instance of this in the holy Scriptures, in an age not very distant from that of Homer. Saul consults one of these infernal agents to call up Samuel, who appears, or some evil spirit in his form, and predicts his impending death and calamities. This is a pregnant instance of the antiquity of Necromancy, and that it was not of Homer's invention; it prevailed long before his days among the Chaldeans, and spread over all the oriental world. *Æschylus* has a tragedy intitled *Perſæ*, in which the shade of Darius is called up, like that of Samuel, and foretells queen Atossa all her misfortunes. Thus it appears that there was a foundation for what Homer writes: he only embellishes the opinions of antiquity with the ornaments of poetry.

I must confess that Homer gives a miserable account of a future state; there is not a person described in happiness, unless perhaps it be Tiresias: the good and the bad seem all in the same condi-

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

tion: whereas Virgil has an hell for the wicked, and an Elysium for the just. Though perhaps it may be a vindication of Homer to say, that the notions of Virgil of a future state were different from those of Homer; according to whom hell might only be a receptacle for the vehicles of the dead, and that while they were in hell, their $\phi\psi\chi\eta$ or spirit might be in heaven, as appears from what is said of the $\epsilon\iota\delta\omega\lambda\omicron\nu$ of Hercules in this xith book of the *Odyssæy*. P.

Our oars we shipp'd : all day the swelling sails
Full from the guiding pilot catch'd the gales. 10

Now sunk the sun from his aerial height,
And o'er the shaded billows rush'd the night :
When lo ! we reach'd old Ocean's utmost bounds,
Where rocks controll his waves with ever-during
mounds.

There in a lonely land, and gloomy cells, 15
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells ;

Ver. 14.] This line is interpolated by the translator. Thus ?
without any extraneous sentiment :

When lo ! it's course our gliding vessel bore,
Where the last waves of Ocean lash the shore.

Ver. 15. *There in a lovely land, and gloomy cells,
The dusky nation of Cimmeria dwells.*]

It is the opinion of many commentators, that Homer constantly in these voyages of Ulysses makes use of a fabulous geography ; but perhaps the contrary opinion in many places may be true : in this passage, Ulysses in the space of one day sails from the island of Circe to the Cimmerians : now it is very evident from Herodotus and Strabo, that they inhabited the regions near the Bosphorus, and consequently Ulysses could not sail thither in the compass of a day ; and therefore, says Strabo, the Poet removes not only the Cimmerians, but their climate and darkness, from the northern Bosphorus into Campania in Italy.

But that there really were a people in Italy named Cimmerians is evident from the testimony of many authors. So Lycophron plainly understands this passage, and relates these adventures as performed in Italy. He recapitulates all the voyages of Ulysses, and mentioning the descent into hell, and the Cimmerians, he immediately describes the infernal rivers, and adds, (speaking of the Apennine)

Ἐξ οὗ τὰ πάντα χύτα, καὶ πάντα μυχῶν
Πηλαί, κατ' Αὔρωϊτιν Ἰλκαρται χθόνα.

The sun ne'er views th' uncomfortable seats,
 When radiant he advances, or retreats:
 Unhappy race! whom endless night invades,
 Clouds the dull air, and wraps them round in
 shades.

The ship we moor on these obscure abodes;
 Dis-bark the sheep, an off'ring to the Gods;
 And hell-ward bending, o'er the beach descry
 The doleful passage to th' infernal sky.

That is, "From whence all the rivers, and all the fountains flow
 "through the regions of Italy." And these lines of Tibullus,

"Cimmerion etiam obscuras accessit ad arces,

"Quis nunquam candente dies apparuit ortu,

"Sive supra terras Phœbus, seu curreret infra,"

are understood by all interpreters to denote the Italian Cimmerians: who dwelt near Baia and the lake Avernus; and therefore Homer may be imagined not entirely to follow a fabulous geography. It is evident from Herodotus that these Cimmerians were antiently a powerful nation: for passing into Asia (says that author in his Clio) they possessed themselves of Sardis, in the time of Ardyes, the son of Gyges. If so, it is possible they might make several settlements in different parts of the world, and call those settlements by their original name, Cimmerians, and consequently there might be Italian, as well as Scythian Cimmerians.

It must be allowed, that this horrid region is well chosen for the descent into hell: it is described as a land of obscurity and horrors, and happily imagined to introduce a relation concerning the realms of death and darkness.

Ver. 17.] This couplet so executed, in a passage so susceptible of elegance, were alone sufficient to demonstrate, that Pope was not the translator of *this* book. Thus?

By light unvisited, or when displays

The sun his rising, or his setting rays.

The following couplet is very good indeed.

The victims, vow'd to each Tartarean pow'r, 25
Eurylochus and Perimedes bore.

Here open'd Hell, all Hell I here implor'd,
And from the scabbard drew the shining sword;
And trenching the black earth on ev'ry side,
A cavern form'd, a cubit long and wide. 30
New wine, with honey-temper'd milk, we bring,
Then living waters from the crystal spring;

Ver. 29.] Thus Ogilby:

The offerings brought, I, drawing from my *sides*
My falchion, dig'd a pit four cubits *wide*.

The reader may compare the translation of this passage in the preceding book, verse 614. and the following.

Ver. 31. *New wine, with honey-temper'd milk.*] The word in the original is, *μελίκρατον*, which (as Eustathius observes) the ancients constantly understood to imply a mixture of honey and milk; but all writers who succeeded Homer as constantly used it to signify a composition of water mixed with honey. The Latin Poets have borrowed their magical rites from Homer: thus Ovid. *Metam. vii. 243.*

“ Haud procul, egestâ scrobibus tellure duabus,
“ Sacra facit: cultrosque in guttur velleris atri
“ Conjicit; & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas.
“ Tum super invergens tepidi carchesia lactis
“ Alteraque infundens liquidi carchesia mellis,” &c.

Thus also Statius:

“ — — — — Tellure cavatâ
“ Inclinat Bacchi latices, & munera verni
“ Lactis, & Aëtaos imbres,” &c.

This libation is made to all the departed shades; but to what purpose (objects Eustathius) should these rites be paid to the dead, when it is evident from the subsequent relation that they were ignorant of these ceremonies till they had tasted the libation? He answers from the ancients, that they were merely honorary to

O'er these was strew'd the consecrated flour,
And on the surface shone the holy store. 34

Now the wan shades we hail, th' infernal Gods,
To speed our course, and waft us o'er the floods :
So shall a barren heifer from the stall
Beneath the knife upon your altars fall ;
So in our palace, at our safe return 39
Rich with unnumber'd gifts the pile shall burn ;
So shall a ram the largest of the breed,
Black as these regions, to Tiresias bleed.

Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom-nations of the dead.
Then dy'd the sheep ; a purple torrent flow'd, 45
And all the caverns smok'd with streaming blood.
When lo ! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts ;

the regents of the dead, Pluto and Proserpina ; and used to obtain their leave to have an interview with the shades in their dominions. P.

Ver. 33.] Shocking rhymes ! as are some, already met with, but not noticed, in this book. Thus ?

These rites perform'd in order, next we show'r
On the white ground the consecrated flour,

Ver. 37.] The variations here from Pope's version in the former book, ver. 622. are very spirited and successful, and deserve great commendation.

Ver. 47. *When lo ! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin, airy shoals of visionary ghosts.*]

We are informed by Eustathius, that the antients rejected these six verses, for say they, these are not the shades of persons newly

Fair, pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids ;
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades ; 50

slain, but who have long been in these infernal regions: how then can their wounds be supposed still to be visible, especially through their armour, when the soul was separated from the body? Neither is this the proper place for their appearance, for the Poet immediately subjoins, that the ghost of Elpenor was the first that he encountered in these regions of darkness. But these objections will be easily answered by having recourse to the notions which the antients entertained concerning the dead; we must remember that they imagined that the soul though freed from the body had still a vehicle, exactly resembling the body; as the figure in a mould retains the resemblance of the mould, when separated from it; the body is but as a case to this vehicle, and it is in this vehicle, that the wounds are said to be visible; this was supposed to be less gross than the mortal body, and less subtil than the soul; so that whatever wounds the outward body received when living, were believed to affect this inward substance, and consequently might be visible after separation.

It is true that the Poet calls the ghost of Elpenor the first ghost, but this means the first whom he knew: Elpenor was not yet buried, and therefore was not yet received into the habitation of the dead, but wanders before the entrance of it. This is the reason why his shade is said to present itself the foremost: it comes not up from the realm of death, but descends towards it from the upper world.

But these shades of the warriors are said still to wear their armour in which they were slain, for the Poet adds that it was stained with blood: how is it possible for these ghosts, which are only a subtle substance, not a gross body, to wear the armour they wore in the other world? How was it conveyed to them in these infernal regions? All that occurs to me in answer to this objection is, that the Poet describes them suitably to the characters they bore in life; the warriors on earth are warriors in hell; and that he adds these circumstances only to denote the manner of their death, which was in battle, or by the sword. No doubt but Homer represents a future state according to the notions which his age entertained of it, and this sufficiently justifies him

Ghastly with wounds the forms of warriors slain
 Stalk'd with majestick port, a martial train:
 These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the
 ground,
 And all the dire assembly shriek'd around.

as a Poet, who is not obliged to write truths, but according to
 fame and common opinions.

But to prove these verses genuine, we have the authority of
 Virgil: he was too sensible of their beauty not to adorn his Poems
 with them. Georg. iv. 470.

“ At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus iniis
 “ Umbra ibant tennes, simulacraque luce carentant,
 “ Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitæ
 “ Magnanimùm heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
 “ Impositique rogis juvenes,” &c.

It must be confessed that the Roman Poet omits the circumstances
 of the armour in his translation, as being perhaps contrary to the
 opinions prevailing in his age; but in the sixth Book he describes
 his heroes with arms, horses, and infernal chariots; and in the
 story of Deiphobus we see his shade retain the wounds in hell,
 which he received at the time of his death in Troy.

“ — — Lacerum crudeliter ora

“ Deiphobum vidi,” &c.

P.

Fenton's blank version is too diffuse, but gives a very just repre-
 sentation of his author's meaning:

— — — — the ghosts promiseous troop
 Unnumber'd; youths and maidens immature,
 Cropt in their spring, who wandering pensive wail'd
 The shortness of their date.

Ver. 51.] The version of Ogilby is more faithful:
 And valiant heroes, slain in battel, view'd,
 Their arms transpierc'd, with recent blood imbrew'd.

Ver. 52.] A circumstance of embellishment in this verse was
 derived from Chapman:

In numbers, up and downe the ditch, did stalk.

Astonish'd at the sight, aghast I stood, 55
 And a cold fear ran shiv'ring thro' my blood ;
 Straight I command the sacrifice to haste,
 Straight the flay'd victims to the flames are cast,
 And mutter'd vows, and mystick song apply'd
 To grisly Pluto, and his gloomy bride. 60

Now swift I wav'd my falchion o'er the blood ;
 Back started the pale throngs, and trembling
 stood.

Round the black trench the gore untasted flows,
 'Till awful from the shades Tiresias rose.

There, wand'ring thro' the gloom I first survey'd,
 New to the realms of death, Elpenor's shade : 66
 His cold remains all naked to the sky
 On distant shores unwept, unburied lie.
 Sad at the sight I stand, deep fix'd in woe,
 And ere I spoke the tears began to flow. 70

Ver. 62.] An animated line, suggested by the translator's fancy.

Ver. 67.] Thus his author, literally :

Him earth's broad bosom had not yet receiv'd ;

His corse we left, urg'd on by other care,

In Circe's dome, unwept, and unentomb'd.

But our translator more closely follows the conclusion of Virgil's
 fifth Æneid :

O! nimum cœlo et pelago confise sereno,

Nudus in ignotâ, Palinure, jacebis arenâ !

Ah! Palinurus! thou to skies serene

Of faith too easy, and unruffled seas,

Wilt lie, unburied, on a strand unknown!

O say what angry pow'r Elpenor led
 To glide in shades, and wander with the dead?
 How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
 Out-fly the nimble sail, and leave the lagging
 wind?

Ver. 73. *How could thy soul, by realms and seas disjoin'd,
 Out-fly the nimble sail?*]

Eustathius is of opinion, that Ulysses speaks pleasantly to Elpenor, for were his words to be literally translated they would be, *Elpenor, thou art come hither on foot, sooner than I in a ship*. I suppose it is the worthless character of Elpenor that led that Critick into this opinion; but I should rather take the sentence to be spoken seriously, not only because such railleries are an insult upon the unfortunate, and levities perhaps unworthy of epick poetry, but also from the general conduct of Ulysses, who at the sight of Elpenor burst into tears, and compassionates the fate of his friend. Is there any thing in this that looks like raillery? if there be, we must confess that Ulysses makes a very quick transition from sorrow to pleasantry. The other is a more noble sense, and therefore I have followed it, and it excellently paints the surprize of Ulysses at the unexpected sight of Elpenor, and expresses his wonder that the soul, the moment it leaves the body, should reach the receptacle of departed shades.

But it may be asked what connexion this story of Elpenor has to the subject of the poem, and what it contributes to the end of it? Bossu very well answers that the Poet may insert some incidents that make no part of the fable or action; especially if they be short, and break not the thread of it; this before us is only a small part of a large episode, which the Poet was at liberty to insert or omit, as contributed most to the beauty of his poetry: besides, it contains an excellent moral, and shews us the ill effects of drunkenness and debauchery. The Poet represents Elpenor as a person of a mean character, and punishes his crime with sudden death, and dishonour.

I will only add that Virgil treads in the footsteps of Homer, and Misenus in the *Æneid*, is the Elpenor of the *Odyssey*: there is indeed some difference; Misenus suffers for his presumption, Elpenor for his debauchery.

The ghost reply'd: To hell my doom I owe,
 Demons accurst, dire ministers of woe! 76
 My feet thro' wine unfaithful to their weight,
 Betray'd me tumbling from a tow'ry height,

Ver. 75. — — — To hell my doom I owe,
Demons accurst, dire ministers of woe.]

The words in the original are, ἄοι μὲ δαίμονες αἰῶνα. The identity of sound in *δοι* and *αἰῶνα* may perhaps appear a little inharmonious, and shock the ear. It is a known observation that the nice ears in the court of Augustus could not pardon Virgil for a like similitude of cadence in this verse.

“ At regina pyrâ ” — —

But these are rather negligencies than errors; they are indeed to be avoided, but a great genius sometimes overlooks such niceties, and sacrifices sound to sense.

The words of Quintilian are very apposite to this purpose, lib. viii. c. 3. *Ejusdem verbi aut sermonis iteratio, quanquam non magis opere summis authoribus vitata, interim vitium videri potest; in quod sepe incidit etiam Cicero, securus tam parva observationis.* He brings an instance of it from his oration for Cluentius, *Non solum igitur illud iudicium, iudicii simile, iudices, non fuit.* It must be confessed, that the sense is not only darkened, but the ear shocked at the repetition of the same word in the same period.

This is a very pregnant instance, that the opinion of an evil dæmon or genius prevailed in the days of Homer: but this excuse of Elpenor, in ascribing his calamity to a dæmon, gives great offence to Maximus Tyrius, he being a stoick philosopher. He says Elpenor is guilty of falshood in this excuse to Ulysses: for *dæmons, parca, &c.* are nothing but the idle pretext of wicked men, who are industrious to transfer their own follies to the Gods, according to those verses in the beginning of the *Odyssey*:

Why charge mankind on heav'n their own offence,
 And call their woes the crime of providence?
 Blind! who themselves their miseries create,
 And perish by their folly, not their fate.

Stagg'ring I reel'd, and as I reel'd I fell,
 Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to hell.
 But lend me aid, I now conjure thee lend, 81
 By the soft tie and sacred name of friend!
 By thy fond consort! by thy father's cares!
 By lov'd Telemachus's blooming years!
 For well I know that soon the heav'nly pow'rs 85
 Will give thee back to day, and Circe's shores:
 There pious on my cold remains attend,
 There call to mind thy poor departed friend,
 The tribute of a tear is all I crave,
 And the possession of a peaceful grave. 90
 But if unheard, in vain compassion plead,
 Revere the Gods, the Gods avenge the dead!
 A tomb along the wat'ry margin raise,
 The tomb with manly arms and trophies grace, }
 To shew posterity Elpenor was. 95
 There high in air, memorial of my name,
 Fix the smooth oar, and bid me live to fame.

Ver. 79.] In the same vile manner with Ogilby:

— — — — my neck broke as I fell;

There lay my corps, my shadow flew to hell.

Ver. 83.] The translation here is very loose and unfaithful.
 Thus Fenton:

— — — — I beg by those indearing names

Of parent, wife, and son; though distant, dear

To your remembrance.

Ver. 90.] Rather, perhaps,

The poor possession — — —.

Ver. 96.] Or thus exactly, with the rhymes of Ogilby:

Full on the summit fix my fav'rite oar;

Off, with my comrades, ply'd from shore to shore.

To whom with tears; These rites, oh mournful
 shade,
 Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid. 99
 Still as I spoke the phantom seem'd to moan,
 Tear follow'd tear, and groan succeeded groan.
 But as my waving sword the blood surrounds,
 The shade withdrew, and mutter'd empty sounds.
 There as the wond'rous visions I survey'd,
 All pale ascends my royal mother's shade: 105

Ver. 100.] Our translator misrepresents his original here, when all his predecessors are unexceptionable in this respect. I shall give a literal version:

Thus we discoursing sat in accents sad:
 I, here, with faulchion brandish'd o'er the blood;
 There, the loquacious phantom of my mate.

Ver. 105. *All pale ascends my royal mother's shade.*] The behaviour of Ulysses with respect to his mother may appear not sufficiently tender and affectionate; he refrains all manner of address to her, a conduct which may be censured as inconsistent with filial piety; but Plutarch very fully answers this objection. "It is" (says that author) a remarkable instance of the prudence of Ulysses, who descending into the regions of the dead, refused all conference even with his mother, till he had obtained an answer from Tiresias, concerning the business which induced him to undertake that infernal journey." A wise man is not inquisitive about things impertinent; accordingly Ulysses first shews himself a wise man, and then a dutiful son. Besides, it is very judicious in Homer thus to describe Ulysses: the whole design of the *Odyssey* is the return of Ulysses to his country; this is the mark at which the hero should continually aim, and therefore it is necessary that all other incidents should be subordinate to this; and the poet had been blameable if he had shewed Ulysses entertaining himself with amusements, and postponing the considerations of the chief design of the *Odyssey*. Lucian speaks to the same purpose in his piece upon astrology. P.

A queen, to Troy she saw our legions pass;
 Now a thin form is all Anticlea was!
 Struck at the sight I melt with filial woe,
 And down my cheek the pious sorrows flow,
 Yet as I shook my falchion o'er the blood, 110
 Regardless of her son the parent stood.

When lo! the mighty Theban I behold;
 To guide his steps he bore a staff of gold;
 Awful he trod! majestick was his look!
 And from his holy lips these accents broke. 115

Why, mortal, wand'rest thou from chearful day,
 To tread the downward, melancholy way?
 What angry Gods to these dark regions led
 Thee yet alive, companion of the dead? 119
 But sheath thy poniard, while my tongue relates
 Heav'n's stedfast purpose, and thy future fates.

Ver. 110.] This is very strange: rather thus:

Tho' griev'd, regardless of her with I stood,
 Nor gave her honour'd ghost to taste the blood:
 Still o'er the gory pool I flash'd my blade,
 'Till the hoar seer should raise his awful shade.

Ver. 114.] This line is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 116.] Thus Ogilby, not amiss:

Why com'st thou hither, and forsak'st the day,
 Pale ghosts, and dismal regions to survey?

Ver. 120. *But sheath thy poniard.* — —] The terror which the shades of the departed express at the sight of the sword of Ulysses has been frequently censured as absurd and ridiculous: *Risum cui non moveat*, says Scaliger, *cum enses ait & vulnera metuisset*? What have the dead to fear from a sword, who are beyond the power of it, by being reduced to an incorporeal shadow? But this description is consistent with the notions of the antients

While yet he spoke, the prophet I obey'd,
And in the scabbard plung'd the glitt'ring blade :
Eager he quaff'd the gore, and then exprest
Dark things to come, the counsels of his breast. 125

Weary of light, Ulysses here explores,
A prosp'rous voyage to his native shores ;
But know—by me unerring fates disclose
New trains of dangers, and new scenes of
woes ;

concerning the dead. I have already remarked, that the shades retained a vehicle, which resembled the body, and was liable to pain as well as the corporeal substance ; if not, to what purpose are the Furies described with iron scourges, or the vulture tearing the liver of Tityus ?

Virgil ascribes the like fears to the shades in the *Æneis* ; for the Sibyl thus commands *Æneas* ;

“ Tuque invade viam, vaginâque eripe ferrum.”

And the shades of the Greeks are there said to fly at the sight of his arms.

“ At Danaûm procères, Agamemnoniæque phalanges,

“ Ut vidère virum fulgentiaque arma per umbras,

“ Ingenti trepidare metu.”

Tiresias is here described consistently with the character before given him by the Poet, I mean with a pre-eminence above the other shades ; for (as Eustathius observes) he knows Ulysses before he tastes the ingredients ; a privilege not claimed by any other of the infernal inhabitants. Elpenor indeed did the same, but for another reason ; because he was not yet buried, nor entered the regions of the dead, and therefore his soul was yet intire. P.

So Chapman :

That I the blood may taste, and then relate
The truth of those acts, that affect thy fate.

I see! I see, thy bark by Neptune tost, 130
 For injur'd Cyclops, and his eye-ball lost!
 Yet to thy woes the Gods decree an end,
 If heav'n thou please; and how to please attend!
 Where on Trinacrian rocks the ocean roars,
 Graze num'rous herds along the verdant shores;
 Tho' hunger press, yet fly the dang'rous prey, 136
 The herds are sacred to the God of day,
 Who all surveys with his extensive eye
 Above, below, on earth and in the sky!
 Rob not the God, and so propitious gales 140
 Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails:
 But if his herds ye seize, beneath the waves
 I see thy friends o'erwhelm'd in liquid graves!
 The direful wreck Ulysses scarce survives!
 Ulysses at his country scarce arrives! 145

Ver. 130.] This happy adoption of prophetic language, as if the object were in sight, is due to the ingenuity of our translator. Thus the priestess in Virgil, *Æn.* vi.

— — — — — bella, horrida bella,
 Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno:
 Wars, horrid wars *I view*; a field of blood,
 And Tyber rolling with a purple flood:

which is Dryden's excellent version, ver. 133. Pope, with his usual dexterity, has employed this animated form of composition in several places of the *Dunciad*; as, for example, iii. 265.

But lo! to dark encounter in mid air

New wizards rise: *I see* my Ciber there.

See also below, ver. 143, 150:

Ver. 145. *Ulysses at his country scarce arrives!*] The Poet conducts this interview with admirable judgment. The whole design of Ulysses is to engage the Phæacians in his favour, in order to

Strangers thy guides ! nor there thy labours end,
 New foes arise, domestick ills attend !
 There foul adult'ers to thy bride resort,
 And lordly gluttons riot in thy court.
 But vengeance hastes amain ! These eyes behold
 The deathful scene, princes on princes roll'd ! 151
 That done, a people far from sea explore,
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,

his transportation to his own country : how does he bring this about ? By shewing that it was decreed by the Gods that he should be conducted thither by strangers ; so that the Phæacians immediately conclude, that they are the people destined by heaven to conduct him home ; to give this the greater weight, he puts the speech into the mouth of the prophet Tiresias, and exalts his character in an extraordinary manner, to strengthen the credit of the prediction : by this method likewise the Poet interweaves his episode into the texture and essence of the poem, he makes this journey into hell contribute to the restoration of his hero, and unites the subordinate parts very happily with the main action. P.

Ver. 152. *That done, a people far from sea explore,
 Who ne'er knew salt. — —*

It is certain that Tiresias speaks very obscurely, after the manner of the oracles ; but the antients generally understood this people to be the Epirots. Thus Pausanias in his Atticks. *Οἱ μὲν ἀλάσης ἰλίη θάλασσαν, μὲν δὲ ἀλσὶν ἠπίσαντο χρῆσθαι, μαρτυρεῖ δὲ μοι καὶ Ὅμηρος ἱππὶ ἐν Ὀδυσσεΐα.*

— — *Οἱ ἐκ ἰσαςί θάλασσαν.*

That is ; “ The Epirots even so lately as after the taking of Troy, “ were ignorant of the sea, and the use of salt, as Homer testifies “ in his *Odyssey* : ”

Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar.

So that they who were ignorant of the sea, were likewise ignorant of the use of salt, according to Homer : whence it may be conjectured, that the Poet knew of no salt but what was made of sea-water. The other token of their ignorance of the sea was,

Or saw gay vessel stem the wat'ry plain,
 A painted wonder flying on the main ! 155
 Bear on thy back an oar : with strange amaze
 A shepherd meeting thee, the oar surveys,

that they should not know an oar, but call it a corn-van. This verse was once sarcastically applied to Philip of Macedon by Amerdion a Grecian, who flying from him and being apprehended, was asked whither he fled ? He bravely answered, to find a people who knew not Philip.

Εἶσσι τὸς ἀφικνῶμαι, οἳ ἐκ ἴσας Φίλιππον.

I persuade myself that this passage is rightly translated ; Νίαις φοινικοπαρήναις, and τὰ τε πτερὰ νηυσὶ πύλονται,

A painted wonder, flying on the main :

for the wings of the ship signify the sails, (as Eustathius remarks) and not the oars, as we might be misled to conclude from the immediate connexion with ἱετμὰ, or oars. The Poët, I believe, intended to express the wonder of a person upon his first sight of a ship, who observing it to move swiftly along the seas, might mistake the sails for wings, according to that beautiful description of Mr. Dryden upon a like occasion in his Indian Emperor.

The objects I could first distinctly view,
 Were tall straight trees which on the waters flew ;
 Wings on their sides instead of leaves did grow,
 Which gather'd all the breath the winds could blow ;
 And at the roots grew floating palaces, &c.

Eustathius tells us the reason of this command given to Ulysses, to search out a people ignorant of the sea : it was in honour of Neptune, to make his name regarded by a nation which was entirely a stranger to that Deity ; and this injunction was laid by way of atonement for the violence offered to his son Polyphemus.

Many criticks have imagined that this passage is corrupted ; but as Eustathius observes, we have the authority of Sophocles to prove it genuine, who alluding to this passage, writes,

Ἔμοις ἀθηρόερωτος ὄρσαιος φέρον.

P.

Ver. 153.] Or thus, more exactly :

They salt no food, they hear no billows roar.

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H

And names a van : there fix it on the plain,
 To calm the God that holds the wat'ry reign ;
 A threefold off'ring to his altar bring, 160
 A bull, a ram, a boar ; and hail the Ocean-king.
 But home return'd, to each ætherial pow'r
 Slay the due victim in the genial hour :
 So peaceful shalt thou end thy blisful days,
 And steal thyself from life by slow decays : 165
 Unknown to pain, in age resign thy breath,
 When late stern Neptune points the shaft with
 death :

Ver. 158.] Or, to avoid a too quick repetition of the same rhymes, thus :

— — — — — there fix it in the ground,
 And soothe the God, whose waves the globe surround.

Ver. 165.] Pope in his " Ode on Solitude :"

*Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.*

But the *six* concluding verses of this address are much amplified from the following portion of his author :

— — — — — then from the sea thy death awaits ;
 An easy death ! to slay with gentle hand
 Thine age in comfort spent, thy people round,
 All happy ! These, the words of truth, I speak.

Ver. 167. *When late stern Neptune points the shaft with death.*] The death of Ulysses is related variously, but the following account is chiefly credited : Ulysses had a son by Circe named Telegonus, who being grown to years of maturity, sailed to Ithaca in search of his father ; where seizing some sheep for the use of his attendants, the shepherds put themselves into a posture to rescue them ; Ulysses being advertised of it, went with his son Telemachus to repel Telegonus, who in defending himself wounded Ulysses, not knowing him to be his father. Thus Oppian, Hyginus, and Dictys relate the story. Many Poets have brought this upon

To the dark grave retiring as to rest,
Thy people blessing, by thy people blest !

Unerring truths, oh man, my lips relate ; 170
This is thy life to come, and this is fate.

To whom unmov'd : If this the Gods prepare,
What heav'n ordains, the wise with courage bear.
But say, why yonder on the lonely strands,
Unmindful of her son, Anticlea stands ? 175

the stage, and Aristotle criticizing upon one of these tragedies gives us the title of it, which was, Ulysses wounded. But if Ulysses thus died, how can Neptune be said to *point the shaft with death* ? We are informed that the spear with which Telegonus gave the wound, was pointed with the bone of a sea turtle ; so that literally his death came from the sea, or ἐξ ἁλός : and Neptune being the God of the ocean, his death may without violence be ascribed to that Deity. It is true, some Criticks read ἐξ αἰός as one word, and then it will signify that Ulysses should escape the dangers of the sea, and die upon the continent far from it ; but the former sense is most consonant to the tenor of the Poem, through which Neptune is constantly represented as an enemy to Ulysses.

I will only add the reason why Ulysses is enjoined to offer a bull, a ram, and a boar to Neptune : the bull represents the roaring of the sea in storms ; the ram the milder appearance of it when in tranquillity : the boar was used by the ancients as an emblem of fecundity, to represent the fruitfulness of the ocean. This particular sacrifice of three animals was called *τρίπλοα*. *Eustathius*. P.

For this beautiful turn our translator is indebted to his coadjutor Fenton :

At length, when Neptune points the dart of death,
Without a pang you'll die.

[Ver. 169.] So Chapman very properly :

Thy subjects round about thee, rich and blest.

A verse in Pope's *Eloisa* is similarly constructed to that before us :

The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

Why to the ground she bends her downcast eye?
 Why is she silent, while her son is nigh?
 The latent cause, oh sacred seer, reveal!

Nor this, replies the seer, will I conceal.
 Know; to the spectres, that thy bev'rage taste, 180
 The scenes of life recur, and actions past;
 They, seal'd with truth, return the sure reply;
 The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly.

The phantom Prophet ceas'd, and sunk from
 sight

To the black palace of eternal Night. 185

Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
 When near Anticlea mov'd, and drank the blood.
 Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
 And owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks.

Ver. 176.] Rather,

— — — — her *pensive* eye.

Ver. 178.] This bears no resemblance to his author, who may
 be better seen in Ogilby, unadorned as he is, but not contemptible:

These Heaven decrees, and ever fixed Fate.

But say, blest prophet, and the truth relate;

I see my mother's shade, who not her son

Will speak to, nor so much as look upon:

Silent she sits by sacred blood: ah, how

May she, poor shadow! her dear offspring know?

Ver. 182.] This couplet seems an improvement from Ogilby:

They will to what so e're thou asks, *reply*,

Or far from thee, if thou withstand'st them, *fly*.

This said, Tiresia vanish'd from my *fight*

To Pluto's *court*, and seats of *lasting night*:

But I that posture kept in which I *stood*,

Until my mother tasted sacred *blood*.

Ver. 188.] The rhymes may be rendered conformable by the
 following correction:

Com'st thou, my son, alive, to realms beneath, 190
 The doleful realms of darkness and of death :
 Com'st thou alive from pure, ætherial day ?
 Dire is the region, dismal is the way !
 Here lakes profound, there floods oppose their
 waves,
 There the wide sea with all his billows raves ! 195

*I saw the mother in her soul awake ;
 And, owning her Ulysses, thus she spake.*

Ver. 192.] This excellent couplet seems modelled by one of Dryden, *Æn.* vi. 192.

The gates of hell are open night and day,
 Smooth the descent, and easy is the way.

Ver. 195. *There the wide sea with all his billows raves.*] If this passage were literally translated, it would run thus: *My son, how didst thou arrive at this place of darkness, when so many rivers, and the ocean lie in the midway?* This (says Eustathius) plainly shews that Homer uses a fabulous geography: for whereas the places that are mentioned in these voyages of Ulysses are really situated upon the Mediterranean, Anticlea here says that they lie in the middle of the ocean. But this is undoubtedly an error: the whole of the observation depends upon the word *μεσση*; but why must this denote the *midway* so exactly? Is it not sufficient to say, that *between* Ithaca and this infernal region, rivers and the ocean roll? And that this is the real meaning is evident from this book; for Ulysses sails in the space of one day from the island of Circe to the place where he descends: how then could these places where Ulysses touches in his voyage lie in the middle of the ocean, unless we can suppose he passed half the ocean in one day? The Poet directly affirms, that he descends at the extremity of it; but this extremity is no more than one day's voyage from the island of Circe, and consequently that island could not lie in the middle of the ocean: therefore this place is no evidence that Homer uses a fabulous geography.

Or (since to dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs)
 Com'st thou a wand'rer from the Phrygian shores?
 Or say, since honour call'd thee to the field,
 Hast thou thy Ithaca, thy bride, beheld?

Source of my life, I cry'd, from earth I fly 200
 To seek Tiresias in the nether sky,
 To learn my doom: for tost from woe to woe,
 In ev'ry land Ulysses finds a foe:

Nor have these eyes beheld my native shores, 204
 Since in the dust proud Troy submits her tow'rs.

But, when thy soul from her sweet mansion
 fled,

Say, what distemper gave thee to the dead?
 Has life's fair lamp declin'd by slow decays,
 Or swift expir'd it in a sudden blaze?

Eustathius very justly observes, that Homer judiciously places the descent into hell at the extremity of the ocean: for it is natural to imagine that to be the only passage to it, by which the sun and the stars themselves appear to descend, and sink into the realms of darkness. P.

Ver. 196.] Thus, with more fidelity and legitimate rhymes:
 Or *with thy ship and crew*, proud Troy *no more*!
 Com'st a *long* wand'rer from the Phrygian shore?
 Or say, since honour call'd thee, *hast thou seen*
 Thy *native Ithaca and wedded queen*?
 which last are the rhymes of Chapman.

Ver. 203.] Thus, abundantly better, with Chapman's rhymes:
 Nor since that day, when with Atrides' host
 He sail'd to Troy, has touch'd his native coast.

Ver. 208.] The version here is extremely good, but general, and not observant of his author's language; which may be descried in the subjoined substitution:

Say, if my fire, good old Laertes, lives? 210
 If yet Telemachus, my son, survives?
 Say, by his rule is my dominion aw'd,
 Or crush'd by traitors with an iron rod?
 Say, if my spouse maintains her royal trust,
 Tho' tempted chaste, and obstinately just? 215
 Or if no more her absent lord she wails,
 But the false woman o'er the wife prevails?

Thus I, and thus the parent shade returns.
 Thee, ever thee, thy faithful consort mourns:

What form of death consign'd thee to the dead?
 Some slow distemper? or Diana's dart,
 Shot by her gentle hand, transfixt thy heart?

Ver. 212.] Thus? more exactly:

Say, by their power are my possessions sway'd,
 Or strange intruders our domain invade?

Ver. 215.] Addison's translation of Horace, ode iii. book iii.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and *obstinately just*—

Ver. 218. — — *Thus the parent shade returns.*] The questions which Ulysses asks (remarks Eustathius) could not fail of having a very good effect upon his Phæacian audience: by them he very artfully (and, as it seems, undesignedly) lets them into the knowledge of his dignity, and shews the importance of his person; to induce them to a greater care to conduct him to his country. The process of the whole story is so artfully carried off, that Ulysses seems only to relate an accidental interview, while he tacitly recommends himself, and lets them know the person who asks their assistance is a king. It is observable that Anticlea inverts the order in her answer, and replies last to the first question. Orators always reserve the strongest argument for the conclusion, to leave it fresh upon the memory of their auditors; or rather, the Poet uses this method to introduce the sorrow of Ulysses for

Whether the night descends, or day prevails, 220
 Thee she by night, and thee by day bewails.
 Thee in Telemachus thy realm obeys;
 In sacred groves celestial rites he pays,
 And shares the banquet in superior state, 224
 Grac'd with such honours as become the great.

the death of his mother more naturally: he steals away the mind of the reader from attending the main action, to enliven it with a scene of tenderness and affection in these regions of horror. P.

Ver. 219.] This translation comes nearer to the well known passage of Virgil, Georg. iv. 465.

Te, dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
 Te, veniente die, te, decedente, canebat.
 Thee on the lonely shore, sweet bride! he sang;
 Thee at the rising, thee, the setting sun.

Thus?

Streams from her eyes of endless sorrow run,
 When glooms the night, or shines the genial sun.

Ver. 224. *And shares the banquet in superior state, &c.*] This passage is fully explained by Eustathius: he tells us, that it was an antient custom to invite kings and legislators to all publick feasts; this was to do them honour: and the chief seat was always reserved for the chief magistrate. Without this observation, the lines are unintelligible. It is evident that the words are not spoken of sacrifices or feasts made to the Gods, but social entertainments, for they are general, πάντες καλέουσιν, "all the people" of the realm invite Telemachus to their feasts." And this seems to have been a right due to the chief magistrate, for ἀρχόντι implies it, which word Eustathius explains by ἐν λόγῳ ποιῆσθαι; "such an honour as ought not to be neglected," or

Grac'd with such honours as become the great.

It gives a very happy image of those ages of the world, when we observe such an intercourse between the king and the subject: the idea of power carries no terror in it, but the ruler himself makes a part of the publick joy. P.

Thy fire in solitude foment his care :
 The court is joyless, for thou art not there !
 No costly carpets raise his hoary head,
 No rich embroid'ry shines to grace his bed :
 Ev'n when keen winter freezes in the skies, 230
 Rank'd with his slaves, on earth the monarch
 lies :
 Deep are his sighs, his visage pale, his dress
 The garb of woe and habit of distress.
 And when the autumn takes his annual round,
 The leafy honours scatt'ring on the ground ; 235
 Regardless of his years, abroad he lies,
 His bed the leaves, his canopy the skies.

Ver. 230.] The same words rhyme together soon after : the next couplet is most impotently tautologous, and the subsequent destitute of vigour. I would thus adjust the passage, with more attention to Homer's language, according to our translator's correction of it :

With slaves, when Winter spreads his horrors round,
 In rags the monarch slumbers on the ground.
 When, Summer pass'd, the gales autumnal blow,
 And yellow foliage o'er the vineyard throw—.

But in truth the genuine sense of the passage must be sought from Fenton :

— — — — — but clad
 In coarse attire, couch'd with his village hinds
 On the warm hearth he sleeps, when winter reigns
 Inclement, till the circling months return
 New rob'd in flowering verdure : then the vines,
 High interwove, a green pavilion form,
 Where, pillow'd on the leaves, he mourns for you
 Nocturnal.

Ver. 237.] Essay on Man, i. 140.

My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.

Thus cares on cares his painful days consume,
And bow his age with sorrow to the tomb!

For thee, my son, I wept my life away; 240
For thee thro' hell's eternal dungeons stray:
Nor came my fate by ling'ring pains and flow,
Nor bent the silver-shafted queen her bow;
No dire disease bereav'd me of my breath;
Thou, thou my son wert my disease and death;
Unkindly with my love my son conspir'd, 246
For thee I liv'd, for absent thee expir'd.
Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind, }
Thrice thro' my arms she flipt like empty wind, }
Or dreams, the vain illusions of the mind. 250 }

Ver. 239.] Genesis, xlii. 38. "Then shall ye bring down
"my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave." But our translator
took the thought immediately from Fenton below:

And sunk my age with sorrow to the grave.

Ver. 248. *Thrice in my arms I strove her shade to bind,
Thrice thro' my arms — —*]

This passage plainly shews that the vehicles of the departed were
believed by the antients to be of an aerial substance, and retain
nothing of corporeal grossness.

Virgil has borrowed these verses.

"Ter conatus ibi collo dare brachia circum;

"Ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,

"Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno."

Scaliger gives the preference to the Roman Poet, because he uses
three verses, at a time when the word *ter* occurs in the descrip-
tion, whereas Homer concludes in little more than two lines.
But this is not criticizing, but trifling; and ascribing to an author
what the author himself had no thought of. This puts me in
mind of a story in Lucian, where a person of a strong imagina-

Wild with despair, I shed a copious tide
Of flowing tears, and thus with sighs reply'd.

Fly'ft thou, lov'd shade, while I thus fondly
mourn?

Turn to my arms, to my embraces turn!
Is it, ye pow'rs that smile at human harms! 255
Too great a bliss to weep within her arms?
Or has hell's queen an empty image sent,
That wretched I might ev'n my joys lament?

O son of woe, the pensive shade rejoin'd,
Oh most inur'd to grief of all mankind! 260

tion, thinking there was a mystery in *μῆνιν*, the first word in the Iliad, is introduced enquiring of Homer in the regions of the dead, why he placed it in the beginning of his Poem? he answers, Because it first came into his head. I doubt not but the number of the lines in this place in both Poets was equally accidental; Virgil adds nothing to the thought of Homer, though he uses more words. P.

Ver. 250.] Much in the same manner Fenton:

Delusive as a dream.

Ver. 256. — — *A bliss to weep within her arms.*] This is almost a literal translation; the words in the Greek are, *τὴν ἀπώ-μυσθα γόω*, or *that we may delight ourselves with sorrow*, which Eustathius explains by saying, *there is a pleasure in weeping*: I should rather understand the words to signify, that in the instant while he is rejoicing at the sight of his mother, he is compelled to turn his joy into tears, to find the whole scene a delusion. P.

Ver. 257.] Ogilby is not worse:

This all the favour Proserpine bestows,
To shew thee only to augment my woes?

Ver. 259.] Or thus? with better rhymes:

O! child of woe! replies the shade agen:
Inur'd to grief o'er all the sons of men!

'Tis not the queen of hell who thee deceives :
 All, all are such, when life the body leaves ;
 No more the substance of the man remains,
 Nor bounds the blood along the purple veins :
 These the funereal flames in atoms bear, 265
 To wander with the wind in empty air ;
 While the impassive soul reluctant flies,
 Like a vain dream, to these infernal skies.
 But from the dark dominions speed thy way,
 And climb the steep ascent to upper day ; 270
 To thy chaste bride the wond'rous story tell,
 The woes, the horrors, and the laws of hell.

Thus while she spoke, in swarms hell's empress
 brings
 Daughters and wives of heroes and of kings ;

Ver. 267.] So Fenton, whose version is, in general, highly elegant :

— — — — — of all living touch
Impassive.

Our Poet should have avoided this open vowel :

The soul impassive from the realms of day,
 Like a fleet dream, to darkness wings her way.
 But haste to light : there to thy bride relate
 The wondrous visions of th' infernal state.

All the rest in our Poet's version is unauthorised amplification, from Virgil rather than Homer.

Ver. 274.] Ogilby is precise :

That wives and daughters of great princes were :
 but our translator follows Fenton :

— — — — — daughters and wives
To kings and heroes old.

Thick, and more thick they gather round the
blood, 275

Ghost throng'd on ghost (a dire assembly) stood!
Dauntless my sword I seize: the airy crew,
Swift as it flash'd along the gloom, withdrew;
Then shade to shade in mutual forms succeeds,
Her race recounts, and their illustrious deeds. 280

Tyro began: whom great Salmoneus bred;
The royal partner of fam'd Cretheus' bed.

Ver. 275.] Dunciad, iv. 191.

Thick and more thick the black blockade extends.

Our translator is not very attentive to his author, as the reader may collect from Fenton, or the less artificial, but more faithful version, of Mr. Cowper. The same may be said of many other passages.

Ver. 279. *Then shade to shade — — succeeds.*] Nothing can better shew the invention of Homer, than his capacity of furnishing out a scene of such great variety in this infernal region. He calls up the heroes of former ages from a state of inexistence to adorn and diversify his poetry. If it be asked what relation this journey into hell has to the main action of the *Odyssey*? the answer is, It has an episodick affinity with it, and shews the sufferings of Ulysses more than any of his voyages upon the ocean, as it is more horrible and full of terrors. What a treasury of ancient history and fables has he opened by this descent? He lets us into a variety of different characters of the most famous personages recorded in ancient story; and at the same time lays before us a supplement to the *Iliad*. If Virgil paid a happy piece of flattery to the Romans, by introducing the greatest persons of the best families in Rome, in his descent in the *Æneid*; Homer no less happily interests the Grecians in his story, by honouring the ancestors of the noblest families who still flourished in Greece, in the *Odyssey*; a circumstance that could not fail of being very acceptable to a Grecian or Roman reader, but perhaps less entertaining to us, who have no particular interest in these stories. P.

Ver. 281. *Tyro — — whom great Salmones bred.*] Virgil

For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns
He pours his wat'ry store, the virgin burns ;

gives a very different character of Salmoneus from this of Homer : he describes him as an impious person who presumed to imitate the thunder of Jupiter, whereas Homer stiles him blameless, or *ἀμύμων* ; an argument, says Eustathius, that the preceding story is a fable invented since the days of Homer. This may perhaps be true, and we may naturally conclude it to be true from his silence of it, but not from the epithet *ἀμύμων* ; for in the first book of the *Odyssey*, Jupiter gives the same appellation to Ægyſthus, even while he condemns him of murder and adultery. Eustathius adds, that Salmoneus was a great proficient in mechanicks, and inventor of a vessel called *βροχίον*, which imitated thunder by rolling stones in it, which gave occasion to the fictions of the Poets. P.

Ver. 283. *For fair Enipeus, as from fruitful urns*

He pours his wat'ry store, the virgin burns.]

There are no fables in the Poets that seem more bold than these concerning the commerce between women and river Gods ; but Eustathius gives us a probable solution : I will translate him literally. It was customary for young virgins to resort frequently to rivers to bathe in them ; and the antients have very well explained these fables about the intercourse between them and the water Gods : *Receive my virginity, O Scamander !* says a lady ; but it is very apparent who this Scamander was : her lover Cimon lay concealed in the reeds. This was a good excuse for female frailty, in ages of credulity : for such imaginary intercourse between the fair sex and deities was not only believed, but esteemed honourable. No doubt the ladies were frequently deceived ; their lovers personated the deities, and they took a Cimon to their arms in the disguise of a Scamander.

It is uncertain where this Enipeus flows : Strabo (says Eustathius) imagines it to be a river of Peloponnesus, that disembogues its waters into the Alphæus ; for the Thessalian river is Eniseus, and not Enipeus : this rises from mount Othrys, and receives into it the Epidanus. The former seems to be the river intended by Homer, for it takes its source from a village called Salmone ; and what strengthens this conjecture is the neighbourhood of the ocean (or Neptune in this fable) to that river. Lucian has made this story of Enipeus the subject of one of his dialogues. P.

Smooth flows the gentle stream with wanton

pride, 285

And in soft mazes rolls a silver tide.

As on his banks the maid enamour'd roves,

The monarch of the deep beholds and loves ;

In her Enipeus' form and borrow'd charms,

The am'rous God descends into her arms : 290

Around, a spacious arch of waves he throws,

And high in air the liquid mountain rose ;

Thus in surrounding floods conceal'd he proves

The pleasing transport, and compleats his loves.

Then softly sighing, he the fair addrest, 295

And as he spoke, her tender hand he prest.

Hail happy nymph ! no vulgar births are ow'd

To the prolifick raptures of a God :

Lo ! when nine times the moon renews her horn,

Two brother heroes shall from thee be born ; 300

Thy early care the future worthies claim,

To point them to the arduous paths of fame ;

But in thy breast th' important truth conceal,

Nor dare the secret of a God reveal :

For know, thou Neptune view'ft ! and at my

nod 305

Earth trembles, and the waves confess their God.

This image is not from Homer, but from Fenton :

Enipeus, swift from whose reclining urn

Rolls a delicious flood.

Ver. 302.] This verse is wholly interpolated by the translator.

He added not, but mounting spurn'd the plain,
Then plung'd into the chambers of the main.

Now in the time's full process forth she brings
Jove's dread vicegerents, in two future kings; 310
O'er proud Iolcos Pelias stretch'd his reign,
And God-like Neleus rul'd the Pylian plain:
Then fruitful, to her Cretheus' royal bed
She gallant Pheres and fam'd Æson bred:
From the same fountain Amythaon rose, 315
Pleas'd with the din of war, and noble shout of
foes.

There mov'd Antiope with haughty charms,
Who blest th' Almighty Thund'rer in her arms:
Hence sprung Amphion, hence brave Zethus
came,
Founders of Thebes, and men of mighty name; 320

Ver. 307.] Or thus, with less superfluity:

He said, and plung'd beneath the foaming wave.
She Pelias bare and Neleus, servants brave
Of sovereign Jove: that stretcht his wealthy reign
O'er wide Iolcus; this, the Pylian plain.

Ver. 319. *Hence sprung Amphion* — —] The fable of Thebes built by the power of musick is not mentioned by Homer, and therefore may be supposed to be of later invention. Homer relates many circumstances in these short histories differently from his successors; Epicaste is called Jocasta, and the tragedians have entirely varied the story of Oedipus: they tell us he tore out his eyes, that he was driven from Thebes, and being conducted by his daughter Antigone, arrived at Athens, where entering the temple of the Furies, he died in the midst of a furious storm, and was carried by it into hell: whereas Homer directly affirms, that he continued to reign in Thebes after all his calamities.

Tho' bold in open field, they yet surround
 The town with walls, and mound inject on
 mound;
 Here ramparts stood, there tow'rs rose high in air,
 And here thro' sev'n wide portals rush'd the war.
 There with soft step the fair Alcmena trod, 325
 Who bore Alcides to the thund'ring God;

It is not easy to give a reason why the mother, and not the father, is said to send the Furies to torment Oedipus, especially because he was the murderer of his father Laius: Eustathius answers, that it was by accident that he slew Laius; but upon the discovery of his wickedness in marrying his mother Jocasta, he used her with more barbarity and rigour than was necessary, and therefore she pursues him with her vengeance. Jocasta and Oedipus both die after the same manner by their own hands: I agree with Scaliger, that Virgil has described hanging more happily than Homer.

"Informis Lethi nodum trabe nectit ab altâ."

Ἀψαμίν βρόχον αἰπὺν ἀφ' ὑψηλοῦ μελάθρου.

There is nothing like the *Informis Lethi nodus* in Homer: and as that Critick observes, *tam atrox res aliquo verborum ambitu studiosius comprehendenda fuit*. The story of Oedipus is this: Laius being informed by the oracle, that he should be slain by his son, caused Oedipus immediately to be exposed by his shepherds to wild beasts; but the shepherds preserved him, and gave him education: when he came to years of maturity he went towards Thebes in search of his father, but meeting Laius by the way, and a quarrel arising, he slew him ignorantly, and married Jocasta his mother. This is the subject of two tragedies in Sophocles. P.

Ver. 325.] As a specimen of our Poet's adherence to his original, I shall give a commensurate version of that portion of the Greek, corresponding to the beautiful couplet before us:

Alceme then, Amphitryon's spouse, I saw
 Who, mingling in th' embrace of sovereign Jove,
 Alcides, dauntless, lion-hearted, bore.

And Megara, who charm'd the son of Jove,
And soften'd his stern soul to tender love.

Sullen and four with discontented mien 329
Jocasta frown'd, th' incestuous Theban queen;
With her own son she join'd in nuptial bands,
Tho' father's blood imbru'd his murd'rous hands:
The Gods and men the dire offence detest,
The Gods with all their furies rend his breast:
In lofty Thebes he wore th' imperial crown, 335
A pompous wretch! accurs'd upon a throne.
The wife self-murder'd from a beam depends,
And her foul soul to blackest hell descends;
Thence to her son the choicest plagues she brings,
And the fiends haunt him with a thousand stings.

And now the beauteous Chloris I descry, 341
A lovely shade, Amphion's youngest joy!

Ver. 340.] Here, I suppose, our translator had his eye on Fenton:

— — — — she, through fell despair,
Self-strangled, from the *stings* of mortal life
Fled to the shade.

This short story of Jocasta is miserably executed in the version before us.

Ver. 341. — — *The beauteous Chloris I descry.*] A Critick ought not only to endeavour to point out the beauties in the sense, but also in the versification of a Poet: Dionysius Halicarnassus cites these two verses as peculiarly flowing and harmonious.

Καὶ Χλωρίν εἶδον περιπαλλίαν, τὴν ποῖς Νηλεΐδης

Γῆμαι ἰδὼν διὰ κάλλος, ἐπεὶ πόρι μύρια ἰδία.

There is not one elision, nor one rough vowel or consonant, but they flow along with the utmost smoothness, and the beauty of the Muse equals that of Chloris. P.

With gifts unnumber'd Neleus fought her arms,
 Nor paid too dearly for unequal'd charms;
 Great in Orchomenos, in Pylos great, 345
 He sway'd the scepter with imperial state.
 Three gallant sons the joyful monarch told,
 Sage Nestor, Periclimenus the bold,
 And Chromius last; but of the softer race,
 One nymph alone, a miracle of grace. 350

Ver. 344.] For this line, which is eminently beautiful and poetical, we are indebted to the taste of our translator only.

Ver. 345. *Great in Orchomenos* — —] This is a very considerable city lying between Boeotia and Phocis, upon the river Cephissus: Homer calls it the Minyan Orchomenos, because the Minyans an antient people inhabited it: it was the colony of these Minyans that sailed to Iolcos, and gave name to the Argonauts. *Eustathius.* P.

Ver. 348. — — *Periclimenus the bold.*] The reason why Homer gives this epithet to Periclimenus may be learned from Hesiod: Neptune gave him the power to change himself into all shapes, but he was slain by Hercules: Periclimenus assaulted that hero in the shape of a bee, or fly, who discovering him in that disguise, by the means of Pallas, slew him with his club. This is the person of whom Ovid speaks, but adds that he was slain in the shape of an eagle by Hercules.

“Mira Periclimeni mors est, cui posse figuras

“Sumere quas vellet, rursusque reponere sumptas,

“Neptunus dederat,” &c.

Euphorion speaks of him in the shape of a bee or fly.

— — “Ἀλλοίῃ δ’ αὖτις μελισσῶν ἀγλαὰ φύλα

“Ἀλλοίῃ δ’ αὖτις ὄφιν — —

P.

Ver. 350.] So Chapman:

Rare-beautied Pero, so for forme exact,

That Nature, to a miracle, was rackt,

In her perfections.

Kings on their thrones for lovely Pero burn,
 The fire denies, and kings rejected mourn.
 To him alone the beauteous prize he yields,
 Whose arm should ravish from Phylacian fields
 The herds of Iphyclus, detain'd in wrong; 355
 Wild, furious herds, unconquerably strong!
 This dares a seer, but nought the seer prevails,
 In beauty's cause illustriously he fails;

Ver. 357. *This dares a seer, &c.*] This story is related with great obscurity, but we learn from the xvth book that the name of this prophet was Melampus. Iphyclus was the son of Deioneus, and uncle to Tyro; he had seized upon the goods of Tyro the mother of Neleus, among which were many beautiful oxen: these Neleus demands, but is unjustly denied by Iphyclus; Neleus had a daughter named Pero, a great beauty who was courted by all the neighbouring princes, but the father refuses her unless to the man who recovers these oxen from Iphyclus: Bias was in love with Pero, and persuades his brother Melampus a prophet to undertake the recovery; he attempts it, but being vanquished, is thrown into prison; but at last set at liberty, for telling Iphyclus, who was childless, how to procure issue. Iphyclus upon this gave him the oxen for a reward.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the explanation of this story in Eustathius, which I will lay before the reader for his entertainment. Melampus, after he was made a prisoner, was trusted to the care of a man and a woman; the man used him with mercy, and the woman with cruelty: one day he heard a low noise, and a family of worms in conference. (He understood the language of all the animal creation, beasts and reptiles.) These worms were discoursing how they had eaten through a great beam that lay over the head of Melampus: he immediately provides for his own safety, feigns a sickness, and begs to be carried into the fresh air: the woman and the man immediately comply with this request; at which instant the beam falling, kills the woman: an account of this is forthwith carried to Iphyclus, who sending for Melampus, asks who he is? He tells him, a prophet, and that he

Twelve moons the foe the captive youth detains
 In painful dungeons, and coercive chains; 360
 The foe at last, from durance where he lay,
 His art revering, gave him back to day;
 Won by prophetick knowledge, to fulfill
 The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.

With graceful port advancing now I spy'd 365
 Leda the fair, the God-like Tyndar's bride:
 Hence Pollux sprung who wields with furious
 fway
 The deathful gauntlet, matchless in the fray:

came for the oxen of Neleus: Iphycus commands him to declare how he may have an heir? Melampus kills an ox, and calls all the birds of the air to feast on it; they all appear except the vulture; he proposes the case to them, but they give no satisfactory answer; at last the vulture appears, and gives Melampus a full information: upon this Iphycus obtains a child, and Melampus the oxen of Neleus. P.

Ver. 359.] Thus Ogilby:

But him a woful fate, a cruel chain,

And rusticks more unmerciful detain.

Ver. 364. *The steadfast purpose of th' Almighty will.*] These words *διὸς δ' ἱερὰς ἐροῖτο βροτῶν*, seem to come in without any connexion with the story, and consequently unnecessarily; but Homer speaks of it concisely, as an adventure well known in his times, and therefore not wanting a further explication: but Apollodorus relates the whole at large, *lib. i.* The reason why these words are inserted is, to inform us that there were antient prophecies concerning Iphycus, that it was decreed by Jupiter he should have no children till he had recourse to a prophet, who explaining these prophecies to him, should shew him how to obtain that blessing: in this sense the will of Jupiter may be said to be fulfilled. P.

And Castor glorious on th' embattled plain
 Curbs the proud steed, reluctant to the rein : 370
 By turns they visit this ætherial sky,
 And live alternate, and alternate die :
 In hell beneath, on earth, in heav'n above
 Reign the twin-gods, the fav'rite sons of Jove.
 There Ephimedia trod the gloomy plain, 375
 Who charm'd the monarch of the boundless
 main ;
 Hence Ephialtes, hence stern Otus sprung,
 More fierce than giants, more than giants strong ;

Ver. 371.] Our translator is not excellent in this passage, which admitted poetical embellishment with ease. The reader will read Ogilby's efforts, without disgust :

These by Jove's will alternate live, and dy ;
 This lies inurn'd, whilst that ascends the sky :
 At once they rise and set, this under ground,
 Whilst that in heaven remains, with glory crown'd.

Ver. 372. *And live alternate, and alternate die.*] Castor and Pollux are called Δίδυμοι, or the *sons of Jupiter* ; but what could give occasion to this fiction, of their living and dying alternately ? Eustathius informs us that it is a physical allegory: they represent the two hemispheres of the world ; the one of which is continually enlightened by the sun, and consequently the other is then in darkness : and these being successively illuminated according to the order of the day and night, one of these sons of Jupiter may be said to revive when one part of the world rises into day, and the other to die, when it descends into darkness. What makes this allegory the more probable is, that Jupiter denotes, in many allegories of Homer, the air, or the upper regions of it. P.

Ver. 377.] Thus his author :

Two sons she bare, but transient was their date !
 Fam'd Ephialtes, Otus like the Gods.
 Them foodful earth, o'er all in size and grace
 Preeminent, except Orion, nurs'd.

The earth o'erburthen'd groan'd beneath their
weight,

None but Orion e'er surpass'd their height : 380

The wond'rous youths had scarce nine winters
told,

When high in air, tremendous to behold,

Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head,

And full nine cubits broad their shoulders spread.

Ver. 383. *Nine ells aloft they rear'd their tow'ring head.*] This is undoubtedly a very bold fiction, and has been censured by some Criticks as monstrous, and praised by others as sublime. It may seem utterly incredible that any human creatures could be nine ells, that is, eleven yards and a quarter in height, at the age of nine years. But it may vindicate Homer as a Poet to say that he only made use of a fable, that had been transmitted down from the earliest times of the world ; for so early the war between the Gods and Giants was supposed to be. There might a rational account be given of these apparent incredibilities ; if I might be allowed to say what many authors of great name have conjectured, that these stories are only traditional, and all founded upon the ejection of the fallen angels from heaven, and the wars they had with the good angels to regain their stations. If this might be allowed, we shall then have real giants, who endeavoured to take heaven by assault ; then nothing can be invented by a Poet so boldly, as to exceed what may justly be believed of these beings : then the stories of heaping mountain upon mountain will come within the bounds of credibility. But without having recourse to this solution, Longinus brings this passage as an instance of true sublimity, chap. vi. He is proving that the sublime is sometimes found without the pathetick, for some passions are mean, as fear, sadness, sorrow, and consequently incapable of sublimity ; and on the other hand, there are many things great and sublime, in which there is no passion ; of this kind is what Homer says concerning Otus, and Ephialtes, with so much boldness.

Proud of their strength and more than mortal size,
The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies; 386

The Gods they challenge, and affect the skies.
And what he adds concerning the success of these giants is still bolder.

Had they to manhood grown, the bright abodes
Of heav'n had shook, and Gods been heap'd on Gods.
Virgil was of the opinion of Longinus, for he has imitated Homer.

"Hic & Alcidas geminos immania vidi
"Corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere cælum
"Aggressi, superisque Jovem detrudere regnis."

Macrobius, lib. v. Saturn. cap. xiii. judges these verses to be inferior to Homer's in majesty; in Homer we have the height and breadth of these giants, and he happily paints the very size of their limbs in the run of his poetry; two words, *ἰμάντες*, and *ἰμάνηες*, almost make one verse, designedly chosen to express their bulk in the turn of the words; but Virgil says only *immania corpora*, and makes no addition concerning the giants, omitting entirely the circumstance of their size; Homer relates the piling hill upon hill; Virgil barely adds, that they endeavoured to storm the heavens.

Scaliger is firm and faithful to Virgil, and vindicates his favourite in the true spirit of criticism. I persuade myself he glances at Macrobius, for he cavils at those instances which he produces as beauties in Homer; I give his answer in his own words. *Admirantur Græculi pueriles mensuras; nimis sæpe cogor exclamare, aliud esse Græculum circulatorum, aliud regis orationis auctorem: indignam censuit suâ majestate Virgilius hanc minutam superstitionem, &c.*

Eustathius remarks that the ancients greatly admired the exact proportion of these giants, for the body is of a due symmetry, when the thickness is three degrees less than the height of it. According to this account the giants grew one cubit every year in bulk, and three in height. Homer says, that they fell by the shafts of Apollo, that is, they died suddenly; but other writers relate, that as they were hunting, Diana sent a stag between them, at which both at once aiming their weapons, and she withdrawing the stag, they fell by their own darts. *Eustathius.*

Ver. 385.] Dryden, at *Æn.* vi. 876.

Who dar'd in fight the Thunderer to defy,
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.

Heav'd on Olympus tott'ring Offa stood;
 On Offa, Pelion nods with all his wood:
 Such were they youths! had they to manhood
 grown,
 Almighty Jove had trembled on his throne. 390

Ver. 387. — — *On Olympus tott'ring Offa stood, &c.*] Strabo takes notice of the judgment of Homer, in placing the mountains in this order; they all stand in Macedonia; Olympus is the largest, and therefore he makes it the basis upon which Offa stands, that being the next to Olympus in magnitude, and Pelion being the least is placed above Offa, and thus they rise pyramidically. Virgil follows a different regulation;

“Ter sunt conati imponere Pelion Offæ,

“Scilicet atque Offæ frondosum imponere Olympum.”

Here the largest mountain is placed uppermost, not so naturally as in the order of Homer. There is a peculiar beauty in the former of these verses, in which Virgil makes the two vowels in *conati imponere* meet without an elision, to express the labour and straining of the giants in heaving mountain upon mountain. I appeal to the ear of every reader, if he can pronounce these two words without a pause and stop; the difficulty in the flow of the verse excellently represents the labour of the giants straining to shove Pelion upon Offa. Dacier remarks that Virgil follows the situation of the mountains, without regarding the magnitude; thus Pelion lies first on the north of Macedonia; Offa is the second, and the third Olympus; but she prefers Homer's method as most rational. P.

Homer says,

Pelion leaf-waving:

but Fenton:

— — — — — and on Offa Pelion pil'd,

Torn from the base *with all its woods*.

Ver. 389.] Milton has furnished us with a fine specimen also of this beauty of *anticipation*, in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 218.

— — — — — all heaven

Refounded; and, *had earth been then*, all earth

Had to her center shook.

But ere the harvest of the beard began
 To bristle on the chin, and promise man,
 His shafts Apollo aim'd ; at once they found,
 And stretch the giant-monsters o'er the ground.

There mournful Phædra with sad Procris
 moves, 395

Both beauteous shades, both hapless in their loves ;
 And near them walk'd with solemn pace and slow,
 Sad Ariadne, partner of their woe ;
 The royal Minos Ariadne bred,
 She Theseus lov'd ; from Crete with Theseus fled ;
 Swift to the Dian isle the hero flies, 401
 And tow'rd his Athens bears the lovely prize ;

Ver. 391.] So Prior, as quoted in Johnson's dictionary :

— On thy chin the springing beard *began*
 To spread a doubtful down, and *promise man*.

Ver. 395.] These *two* couplets are wrought with elegant ingenuity from the following unadorned sentence of his author :

Phædra and Procris there I also saw,
 And beauteous Ariadne.

Ver. 402. *And tow'rd his Athens bears the lovely prize.*] Homer justifies Theseus from any crime with relation to Ariadne, he is guilty of no infidelity as succeeding Poets affirm ; she died suddenly in Dia, or Naxos (an island lying between Thera and Crete) ; Diana slew her at the instigation of Bacchus, who accused her to that Goddess, for profaning her temple by too free an intercourse with Theseus ; this Homer calls *μαρτυρίῃ Διῶριον*. Clymine was a daughter of Mynias, Mæra of Proetus and Antæa, who having made a vow to Diana of perpetual virginity, broke it ; and therefore fell by that Goddess. Phædra was wife to Theseus, and fell in love with her son Hippolytus. Eriphyle was the daughter of Talæus and Lyfimache, wife of the prophet Amphiaraus ; who being bribed with a collar of gold by Polynices, obliged her

There Bacchus with fierce rage Diana fires,
The Goddess aims her shaft, the nymph expires.

There Clymenè, and Mera I behold, 405
There Eriphilè weeps, who loofely fold }
Her lord, her honour, for the lust of gold. }
But should I all recount, the night would fail,
Unequal to the melancholy tale :
And all-composing rest my nature craves, 410
Here in the court, or yonder on the waves ;
In you I trust, and in the heav'nly pow'rs,
To land Ulysses on his native shores.

He ceas'd : but left so charming on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd to hear.

husband to go to the war of Thebes, though she knew he was
decreed to fall before that city : she was slain by her son Alcmæon.
Eustathius.

Ulysses when he concludes, says it is time to repose

Here in the court, or yonder on the waves.

To understand this the reader must remember, that in the beginning
of the eighth book all things were prepared for his immediate
voyage, or as it is there expressed,

— — — — — Ev'n now the gales

Call thee abroad, and stretch the swelling sails.

So that he desires to repose in the ship, that he may begin his
voyage early in the morning. P.

Ver. 408.] Chapman's version, with little adjustment, is accurate:

But all the heroes' daughters and their wives,

That then encountered me, exceeds my might

To name or number.

Ver. 410.] This couplet is finely executed.

Ver. 414. *He ceas'd : but left so charming on their ear*

His voice — —]

I cannot tell whether this pause, or break in the narration of
Ulysses has a good effect or not ; whether it gives a relief to the

'Till rising up, Aretè silence broke, 416
 Stretch'd out her snowy hand, and thus she
 spoke :

What wond'rous man heav'n sends us in our
 guest !

Thro' all his woes the hero shines confest ;
 His comely port, his ample frame expresses 420
 A manly air, majestick in distress.

reader, or is an unexpected disappointment of the pursuit of the story ? But certainly what is inserted during this short interruption, is particularly well chosen ; it unites the episode with the main action, and shews how it contributes to the end of the *Odyssey*, in influencing the Phæacians not only to restore Ulysses, but restore him with wealth and honour, which is the aim of the whole Poem. P.

Ver. 415.] Our translator has very happily transferred the language of Milton from a passage in *Paradise Lost*, which was formed more immediately from one in Apollonius Rhodius ; but of that, as well as of two others similar in the *Crito* and *Menexenus* of Plato, this verse of Homer, now before us, was the first foundation : *Par. Lost*, viii. 1.

The angel ended, and in *Adam's ear*
So charming left his voice, that he a while
 Thought him still speaking, *still stood fix'd to hear*.

Ver. 416. — — *Aretè silence broke.*] Eustathius observes, that the two motives which the Queen uses to move the Phæacians to liberality, is the relation Ulysses has to her, as her peculiar guest, (for Nauficæa first recommended him to the queen's protection) and their own wealth : (for so he renders *ἵκασθ' ὃ ἱμμορὶ τιμῆς*, and Dacier follows his interpretation) I have adventured to translate it differently, in this sense : " It is true, he is my peculiar
 " guest, but you all share in the honour he does us, and therefore
 " it is equitable to join in his assistance ;" then she closes her speech with reminding them of their abilities ; which in the other sense would be tautology. P.

He, as my guest, is my peculiar care,
 You share the pleasure,—then in bounty share;
 To worth in misery, a rev'rence pay,
 And with a gen'rous hand reward his stay; 425
 For since kind heav'n with wealth our realm has
 blest,
 Give it to heav'n, by aiding the distressed;
 Then sage Echeneus, whose grave, rev'rend
 brow
 The hand of Time had silver'd o'er with snow,

Ver. 422.] Thus Fenion :

— — — — — *Peculiar him my guest:*
I style.

Ver. 423.] Ogilby renders,

And though our guest, yet you the honour share.

Ver. 425. — — *With a gen'rous hand reward his stay.*] This I am persuaded is the true meaning of the passage; Ulysses had shewed a desire immediately to go aboard, and the queen draws an argument from this to induce the Phæacians to a greater contribution, and Ulysses to a longer stay; she persuades them to take time to prepare their presents, which must occasion the stay of Ulysses till they are prepared. They might otherwise (observes Dacier) have pretended to comply with the impatience of Ulysses, and immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, under the pretext of not having time to prepare a greater. It must be confessed, to the reproach of human nature, that this is but too just a picture of it: self-interest makes the great very ready to gratify their petitioners with a dismissal, or to comply with them to their disadvantage. P.

Ver. 427.] This sentiment is not from Homer, but from Solomon, Prov. xix. 17. "He, that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord."

Ver. 428.] Take a literal version of the ~~two~~ lines in Homer:
 Them Echineus, hero hoar, bespake;
 Advanc'd in years o'er all Phæacia's race :

Mature in wisdom rose : Your words, he cries,
 Demand obedience, for your words are wise. 431
 But let our king direct the glorious way
 To gen'rous acts ; our part is to obey.
 While life informs these limbs, (the king
 reply'd)

Well to deserve, be all my cares employ'd : 435
 But here this night the royal guest detain,
 'Till the sun flames along th' ætherial plain :
 Be it my task to send with ample stores
 The stranger from our hospitable shores :
 Tread you my steps ! 'Tis mine to lead the race,
 The first in glory, as the first in place. 441

To whom the prince : This night with joy I stay,
 O monarch great in virtue as in sway !
 If thou the circling year my stay controul,
 To raise a bounty noble as thy soul ; 445

so that our translator closely followed Fenton :

*Uprose Ecbeneus then, whose wavy locks
 Silver'd with age, adorn'd his reverend brow,
 Fraught with maturest counsel.*

Ver. 429.] Gay, in his Fables, says very prettily,
 His head was *silver'd* o'er with age :
 but to talk of being *silvered* with *snow* is a ridiculous intermixture
 of incongruous figures.

Ver. 441.] So Fenton :

— — — — me you shall confess
 The first in bounty, as the first in power :
 after Pope in the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus
 The first in valour, as the first in place.

Ver. 444. *If thou the circling year, &c.*] This speech of Ulysses
 has been condemned by the Criticks, as avaricious ; and therefore

The circling year I wait, with ampler stores
 And fitter pomp to hail my native shores :
 Then by my realms due homage would be paid ;
 For wealthy kings are loyally obey'd !

O king ! for such thou art, and sure thy blood
 Thro' veins (he cry'd) of royal fathers flow'd ;

Eustathius judges it to be spoken artfully and complementally ; Didymus, with a well-bred urbanity, or *χαρις* : I see nothing mean in it ; what Ulysses speaks proceeds from the gratitude of his soul ; the heart of a brave man is apt to overflow while it acknowledges an obligation. Spondanus imagines that Ulysses may possibly speak jocosely, and asks if it is probable that he could be induced to stay from his country out of a mean consideration of a few presents, who had already preferred it to immortality ? But in truth, Ulysses never behaves with levity ; and it would give us an ill idea of that hero, should he return the united kindness of the peers of Phæacia with scorn and derision : besides, Ulysses values these presents no otherwise than as they may contribute to his re-establishment in his country ; for he directly says,

So by my realms due homage should be paid,

A wealthy prince is loyally obey'd.

This is an evidence, that the words of Ulysses flow not from so base a fountain as avarice, but that all his thoughts and actions center upon his country.

Ver. 448.] Thus his author :

More reverend then to all men shall I be,

And dear, who see me come from Ilion home :

but our translator has degraded the sentiment by following Chapman :

And dearer to my people, in whose loves

The richer evermore the better proves :

or rather Ogilby :

Then they would all me love and honour more ;

Subjects condemn their princes when grown poor.

Ver. 450.] This speech is executed without elegance or fidelity ; and particularly the former half.

Unlike those vagrants who on falsehood live,
 Skill'd in smooth tales, and artful to deceive;
 Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,
 Wise is thy voice, and noble is thy heart. 455
 Thy words like musick ev'ry breast controul,
 Steal thro' the ear, and win upon the soul;
 Soft, as some song divine, thy story flows,
 Nor better could the muse record thy woes.

But say, upon the dark and dismal coast, 460
 Saw'st thou the worthies of the Grecian host?
 The god-like leaders who in battle slain,
 Fell before Troy, and nobly prest the plain?

Ver. 454. *Thy better soul abhors the liar's part,*

Wise is thy voice. — —]

This is an instance of the judgment of Homer in sustaining his characters. The Phæacians were at first described as a credulous people, and he gives us here an instance of their credulity, for they swallow all these fables as so many realities. The verse in the original is remarkable.

Σοὶ δ' ἐπὶ μὲν μορφή ἐπίων, ἐπὶ δὲ φρενὶς ἰσθλαί.

Which Eustathius thinks was used by Alcinous, to tell Ulysses that his fables were so well laid together as to have the appearance of truth; Dacier follows him, and (as usual) delivers his opinion as her own sentiment. But this cannot be Homer's intention, for it supposes Alcinous to look upon these relations as fables, contrary to the universal character of their ignorant credulity; I therefore am persuaded that *μορφή ἐπίων* signifies the pleasantness or beauty of his relation, and *φρενὶς ἰσθλαί* the integrity of his heart in opposition to the character of a liar, or perhaps his wisdom in general: and this excellently agrees with his resembling him to a musician, (who always was a poet in those ages, and sung the exploits of heroes, &c. to the lyre.) In this view the sweetness of the musick represents the agreeableness of the narration, and the subject of the musician's song the story of his adventures. P.

And lo ! a length of night behind remains,
 The ev'ning stars still mount th' ætherial plains.
 Thy tale with raptures I could hear thee tell, 466
 Thy woes on earth, the wond'rous scenes in
 hell,

'Till in the vault of heav'n the stars decay,
 And the sky reddens with the rising day.

O worthy of the pow'r the Gods assign'd, 470
 (Ulysses thus replies) a king in mind !
 Since yet the early hour of night allows
 Time for discourse, and time for soft repose,
 If scenes of misery can entertain,
 Woes I unfold, of woes a dismal train. 475
 Prepare to hear of murder and of blood ;
 Of god-like heroes who uninjur'd stood
 Amidst a war of spears in foreign lands,
 Yet bled at home, and bled by female hands.

Now summon'd Proserpine to hell's black
 hall 480

The heroine shades ; they vanish'd at her call.

Ver. 468.] This couplet is spun from *two* words only of Homer—*divine morning*—with most licentious amplification ; and is borrowed either from Pope or Dryden, but my memory cannot recall the station of the passage.

Ver. 472.] Our translator, with all the rest, seem to misrepresent their author here, and inconsistently with verse 410. This appears to me the true meaning of Homer : " There is indeed " time for a long relation, though it is also a proper time for " rest. However, if you still wish to hear —."

When lo! advanc'd the forms of heroes slain }
 By stern Ægysthus, a majestick train, }
 And high above the rest, Atrides prest the plain, }
 He quaff'd the gore: and straight his soldier
 knew, 485

And from his eyes pour'd down the tender dew;
 His arms he stretch'd; his arms the touch deceive,
 Nor in the fond embrace, embraces give: O
 His substance vanish'd, and his strength decay'd,
 Now all Atrides is an empty shade. 490

Mov'd at the sight, I for a space resign'd
 To soft affliction all my manly mind;
 At last with tears—O what relentless doom,
 Imperial phantom, bow'd thee to the tomb?
 Say while the sea, and while the tempest raves, 495
 Has fate oppress'd thee in the roaring waves,
 Or nobly seiz'd thee in the dire alarms
 Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms?

Ver. 482.] Thus Ogilby:

And others throng'd about me of his train,
 That by Ægysthus in his court were slain.

This introductory part to the speeches is beautiful in the original, but poor in our translation.

Ver. 493.] This speech is miserably executed, both in point of elegance and fidelity: but as Pope was not the artist, the reader will excuse in me a less minute attention to improprieties and defects innumerable:

For should I all recount, the night would fail,
 Unequal to the melancholy tale.

And excellent resources are left to the lovers of beauty and precision in Fenton and Cowper.

The ghost returns : O chief of humankind
 For active courage and a patient mind ; 500
 Nor while the sea, nor while the tempest raves,
 Has fate oppress'd me on the roaring waves !
 Nor nobly seiz'd me in the dire alarms,
 Of war and slaughter, and the clash of arms.
 Stab'd by a murd'rous hand Atrides dy'd, 505
 A foul adult'rer, and a faithless bride ;
 Ev'n in my mirth and at the friendly feast,
 O'er the full bowl, the traitor stab'd his guest ;
 Thus by the gory arm of slaughter falls
 The stately ox, and bleeds within the stalls 510
 But not with me the direful murder ends,
 These, these expir'd ! their crime, they were my
 friends :

Thick as the boars, which some luxurious lord
 Kills for the feast, to crown the nuptial board.
 When war has thunder'd with its loudest storms,
 Death thou hast seen in all her ghastly forms ; 516
 In duel met her, on the list'd ground,
 When hand to hand they wound return for wound ;
 But never have thy eyes astonish'd view'd
 So vile a deed, so dire a scene of blood. 520

Ver. 507.] The reader may compare book iv. verse 715.

Ver. 512.] Thus more literally, and, perhaps, better:

Their rage incessant slaughter'd all my friends.

Ver. 519.] This couplet is not accurate, nor equal to the merit of the preceding, which are poetical. Homer's meaning may be thus exhibited :

Ev'n in the flow of joy, when now the bowl
 Glows in our veins, and opens ev'ry soul,
 We groan, we faint; with blood the dome is dy'd,
 And o'er the pavement floats the dreadful tide—
 Her breast all gore, with lamentable cries, 525
 The bleeding innocent Cassandra dies!
 Then tho' pale death froze cold in ev'ry vein,
 My sword I strive to wield, but strive in vain;
 Nor did my trait'ers wife these eye-lids close,
 Or decently in death my limbs compose. 530
 O woman, woman, when to ill thy mind
 Is bent, all hell contains no fouler fiend:
 And such was mine! who basely plung'd her sword
 Thro' the fond bosom where she reign'd ador'd!
 Alas! I hop'd, the toils of war o'ercome, 535
 To meet soft quiet and repose at home;
 Delusive hope! O wife, thy deeds disgrace
 The perjurd sex, and blacken all the race;
 And should posterity one virtuous find,
 Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind. 540

This dreadful scene with horrors yet unknown
 Thine eye had view'd.

The pathetic parts in this speech required a better artist.

Ver. 522.] Rather,

— — — — and opens *all the soul*.

Ver. 539. *And should posterity one virtuous find,*

Name Clytemnestra, they will curse the kind.]

There cannot be a greater satyr upon the fair sex than this whole conference between Ulysses and Agamemnon. Terence has fallen into the sentiment with Homer.

"Ædopol, nā nos æquē sumus omnes invisæ viris

"Propter paucas, quæ omnes faciunt dignæ ut videamur malo."

O injur'd shade, I cry'd, what mighty woes
To thy imperial race from woman rose!

But how is this to be reconciled to justice, and why should the innocent suffer for the crimes of the guilty? We are to take notice, that Agamemnon speaks with anger, an undistinguishing passion, and his words flow from resentment, not reason; it must be confessed that Agamemnon had received great provocation, his wife had dishonoured his bed, and taken his life away; it is therefore no wonder if he flies out into a vehemence of language; a Poet is obliged to follow nature, and give a fierceness to the features, when he paints a person in such emotions, and add a violence to his colours.

It has been objected that Homer, and even Virgil, were enemies to the fairest part of the creation; that there is scarce a good character of a woman in either of the poets: but Andromache in the Iliad, and Penelope, Arete, and Nausicaa in the Odyssey, are instances to the contrary. I must own I am a little at a loss to vindicate Ulysses in this place; he is speaking before Arete and Nausicaa, a queen and her daughter; and entertains them with a satire upon their own sex, which may appear unpolite, and a want of decency; and be applied by Alcinous as a caution to beware of his spouse, and not to trust her in matters of importance with his secrets; for this is the moral that is naturally drawn from the fable. Madam Dacier gives up the cause, and allows the advice of not trusting women to be good; it comes from her indeed a little unwillingly, with *I will not say but the counsel may be right*. I for my part will allow Ulysses to be in an hundred faults, rather than lay such an imputation upon the ladies; Ulysses ought to be considered as having suffered twenty years calamities for that sex in the cause of Helen, and this possibly may give a little acrimony to his language. He puts it indeed in the mouth of Agamemnon; but the objection returns, why does he chuse to relate such a story before a queen and her daughter? In short, I think they ought to have torn him to pieces, as the ladies of Thrace served Orpheus. P.

Ver. 541. — — *What mighty woes*

To thy imperial race from woman rose!]

Ulysses here means Aëropè the wife of Atreus, and mother of Agamemnon, who being corrupted by Thyestes, involved the whole family in the utmost calamities. *Eustathius.* P.

By woman here thou tread'st this mournful strand,
And Greece by woman lies a desert land.

Warn'd by my ills beware, the shade replies,
Nor trust the sex that is so rarely wise ; 546
When earnest to explore thy secret breast,
Unfold some trifle, but conceal the rest.
But in thy comfort cease to fear a foe,
For thee she feels sincerity of woe : 550
When Troy first bled beneath the Grecian arms
She shone unrival'd with a blaze of charms,
Thy infant son her fragrant bosom prest,
Hung at her knee, or wanton'd at her breast ;
But now the years a num'rous train have ran ; 555
The blooming boy is ripen'd into man ;

Pope in his Elegy :

What can atone (*oh ! ever-injur'd shade !*)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
And our translator here seems to have had his eye on Fenton :
— — — — — O ye powers ! by women's wiles
Jove works sure bane to all th' *imperial race*
Of Atreus still : for Helen's vagrant lust
Greece mourns her states dispeopled.

The following attempt is literal :

Ye Gods ! sure thundering Jove to Atreus' race
Shews hate peculiar ; such their women's schemes
Of old ! In numbers we for Helen fell :
Thy wife for thee far distant wrought this plot.

Ver. 548.] A good line ; nor is Ogilby contemptible :
Nor to thy wife thy secrets e're reveal ;
Feed her with tales, but thy concern conceal.
Nothing is wanting here, but the polish of modern harmony.

Thy eyes shall see him burn with noble fire,
 The fire shall bless his son, the son his fire;
 But my Orestes never met these eyes,
 Without one look the murder'd father dies; 560
 Then from a wretched friend this wisdom learn,
 Ev'n to thy queen disguis'd, unknown, return;
 For since of womankind so few are just,
 Think all are false, nor ev'n the faithful trust.

But say, resides my son in royal port, 565
 In rich Orchomenos, or Sparta's court?
 Or say in Pyle? for yet he views the light,
 Nor glides a phantom thro' the realms of
 night.

Then I: Thy suit is vain, nor can I say
 If yet he breathes in realms of chearful day; 570

Ver. 558.] An elegant verse, but ill pair'd with tameness and superfluity: a remark applicable to other couplets in this speech, which is executed with some delicacy, but no suitable fidelity.

Ver. 565. *But say, resides my son — —*] Eustathius gives us the reason why Agamemnon mentions Pyle, Sparta, and Orchomenos, as places where Orestes might make his residence: Sparta was under the dominion of his brother Menelaus: Pyle, of his old friend and faithful counsellor Nestor; and Orchomenos was a city of great strength, and therefore of great security. We may evidently gather from this passage what notion the antients had concerning a future state: namely, that persons after death were entirely strangers to the affairs of this world; for Orestes his son had slain his murderer Ægisthus, and reigned in peaceable possession of his dominions; when Agamemnon is ignorant of the whole transaction, and desires Ulysses to give him information. P.

Or pale or wan beholds these nether skies?
Truth I revere; for Wisdom never lies.

Thus in a tide of tears our sorrows flow,
And add new horror to the realms of woe;
'Till side by side along the dreary coast 575
Advanc'd Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost,
A friendly pair! near these the * Pylian stray'd,
And tow'ring Ajax, an illustrious shade!

Ver. 572.] Very poor indeed! Take a verbal translation of the speech:

Atrides! why this question? Live or dead,
To me unknown: nor good is random speech:
which Fenton has extended to five verses.

Ver. 576. — — *Achilles' and Patroclus' ghost.*] Homer lets no opportunity pass of celebrating his hero Achilles, he cannot fail of awakening our attention to hear the story of this great man after death, of whom alive we saw such wonders. Besides, the Poet pays an honour to true friendship: the person whom Achilles best loved on earth, is his chief companion in the other world: a very strong argument to cultivate friendship with sincerity. Achilles here literally fulfils what he promised in the *Iliad*.

If in the melancholy shades below
The flames of friends, and lovers cease to glow,
Yet mine shall sacred last; mine undecay'd
Burn on thro' death, and animate my shade. P.

Ver. 577.] The first clause of this verse is an obvious and almost unavoidable reflection in this place, but not authorised by Homer's language, though undoubtedly designed by him. So Fenton:

— — — — — Young Peleus came,
With his associates most in life belov'd,
Faithful Patroclus, and th' egregious son
Of Nestor, great in arms.

I shall presume to present the reader with a more accurate

* Antilochus.

War was his joy, and pleas'd with loud alarms,
None but Pelides brighter shone in arms. 582

Thro' the thick gloom his friend Achilles knew,
And as he speaks the tears descend in dew.

Com'st thou alive to view the Stygian bounds,
Where the wan spectres walk eternal rounds;
Nor fear'st the dark and dismal waste to tread, 585
Throng'd with pale ghosts, familiar with the dead?

To whom with sighs: I pass these dreadful gates
To seek the Theban, and consult the Fates:

For still distress I rove from coast to coast,
Lost to my friends, and to my country lost. 590

But sure the eye of Time beholds no name
So blest as thine in all the rolls of fame;
Alive we hail'd thee with our guardian Gods,
And dead, thou rul'st a king in these abodes.

translation of this speech, though the difficulty be encreased by reading the execution of another artist.

Thus we in mutual converse pensive stood,
While stream'd our eyes the sympathetic flood:
His stately shade Pelides then uprear'd;
With him his friend, and Nestor's son, appear'd;
Great Ajax too, of all the Græcian name
In manly grace unpeer'd, but by Achilles' fame.
Me the fleet warrior's shade that instant knew;
And from his lips, with sighs, these accents flew.

Ver. 591.] This unusual figure our translator borrowed from Fenton:

— — — — but the Gods to your high worth
Ever propitious, crown their favourite chief
With choicer blessings, than *the eye of Time*
Yet saw conferr'd, or future shall behold.

‘Talk not of ruling in this dol’rous gloom, 595
Nor think vain words (he cry’d) can ease my
doom.

Rather I chuse laboriously to bear
A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread; 599
Than reign the scepter’d monarch of the dead.

*Ver. 599. A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread;
Than reign the scepter’d monarch of the dead.]*

Nothing sure can give us a more disadvantageous image of a future state, than this speech which Homer puts into the mouth of so great a hero as Achilles. If the Poet intended to shew the vanity of that destructive glory which is purchased by the sword, and read a lecture to all the disturbers of mankind, whom we absurdly honour as heroes, it must be allowed he has done it effectually: if this was not his design, the remark of Plato 3 Repub. is not without a foundation; he there proscribes this whole passage as dangerous to morals, and blames the Poet for making Achilles say he prefers misery and servitude to all the honours which the dead are capable of enjoying. For what, says he, can make death more terrible to young persons? And will it not dispose them to suffer all calamities to avoid it, deter them from exposing themselves to danger, even in defence of their country, and teach them to be cowards and slaves? Lucian was of Plato’s opinion, for he mentions this passage, and ridicules it in his Dialogues. Dacier gives a different turn to it, and endeavours to shew that there is no danger of such consequences, as Plato draws from it: “Achilles, adds she, speaks directly contrary to his declared sentiments and actions, and therefore there is no danger he should persuade mankind to prefer servitude before death, when he himself died, rather than not revenge his friend Patroclus. Such words which are contradicted both by the sentiments and actions of him that speaks, have on the contrary a very good effect.” But I cannot come into her opinion; I will let Achilles answer for himself out of Lucian; “In the other world I was ignorant, says he, of the state of the dead, I had not experienced the difference between the two states, when I preferred a little empty glory to life.”

But say, if in my steps my son proceeds,
 And emulates his God-like father's deeds?
 If at the clash of arms, and shout of foes,
 Swells his bold heart, his bosom nobly glows?
 Say if my fire, the rev'rend Peleus reigns 605
 Great in his Pthia, and his throne maintains;
 Or weak and old, my youthful arm demands,
 To fix the scepter steadfast in his hands?
 O might the lamp of life rekindled burn,
 And death release me from the silent urn! 610
 This arm that thunder'd o'er the Phrygian plain,
 And swell'd the ground with mountains of the
 slain,
 Should vindicate my injur'd father's fame,
 Crush the proud rebel, and assert his claim.

This is an answer to what Dacier advances, for Achilles speaks with experience, and yet prefers misery and life before glory and death. I know not how to vindicate Homer, unless it be a vindication to say, that he wrote according to the opinions that antiently prevailed in the world; or that like Hercules, while the vehicle of Achilles is in this state of horror, his soul may be in heaven; especially since he received divine honours after death, as well as Hercules. *Tull. Nat. Deor. 3. Astypalæa Achillem sanctissimè colit, qui si Deus est, & Orpheus, &c.* P.

An admirable couplet this! worthy of Pope himself.

Ver. 608.] Here he follows Fenton:

*A weak contemn'd old man, wanting my arm
 To hold his sceptre firm? that arm! which erst,
 Warring for Greece, bestrew'd the Phrygian plains
 With many a prowess'd knight! Would heaven restore
 The same puissant form, I'd soon avenge
 His injur'd age, and re-assert his claim.*

Illustrious shade, (I cry'd) of Peleus' fates 615
 No circumstance the voice of Fame relates:
 But hear with pleas'd attention the renown,
 The wars and wisdom of thy gallant son:
 With me from Scyros to the field of fame
 Radiant in arms the blooming hero came. 620
 When Greece assembled all her hundred states
 To ripen counsels, and decide debates;
 Heav'ns! how he charm'd us with a flow of
 sense,
 And won the heart with manly eloquence!
 He first was seen of all the peers to rise, 625
 The third in wisdom where they all were wise;

Ver. 616.] A well-tuned ear would prefer, I think, a different arrangement of the words:

The voice of Fame no circumstance relates.

Ver. 619.] Some fine verses follow in this place, embellished from various passages of the version of the Iliad.

Ver. 626. *The third in wisdom* — —] I have not ventured to render the Greek literally; Ulysses says that Neoptolemus was so wise, that only he himself and Nestor were wiser; a truth that would appear more graceful, if spoken by any other person than Ulysses. But perhaps the Poet puts these words into his mouth, only because he is speaking to the Phæacians, who loved themselves to boast, and were full of vain-glory; and consequently they could not think self-praise a crime in Ulysses; on the contrary, it could not fail of having a very good effect, as it sets him off as a person of consummate wisdom.

The Poet excellently sustains the character of Achilles in this interview; in the Iliad he is described a dutiful son, and always expressing a tender affection for his father Peleus; in the Odyssey he is drawn in the same soft colours: in the Iliad he is represented

But when to try the fortune of the day,
 Host mov'd tow'rd host in terrible array,
 Before the van, impatient for the fight,
 With martial port he strode, and stern delight; 630
 Heaps strew'd on heaps beneath his falchion
 groan'd,
 And monuments of dead deform'd the ground.
 The time would fail should I in order tell
 What foes were vanquish'd, and what numbers
 fell:

How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain, 635
 And round him bled his bold Cetæan train.

as a man of a strong resentment; in the *Odyssey*, he first imagines that his father suffers, and upon this imagination he immediately takes fire, and flies into threats and fury.

Dicys, lib. vi. relates, that Peleus was expelled from his kingdom by Acastus, but that Pyrrhus the son of Achilles afterwards revenged the injury. P.

Ver. 631.] Or thus, with a correcter rhyme:

Heaps pil'd on heaps his faulchion mor'd around.

Ver. 635. *How, lost thro' love, Eurypylus was slain.*] It must be owned that this passage is very intricate: Strabo himself complains of its obscurity: the Poet (says that author) rather proposes an *enigma*, than a clear history: for who are these Cetæans, and what are these *resents of women*? And adds, that the grammarians darken, instead of clearing the obscurity. But it is no difficulty to solve these objections from Eustathius.

It is evident from Strabo himself, that Eurypylus reigned near the river Caïcus, over the Myfians, and Pliny confines it to Teuthranes; this agrees with what Ovid writes, *Metam. ii.*

“ — — Teuthrantæusque Caïcus.”

And Virgil shews us that Caïcus was a river of Myfia, *Georg. iv.*

“ Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, Mysusque Caïcus.”

To Troy no hero came of nobler line,
Or if of nobler, Memnon, it was thine.

But what relation has Caïcus to the Cetaeans? Hesychius informs us, that they are a people of Mysia, so called from the river Cetium, which runs through their country; Κήτιοι, γένος Μυσῶν, ἀπὸ τοῦ παρρηϊοῦ ποταμοῦ Κήτιος. This river discharges itself into the Caïcus, and consequently the Cetaeans were Mysians, over whom Eurypylus reigned. It would be endless to transcribe the different opinions of writers cited by Eustathius; some read the verse thus:

Κήτιοι κλείνοιντο γυναικῶν, εἵνεκα δῶρων.

Then the meaning will be, *How they fell far from their wives, for the sake of a reward*; that is, for their pay from Hector, who, as it appears from the Iliad, taxed the Trojans to pay the auxiliaries, one of whom was Eurypylus. Others think the word signifies, *Great of stature*, and in this sense we find it used in the first line of the fourth Odyssey.

— — Λακιδάιμονα Κηλώσσαν.

But I have followed the first opinion, as appearing most probable and natural.

But how are we to explain the second objection, or γυναικῶν εἵνεκα δῶρων? Some (says Eustathius) understand the expression as applied to Neoptolemus, and not Eurypylus; namely, Eurypylus and his soldiers fell by means of the *gifts of women*; that is, Neoptolemus was led to the war by the promise of having Hermione in marriage, the daughter of Menelaus, which promise occasioned the death of Eurypylus, by bringing Neoptolemus to the siege of Troy. Others understand it to be spoken of a golden vine, sent by Priam to his sister Astyoche the mother of Eurypylus, to induce her to persuade her son to undertake this expedition to Troy, where he was slain by the son of Achilles; this vine was said to be given to Tros the father of Priam by Jupiter, as a recompence for his carrying away his son Ganymede to be his cup-bearer; but this is too much a fable to be followed. Others more probably assert, that Priam had promised one of his daughters to Eurypylus, to engage his assistance in the war; and this agrees very well with Homer's manner of writing in many places of the

When Ilion in the horse receiv'd her doom,
 And unseen armies ambush'd in its womb; 640
 Greece gave her latent warriors to my care,
 'Twas mine on Troy to pour th' imprison'd war:
 Then when the boldest bosom beat with fear,
 When the stern eyes of heroes dropp'd a tear;
 Fierce in his look his ardent valour glow'd, 645
 Flush'd in his cheek, or fally'd in his blood;
 Indignant in the dark recess he stands,
 Pants for the battle, and the war demands;
 His voice breath'd death, and with a martial air
 He grasp'd his sword, and shook his glitt'ring
 spear. 650

Iliad; and there is a great resemblance between Eurypylus in the Odyssey and Othryoneus in the Iliad, lib. xiii. 461.

Cassandra's love he sought, with boasts of pow'r,
 And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.

Spondanus cites a passage from Dictys, lib. iv. that very well explains these difficulties: *Inter quæ tam læta, (nimirum mortem Achillis, &c.) Priamo supervenit nuncius Eurypylum Telephi filium ex Mysia adventare, quem rex multis antea illectum præmiis, ad postremum oblatione Cassandræ confirmaverat, addiderat etiam auream vitæ, & ob id per populos memorabilem.* P.

Ver. 637.] This couplet wants nothing but fidelity alas! to make it delicately beautiful. Thus his author:

In form exact, and comeliness, and grace,
 Excell'd alone by Memnon's heavenly face.

Ver. 650.] So Fenton:

— — — — but grasping fierce
 His spear and faulchion, for the combat grew
 Impatient.

And when the Gods our arms with conquest
crown'd,

When Troy's proud bulwarks smok'd upon the
ground,

Greece to reward her soldier's gallant toils
Heap'd high his navy with unnumber'd spoils.

Thus great in glory from the din of war 655
Safe he return'd, without one hostile scar ;

Tho' spears in iron tempests rain'd around,
Yet innocent they play'd, and guiltless of a wound.

While yet I spoke, the shade with transport
glow'd,

Rose in his majesty and nobler trod ; 660

With haughty stalk he fought the distant glades
Of warriour kings, and join'd th' illustrious shades.

Now without number ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes.

Ver. 658.] This is taken from a verse in the Iliad, iv. 633.

And swords around him *innocently* play :

nor have other beautiful expressions in this speech any other origin ;
which to investigate to their respective stations, were a work of
minute and ignoble diligence.

Ver. 659.] The rhyme is inaccurate ; otherwise, this passage,
which is incomparably noble and sublime in the Greek, is not
meanly executed. I like Chapman, however, better :

This made the soul of swift Achilles tread
A march of glorie, through the herbie mead,
For joy to heare me so renowne his son ;
And vanisht stalking.

Ver. 664.] Or, with more fidelity :

All wailing, *eager* all to tell their woes.

Alone, apart, in discontented mood 665;
 A gloomy shade, the sullen Ajax stood;
 For ever sad with proud disdain he pin'd,
 And the lost arms for ever stung his mind;
 Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,
 And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause. 670

Ver. 666.] Or,

With sullen wrath, the shade of Ajax stood.

Ver. 668.] Thus?

Achilles' arms still rankled in his mind.

Ver. 669. *Tho' to the contest Thetis gave the laws,*

And Pallas, by the Trojans, judg'd the cause.]

There are two particulars which want explication in these verses: how did Thetis give the law to the contest between Ajax and Ulysses? and how could the Trojans be made judges to determine between two Grecian heroes? Thetis the mother of Achilles was a Goddess, and out of honour to her, the chiefs of the Grecian army proposed the arms of her son as a reward to the most worthy; and poetry, to give a magnificence to the story, introduces the Goddess as acting in person what is done upon her account. Thetis may properly be said to be desirous that the memory of her son should be honoured; and Homer to express this desire poetically, tells us it was the act of that Goddess, to propose the arms of Achilles as a reward to the most worthy of the Grecian heroes.

The second difficulty is fully explained by Eustathius: Agamemnon finding it an invidious affair to give the preference to any one of the Grecian heroes, and being willing to avoid the reproach of partiality, commanded the Trojan prisoners to be brought before the whole army, and asked from which of the two heroes, Ajax or Ulysses, they had received the greater detriment; they immediately replied from Ulysses; thus the Trojans adjudged the cause. The Poet adds, that this was done by Minerva; that is, the affair was conducted with wisdom, the result of which in poetry is usually ascribed to the Goddess of it; and no doubt but

O why was I victorious in the strife;
 O dear-bought honour with so brave a life!
 With him the strength of war, the soldiers pride,
 Our second hope to great Achilles dy'd!
 Touch'd at the fight from tears I scarce re-
 frain,

675

And tender sorrow thrills in ev'ry vein;
 Pensive and sad I stand, at length accost,
 With accents mild th' inexorable ghost.

Still burns thy rage? and can brave souls resent
 Ev'n after death? Relent, great shade, relent!
 Perish those arms which by the Gods decree
 Accurs'd our army with the loss of thee!
 With thee we fell; Greece wept thy hapless
 fates;

And shook astonish'd thro' her hundred states;
 Not more, when great Achilles prest the ground,
 And breath'd his manly spirit thro' the wound.
 O deem thy fall not ow'd to man's decree,
 Jove hated Greece, and punish'd Greece in thee!

the Goddess of wisdom must always prefer wisdom to mere valour, or an Ulysses to an Ajax. This decision is related in a very different manner by other Poets; in particular, by Ovid in his *Metamorphosis*; but Lucian in his *Dialogues* agrees with Homer in every point very circumstantially; and consequently, with some obscurity; but what I have here said fully explains that dialogue of Lucian, as well as this passage of Homer. P.

[Ver. 675.] This is enormously paraphrastical, to dilate into four lines a single verse of his author:

Him then with soothing words I thus bespake.

Turn then, oh peaceful turn, thy wrath controul,
And calm the raging tempest of thy soul. 690

While yet I speak, the shade disdains to stay,
In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.

Ver. 690.] So Fenton:

Approach, and affable to me vouchsafe

Mild audience, *calming thy tempestuous rage.*

This speech is very well done, in a manner creditable to the taste and ingenuity of our translator.

Ver. 691. — — *The shade disdains to stay.*

In silence turns, and sullen stalks away.]

This silence of Ajax was very much admired by the ancients, and Longinus proposes it as an instance of the true sublimity of thought, which springs from an elevation of soul, and not from the diction; for a man may be truly sublime without speaking a word: thus in the silence of Ajax there is something more noble, than in any thing he could possibly have spoken. Monsieur Rapin agrees with Longinus: the stubborn untractable Ajax (says that author) could not have made a better return to the compliments full of submission which were paid him by Ulysses, than by a disdainful and contemptuous silence: Ajax has more the air of grandeur and majesty, when he says nothing, than when the Poet makes him speak. Virgil was sensible of the beauty of it, and paints Dido in the attitude of Ajax. Fraguier infinitely prefers the silence of Dido to that of Ajax; she was a woman disappointed in love, and therefore no wonder if she was greatly passionate, and sunk under the weight of the calamity; but Ajax was a hero, and ought to have freed himself by his courage from such an unworthy degree of resentment. But to me there appears no weight in this objection: we must remember what an hero Ajax is, a sour, stubborn, untractable hero; and upon all occasions given to taciturnity; this is his universal and notorious character through the whole Iliad: the Poet therefore adapts his description to it, and he is the same Ajax in the Odyssey as he was in the Iliad. Had this been spoken of any other hero, the criticism had been more just, but in Ajax this stubborn silence is proper and noble. P.

Touch'd at his four retreat, thro' deepest night,
 Thro' hell's black bounds I had pursu'd his flight,
 And forc'd the stubborn spectre to reply ; 695
 But wond'rous visions drew my curious eye.
 High on a throne tremendous to behold,
 Stern Minos waves a mace of burnish'd gold ;
 Around ten thousand thousand spectres stand
 Thro' the wide dome of Dis, a trembling band.
 Still as they plead, the fatal lots he rolls, 701
 Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

There huge Orion of portentous size,
 Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies ;

Ver. 696.] A loan from Fenton:

— — — — — but I refrain'd,
 For other *visions drew my curious eye*.

Ver. 700.] This also is from Fenton:

— — — *trembling whilst he weigh'd*
Their pleaded reason.

Ver. 701. *Still, as they plead* — —] The expression in the Greek is remarkable, "ἤμνοι, ἱσάοις τε; that is, "standing and "sitting;" this is to be referred to different persons; the ἱσάοις were the συνδικασταί, or persons who pleaded the cause of the guilty or innocent before the infernal judges: the ἤμνοι were the persons for whom they pleaded, or those who were about to receive judgment. I doubt not but this was a custom observed in the courts of judicature in the days of Homer. *Eustathius*, P.

Dryden, at the parallel passage, *Æn. vi. 584*.

Round, in his urn, *the blended balls he rolls,*

Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.

Ver. 703. — — *Orion of portentous size,*

Swift thro' the gloom a giant-hunter flies.]

The diversion of this infernal hunter may seem extraordinary in pursuing the shades of beasts; but it was the opinion of the anti-

A pond'rous mace of brass with direful sway 705
Aloft he whirls, to crush the savage prey;

ents, that the same passions to which men were subject on earth continued with them in the other world; and their shades were liable to be affected in the same manner as their bodies: thus we frequently see them shedding tears, and Sisyphus sweats in rolling the stone up the mountain. Virgil,

“ Stant terra defixæ hastæ, passimque soluti
“ Per campos pascuntur equi, quæ cura nitentes
“ Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.”

And again,

— — — — — “ Curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt.”

I cannot but be of opinion that Milton has far surpassed both the Greek and the Roman Poet, in the description of the employment of the fallen angels in hell, as the ideas are more noble and suitable to the characters he describes.

Part on the plain, or in the air sublime
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at th' Olympian games or Pythian fields:
Part curb the fiery steeds, or shun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigades form.
Others with vast Typhæan rage more fell
Rend up both rocks, and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind: Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.

— — — — — Others more mild
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes angelical to many an harp,
Their own heroick deeds — — —
The song was partial, but the harmony
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience, &c.

P.

Our Poet is much indebted to Fenton, whose execution of this passage is very masterly, and will gratify the reader:

— — — — — Of portentous size
Orion next I view'd: a brazen mace
Invincible he bore, in fierce pursuit
Of those huge mountain savages he slew,

Stern beasts in trains that by his truncheon fell,
Now grisly forms, shoot o'er the lawns of hell.

There Tityus large and long, in fetters bound,
O'erspreads nine acres of infernal ground; 710

While habitant of earth; whose grisly forms
He urg'd in chace the flowery mead along.

Ver. 709. *There Tityus* — —] It is needless to mention that Virgil has adorned his descent into hell with most of these fables borrowed from Homer; it is equally unnecessary to relate what antiquity says of these fabled persons, and their histories; but the moral of them all is observed by Eustathius, and fully explained by Lucretius, which I will lay together from Mr. Dryden's translation.

— — The dismal tales that poets tell
Are verity'd on earth, and not in hell;
No Tantalus looks with a fearful eye,
Or dreads th' impending rock to crush him from on high;
No Tityus, torn by vultures, lies in hell,
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver swell
To that prodigious mass, for their eternal meal. }
But he's the Tityus, who, by love oppress'd, }
Or tyrant-passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of rest. }
The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and strife
Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the laws:
Drunk with the fumes of popular applause,
He courts the giddy crowd to make him great,
And sweats and toils in vain, to mount the sov'reign seat.
For still to aim at pow'r, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,
What is it but in reason's true account,
To heave the stone against the rising mount?

I will only add the reason from Eustathius, why Tityus was fabled to be the son of the earth; it was from his being immersed in worldly cares, and from his centering all his affections upon the earth, as if he had sprung from it; this is alluded to by the expression *νηπιον εν δαμίδω*. Spondanus gives us another reason;

Two rav'nous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend, and riot in his blood,
Incessant gore the liver in his breast,
Th' immortal liver grows, and gives th' immortal
feast.

Elara being pregnant by Jupiter, he to avoid the jealousy of Juno concealed her in a cavern of the earth, where Tityus being born, is fabled to be the son of the earth: he adds, that the fiction of his covering nine acres, arose from that space of ground which was enclosed for his place of burial. Perhaps the story of Tantalus was invented solely to paint the nature of a covetous person, who starves amidst plenty, like Tantalus in the midst of water. Thus Horace applies it, Satyr i. v. 70.

"Tantalus a labris sitiens fugientia captat

"Flumina. Quid rides? mutato nomine de te

"Fabula narrator. Congestis undique farris

"Indormis inhians, & tanquam parcere sacris

"Cogeris" — —

P.

This paragraph owes considerable obligation to Dryden, as the reader will discover; Æn. vi. 804.

There Tityus was to see, who took his birth

From heaven; his nursing from the foodful earth.

Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,

Infold nine acres of infernal space;

A ravenous vulture in his open'd side

Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:

Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;

The growing liver still supply'd the feast,

Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:

Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.

Ver. 712.] This verse is highly spirited and poetical. Gray:

The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.

Ver. 713.] So Fenton:

— — — — — and with beaks

For ravine bent, unintermitting goar'd

His liver.

For as o'er Panopé's enamell'd plains 715
 Latona journey'd to the Pythian fanes,
 With haughty love th' audacious monster strove
 To force the Goddess, and to rival Jove.

There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
 Pours out deep groans; (with groans all hell re-
 sounds) 720

Ev'n in the circling floods refreshment craves,
 And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves;
 When to the water he his lip applies,
 Back from his lip the treach'rous water flies.
 Above, beneath, around his hapless head, 725
 Trees of all kinds delicious fruitage spread;
 There figs sky-dy'd, a purple hue disclose,
 Green looks the olive, the pomegranate glows,
 There dangling pears exalted scents unfold,
 And yellow apples ripen into gold; 730

Ver. 719.] The diction of this paragraph is most happily precise and elegant in the original; and Mr. Cowper has succeeded in giving a very just idea of the phraseology to an English reader. His version is highly commendable here.

Ver. 722.] Our Poet treads in the steps of Fenton;

— — — yet with afflictive drought
 Incessant pines, while ever as he bows
 To sip refreshment, from his parching thirst
The guileful water glides.

Ogilby's version conveys a better notion of Homer's language:
 Who thirsty, oft as he desired to drink,
 Dry sands appear, and swelling billows shrink
 Beneath his feet.

Ver. 729.] Compare with this and verse 730. vv. 147 and 149 of book vii.

The fruit he strives to seize : but blasts arise,
Toss it on high, and whirl it to the skies.

I turn'd my eye, and as I turn'd survey'd
A mournful vision ! the Sisyphian shade ;
With many a weary step, and many a groan, 735
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone ;

Ver. 732.] A beautiful line, but not without Fenton:

— — — — when he tries to seize
The copious fruitage fair, a sudden gust
Whirls it aloof amid th' incumbent gloom.

Ver. 736. *Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.*] This is a very remarkable instance of the beauty of Homer's versification ; it is taken notice of by Eustathius, but copiously explained by Dionysius Halicarnassus, in his treatise of placing of words.

Λᾶαν βαρύνοντα πηλὸν ἀμφόληρον,

Ἦτοι δ' μὲν σκληρόμενον χερσὶν τι ποσὶν τι,

Λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε — —

Here (says Dionysius) we see in the choice and disposition of the words the fact which they describe ; the weight of the stone, and the striving to heave it up the mountain : to effect this, Homer clogs the verse with spondees or long syllables, and leaves the vowels open, as in *λᾶαν*, and in *ἄνω ὤθεσκε*, which two words it is impossible to pronounce without hesitation and difficulty ; the very words and syllables are heavy, and as it were make resistance in the pronunciation, to express the heaviness of the stone, and the difficulty with which it is forced up the mountain. To give the English reader a faint image of the beauty of the original in the translation, I have loaded the verse with monosyllables, and these almost all begin with aspirates.

Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.

Homer is no less happy in describing the rushing down of the stone from the top of the mountain.

Αὐτὶς ἔπειτα πείθετο κυλινδρὸ λᾶας ἀναιδής.

Is it not evident, (continues Dionysius) that the swiftness of the verse imitates the celerity of the stone in its descent ; nay, that the verse runs with the greater rapidity ? What is the cause of

The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the
 ground.
 Again the restless orb his toil renews,
 Dust mounts in clouds, and sweat descends in
 dew.

Now I the strength of Hercules behold,
 A tow'ring spectre of gigantick mould,
 A shadowy form! for high in heav'n's abodes
 Himself resides, a God among the Gods;

this? It is because there is not one monosyllable in the line, and but two dissyllables, ten of the syllables are short, and not one spondee in it, except one that could not be avoided at the conclusion of it; there is no hiatus or gap between word and word, no vowels left open to retard the celerity of it: the whole seems to be but one word, the syllables melt into one another, and flow away with the utmost rapidity in a torrent of dactyls. I was too sensible of the beauty of this not to endeavour to imitate it, though unsuccessfully: I have therefore thrown it into the swiftness of an Alexandrine, to make it of a more proportionable number of syllables with the Greek.

I refer the reader for a fuller explication of these verses to Dionysius.

Ver. 737.] The phrase *resulting with a bound* is intolerable. The next line resembles one of Dryden's at the third book of Lucretius:

Which urg'd, and labour'd, and forc'd up with pain,
 Recoils, and rowls impetuous down, and smokes along the plain.

Ver. 743. — — *Hercules, a shadowy form.*] This is the passage formerly referred to in these annotations, to prove that Hercules was in heaven, while his shade was in the infernal regions; a full evidence of the partition of the human composition into three parts: the body is buried in the earth; the image or shadow descends into the regions of the departed; and the soul, or the divine part of man, is received into heaven: thus the body of

There in the bright assemblies of the skies, 745
 He nectar quaffs, and Hebe crowns his joys.
 Here hov'ring ghosts, like fowl, his shade furround,
 And clang their pinions with terrific sound;
 Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
 Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow. 750
 Around his breast a wond'rous zone is roll'd,
 Where woodland monsters grin in fretted gold,
 There sullen lions sternly seem to roar,
 The bear to growl, to foam the tusky boar,
 There war and havock and destruction stood, 755
 And vengeful murder red with human blood.
 Thus terribly adorn'd the figures shine,
 Inimitably wrought with skill divine.

Hercules was consumed in the flames, his image is in hell, and his soul in heaven. There is a beautiful moral couched in the fable of his being married to Hebe, or *youth*, after death: to imply, that a perpetual youth, or a reputation which never grows old, is the reward of those heroes, who like Hercules employ their courage for the good of human-kind. P.

So Fenton:

I last the visionary semblance view'd
 Of Hercules, a shadowy form.

Ver. 748.] So his coadjutor:

— — — — — With terrific clang

Surrounding ghosts, like fowl, the region wing

Vexatious, while the threatening image stands,

Gloomy as night, from his bent battle-bow

In act to let th' aerial arrow fly.

Athwart his breast a military zone

Dreadful he wore; where grin'd in fretted gold

Grim woodland savages.

Ver. 758. Inimitably wrought with skill divine.] This verse is

The mighty ghost advanc'd with awful look,
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke. 760

not without obscurity; Eustathius gives us several interpretations of it.

Μὴ τεχνήσασθαι, μὴ δ' Ἄλλό τι τεχνήσασθαι.

The negative μὴ, by being repeated, seems to be redundant; and this in a great measure occasions the difficulty; but in the Greek language two negatives more strongly deny; this being premised, we may read the verse as if the former μὴ were absent, and then the meaning will be, "He that made this zone, never made any thing equal to it," as if we should say, that Phidias who made the statue of Jupiter never made any other statue like it; that is, he employed the whole power of his skill upon it. Others understand the verse as an execration: *Oh never, never may the hand that made it, make any thing again so terrible as this zone!* and this will give some reason for the repetition of the negative particles. Dacier approves of this latter explication, and moralizes upon it: It proceeds (says she) from a tender sentiment of humanity in Ulysses, who wishes that there may never more be occasion for such a design, as the artist executed in this belt of Hercules: that there may be no more giants to conquer, no more monsters to tame, nor no more human blood to be shed. I wish that such a pious and well natured explication were to be drawn from the passage! But how is it possible that the artist who made this zone should ever make another, when he had been in his grave some centuries? (for such a distance there was between the days of Hercules and Ulysses;) and consequently it would be impertinent to wish it. I have therefore followed the former interpretation. I will only add, that this belt of Hercules is the reverse of the girdle of Venus; in that, there is a collection of every thing that is amiable; in this, a variety of horrors; but both are masterpieces in their kind.

P.

The words of Homer, so little understood by his translators, are extremely plain, and may be thus rendered *verbatim*: "The artist, who rankt that belt in the number of his performances, had no need to give, not even a single specimen of his skill besides." Why? because this only would demonstrate him pre-eminent in his art.

O exercis'd in grief! by arts refin'd!
 O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind!
 Such, such was I! still tost from care to care,
 While in your world I drew the vital air!
 Ev'n I who from the Lord of thunders rose, 765
 Bore toils and dangers, and a weight of woes;
 To a base monarch still a slave confin'd,
 (The hardest bondage to a gen'rous mind!)
 Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way, 769
 And dragg'd the three-mouth'd dog to upper day;
 Ev'n hell I conquer'd, thro' the friendly aid
 Of Maia's offspring and the martial Maid.

Ver. 761.] Thus Fenton:

*O exercis'd in grief, illustrious son
 Of good Laertes!*

Ver. 762.] Thus Pope, in a passage of superlative magnificence; Imitations of Horace, epist. ii. l. 16.

*Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.*

Ver. 764.] Homer says,

— — — — — beneath the solar rays:

but Fenton, in Virgilian phrase:

— — — — — what time *I breath'd
 Ethereal draught.*

Ver. 769. *Down to these worlds I trod the dismal way.*] Nothing can be more artfully inserted than the mention of this descent of Hercules into the regions of the dead: Ulysses shews by it at least that it was a vulgar opinion, and consequently within the degrees of poetical probability; a Poet being at liberty to follow common fame: in particular, it could not fail of having a full effect upon his Phæacian auditors, not only as it in some measure sets him upon a level with Hercules, but as it is an example of a like undertaking with this which he has been relating, and therefore a probable method to gain their belief of it. *Eustathius.* P.

Thus he, nor deign'd for our reply to stay,
 But turning stalk'd with giant-strides away,
 Curious to view the kings of antient days, 775
 The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
 Resolv'd I stand! and haply had survey'd
 The God-like Theseus, and Perithous' shade;

Ver. 773.] Homer says only,

He spake, and went to Pluto's dome again:
 but our Poet amplifies upon Renton:

— — — — — then *without reply*

To Pluto's court majestic he retir'd,

Ver. 777. — — — *And haply had survey'd*
The God-like Theseus — —]

Plutarch in his life of Theseus informs us, that this verse has been thought not genuine; but added to the *Odyssey* in honour of the Athenians by Pisistratus.

The Poet shews us that he had still a noble fund of invention, and had it in his power to open new scenes of wonder and entertainment; but that this infernal episode might not be too long, he shifts the scene: the invention of the Gorgon, which terrifies him from a longer abode in these realms of darkness, gives a probable reason for his immediate return. Eustathius informs us from Athenæus, that Alexander the Midian writes in his *History of Animals*, that there really was a creature in Lybia, which the Nomades called a gorgon; it resembled a wild ram, or as some affirm a calf; whose breath was of such a poisonous nature, as to kill all that approached it: in the same region the catoblepton is found, a creature like a bull, whose eyes are so fixed in the head as chiefly to look downward; Pliny calls it *catoblepas*, lib. viii. cap. 21. which is likewise supposed to kill with its eyes; the gorgon (proceeds Athenæus) has its hair hanging over its eyes down from the forehead, of such thickness that it scarce is able to remove it, to guide itself from danger; but it kills not by its breath, but with emanations darted from its eyes: the beast was well known in the time of Marius, for certain of his soldiers seeing it, mistook it for a wild sheep, and pursued to take it; but the hair being removed by the motion of its flying, it flew all

But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
 With bloodless visage, and with hideous yell, 780
 They scream, they shriek; sad groans and dismal
 sounds
 Stun my scar'd ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds.
 No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
 And my cold blood hangs shiv'ring in my veins;
 Lest Gorgon rising from th' infernal lakes, 785
 With horrors arm'd, and curls of hissing snakes,
 Should fix me, stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
 A stony image, in eternal night!
 Straight from the direful coast to purer air
 I speed my flight, and to my mates repair. 790

upon whom it looked: at length the Nomades, who knew the nature of the beast, destroyed it with darts at a distance, and carried it to the general Marius. Howsoever little truth there be in this story, it is a sufficient ground for poetical fictions, and all the fables that are ascribed to the gorgon. P.

Ver. 779.] The *ten* following verses are excellent, but dilated from *four* only of his original:

But tribes, meanwhile, innumerable of ghosts
 Swarm with dread shrieks: then me pale horror seiz'd,
 Lest from her realm grim Proserpine should send
 Against me, the dire monster's gorgon head.

Ver. 787.] Fenton thus:

— — — — fore dismay'd
 Lest Proserpine should send Medusa, *curl'd*
 With snaky locks, to *fix me* in her realm
 Stiff with gorgonian horror.

Ver. 789. — — *To purer air*

I speed my flight. — —]

It may not probably be unpleasant to the reader, to observe the manner how the two great Poets Homer and Virgil close the scene

My mates ascend the ship ; they strike their oars ;
 The mountains lessen, and retreat the shores ;
 Swift o'er the waves we fly ; the fresh'ning gales
 Sing thro' the shrouds, and stretch the swelling
 sails.

of their infernal adventures, by restoring their heroes to the earth. Ulysses returns by the same way he descended, of which we have a plain description in the beginning of this book : Virgil takes a different method, he borrows his conclusion from another part of Homer ; in which he describes the two gates of sleep ; the one is ivory, the other of horn : through the ivory gate, issue falsehoods, through the gate of horn, truths : Virgil dismisses Æneas through the gate of falsehood : now what is this, but to inform us that all he relates is nothing but a dream, and that dream a falsehood ? I submit it to the Critics who are more disposed to find fault than I am, to determine whether Virgil ought to be censured for such an acknowledgment, or praised for his ingenuity ? P.

[Ver. 792.] This line is interpolated by the translator. Chapman is full and accurate.

Where boarded, set, and lancht, th' ocean wave,
 Our ores and forewinds, speedie passage gave.

THE
TWELFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. III.

M

TWELFTH BOOK

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Vol. III.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sirens, Scylla, and Charybdis.

HE relates, how after his return from the shades, he was sent by Circe on his voyage, by the coast of the Sirens, and by the streight of Scylla and Charybdis: the manner in which he escaped those dangers: how being cast on the island Trinacria, his companions destroyed the oxen of the sun: the vengeance that followed; how all perished by shipwreck except himself, who swimming on the mast of the ship, arrived on the island of Calypso. With which his narration concludes.

P.

THE ARGUMENT.

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WE are now drawing to a conclusion of the episodick narration of the *Odyssy*; it may therefore not be unentertaining to speak something concerning the nature of it, before we dismiss it.

There are two ways of relating past subjects: the one, simply and methodically by a plain rehearsal, and this is the province of history; the other artificially, where the author makes no appearance in person, but introduces speakers, and this is the practice of epick poetry. By this method the Poet brings upon the stage those very persons who performed the action he represents: he makes them speak and act over again the words and actions they spoke or performed before, and in some sort transports his auditors to the time when, and the places where, the action was done. This method is of great use; it prevents the Poet from delivering his story in a plain simple way like an historian, it makes the auditors witnesses of it, and the action discovers itself. Thus for instance, it is not Homer, but Ulysses who speaks; the Poet is withdrawn, and the hero whose story we hear is as it were raised from the grave, and relates it in person to the audience. Aristotle observes, that the epick poem ought to be dramattick, that is active; Homer (says that author) ought to be especially commended for being the only Poet who knew exactly what to do; he speaks little himself, but introduces some of his persons, a man or a woman, a God or a Goddess; and this renders his poem active or dramattick. Narration is the very soul that animates the poem, it gives an opportunity to the Poet to adorn it with different episodes; it has, as it were, the whole world for its stage, and gives him liberty to search through the creation for incidents or adventures for the employment of his heroes. Thus for instance, he was at liberty to ascribe the several dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, of Polypheme and Antiphates, to Ulysses, though that hero had been as unacquainted with those dangers, as Æneas was in reality with Dido; the choice of the episodes being not essential, but arbitrary.

In short, it is from this episodick narration that the Poet could at all find room to place these episodes in the *Odyssy*. Aristotle,

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

I confess, has set no precise limits to the time of the action, but the Criticks in general confine it to one campaign; at least, they affirm this to be to be the most perfect duration, according to the model of the *Iliad* and *Odyssy*. Now this episodick narration gives the Poet an opportunity to relate all that is contained in four books without breaking in upon the time of the action; for all that we read between the eighth book and the thirteenth comprehends only the space of one evening; namely, the evening of the thirty-third day. The Poet inserts all the adventures that happened to Ulysses in almost ten years from his departure from Troy, into the compass of one evening by way of narration, and so maintains the unity both of the time and action.

I speak not of the narration in general; concerning which the curious may consult Bossu, or Dryden's preface to the translation of the *Æneis*.

P.

Here the day Ulysses tells in radiant bow,
 Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours;

THE

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THUS o'er the rolling surge the vessel flies,
 Till from the waves th' Ææan hills arise.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Thus o'er the rolling surge — —*] The words in the original are *πρὸς ὅσον ὠκεανὸς*, which Strabo judges to mean no more than a *part* of the ocean, for if it be otherwise understood it will be a tautology, and who would write that *he went out of the ocean into the ocean*, as it must be rendered if *πρὸς ὅσον* be the same with *θάλασσα* in the next line? But it is perhaps better to understand the passage literally and plainly, only to denote the place from whence Ulysses returned from his infernal voyage; that is, from the extremity of the ocean. It is usual for the waves of the sea to bear violently and rapidly upon some shores, the waters being pent up by the nearness of the land, and therefore form a current, or *πόρ*. So that the expression means no more than Ulysses surmounted this current and then gained the wide ocean.

Here the gay Morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels with the dancing Hours ;

It is likewise evident from the beginning of this book, that Ulysses passed only one night in hell ; for he arrived at the Cimmerians in one day, saw the visions of hell in the following night, and in the space of the next day returned from the Cimmerians in the evening to Circe's island, as appears from his going to repose immediately upon his landing.

It may be further proved that this was a nocturnal interview, from the nature of the magical incantations which were always performed by night ; all sacrifices were offered by night to the infernal powers, the offering itself was black, to represent the kingdom of darkness : thus also in other poets the moon is said to turn pale at these magical rites, or as Virgil expresses it,

“ Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam.”

And indeed, as Eustathius observes (from whom this note is chiefly translated) it would have been absurd to have represented the realms of darkness surveyed by the light of the day. P.

Ver. 3. *Here the gay morn resides in radiant bow'rs,
Here keeps her revels — —*]

This passage is full of obscurity : for how is it possible to suppose this island of Circe to be the residence of the Morning ; that is for the day to rise immediately upon it, when it is known to lie in a western situation ? Some have imagined that this is spoken solely with respect to Ulysses, who returning from the shades, might properly say that he arrived at the place where the day resides, that is to a place enlightened by the sun. Others understand it comparatively, with respect to the Cimmerians, or rather to the realms of death, which Homer places in the west ; with regard to these, *Ææa* may be said to lie in the east, or in the poetical language, to be the residence of the Morning. Besides, the Circean promontory is of an extraordinary altitude, and consequently the beams at sun-rising may fall upon it ; nay, it is said to be illustrated by the sun even by night. Others have conjectured, that what is here said implies no more than that Ulysses landed upon the eastern parts of the island ; and lastly, others not improbably refer the whole to the word *ocean* in the former line, and then the whole passage will be clear, and agree with the fable

Here Phœbus rising in th' ætherial way,
Thro' heav'n's bright portals pours the beamy day.

of the sun's rising and setting in the ocean. This is what Eustathius remarks, who adds, that the ancients understood *χῆρος* not to signify dances, but *χῆρος*, the regions of the morning. I have translated it in the former sense, according to the consent of most interpreters: and I am persuaded it is used to denote the pleasure and gaiety which the sun restores to the whole creation, when dispelling the melancholy darkness, he restores light and gladness to the earth; which is imaged to us by the playing or dancing of the first beams of the sun; or rather of Aurora, who properly may be said to dance, being a Goddess. Dacier renders *χῆρος*, dances; but judges that Homer here follows a fabulous geography, and that as he transported the Cimmerians with all their darkness from the Bosphorus to Campania; so likewise he now removes *Ææa* with all its light from Cholchis into Italy: and therefore the Poet gives the properties and situation to the island of Circe, which are only true of the eastern Cholchis.

It is very evident (continues she) that Homer was perfectly acquainted with the Phœnician story; he tells us that Elpenor was buried upon the promontory on the sea-shores, and that it was called by his name, Elpenor. Now the Phœnicians, who endeavoured to naturalize all names in their own language, affirmed, according to Bochart, that this promontory was not so called from Elpenor, but from their word *Hilbinor*, which signifies, *ubi albescit lux matutina*; that is, "where the dawning of the day begins to appear." This promontory being of great height, the rays of the morning might fall upon it; and this tradition might furnish Homer with his fiction of the bowers, and dances of it.

What may seem to confirm Dacier's opinion of the transportation of Cholchis into Italy, is the immediate mention the Poet makes of Jason, and *Æetes* king of Cholchis: besides the ancients believed Phasis, a river of Cholchis, to be the bounds of the habitable oriental world: and *Ææa* being the capital of it, lying upon the Phasis, it might very rationally be mistaken for the place where the sun rose; thus Minnermus writes,

Αἰήταο πόλιν τόθι τ' ὠκεὸς ἡλίοιο

Ἀκτίνες χρυσίῳ μεταβαίει ἐν θαλάμῳ

Ὀκεανὸς παρὰ χεῖρ' ἰὲ ἄχαιο δῶκε' ἵεσθαι

At once we fix our halbers on the land,
 At once descend, and press the desert sand ;
 There worn and wasted, lose our cares in sleep
 To the hoarse murmurs of the rolling deep. 10

Soon as the morn restor'd the day, we pay'd
 Sepulchral honours to Elpenor's shade.

Now by the ax the rushing forest bends,
 And the huge pile along the shore ascends.

Around we stand a melancholy train, 15
 And a loud groan re-echoes from the main.

Fierce o'er the pyre, by fanning breezes spread,
 The hungry flame devours the silent dead.

A rising tomb, the silent dead to grace,
 Fast by the roarings of the main we place ; 20

That is, " the city of *Æetes* where the rays of the sun appear
 " in a bed of gold, above the margin of the ocean, where the
 " divine *Jason* arrived." This is an evidence that the Poet was
 well acquainted with antiquity, and that (as *Strabo* judges) his
 astonishing fictions have truth for their foundation. P.

Ver. 7.] Chapman and Ogilby have the same rhymes here :
 and this introduction of the book, which is by *Brome*, has un-
 common merit.

Ver. 9.] Thus his author :
 There wait the morn, and lose our cares in sleep.

Ver. 12.] This line corresponds to the following distich of
 his author :

I sent my comrades then to *Circe's* dome
 To fetch the carcase of *Elpenor* dead :

thus well represented by Chapman :

I sent my men to *Circe's* house before,
 To fetch deceased *Elpenor* to the shore.

The rising tomb a lofty column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering oar.

Meantime the * Goddess our return survey'd
From the pale ghosts, and hell's tremendous
shade.

Swift she descends: a train of nymphs divine 25
Bear the rich viands and the generous wine:
In act to speak the * pow'r of magick stands,
And graceful thus accosts the list'ning bands.

O sons of woe! decreed by adverse fates
Alive to pass thro' hell's eternal gates! 30
All, soon or late, are doom'd that path to tread;
More wretched you! twice number'd with the
dead!

This day adjourn your cares; exalt your souls,
Indulge the taste, and drain the sparkling bowls:
And when the Morn unveils her saffron ray, 35
Spread your broad sails, and plough the liquid
way;

Lo I this night, your faithful guide, explain
Your woes by land, your dangers on the main.

The Goddess spoke; in feasts we waste the day,
'Till Phœbus downward plung'd his burning ray:

Ver. 21.] Dryden, in the similar passage at *Æn.* vi. 331.

But good *Æneas* order'd on the shore
A stately tomb; whose top a trumpet bore;
A soldier's faulchion, and a seaman's oar.

Ver. 39.] The preceding speech is well done. Here our

* *Circe*.

Then sable night ascends, and balmy rest ⁴¹
 Seals ev'ry eye, and calms the troubled breast.
 Then curious she commands me to relate
 The dreadful scenes of Pluto's dreary state,
 She sat in silence while the tale I tell, ⁴⁵
 The wond'rous visions, and the laws of Hell.

Then thus: The lot of man the Gods dispose;
 These ills are past; now hear thy future woes.
 O Prince attend! some fav'ring pow'r be kind,
 And print th'important story on thy mind! ⁵⁰
 Next, where the Sirens dwell, you plough the
 seas;
 Their song is death, and makes destruction please.

translator is licentious, as a literal translation of the portion of his original, corresponding to the *sight* next verses, will evince:

Her words at once persuade our easy minds.
 Thus, to the close of light, the live-long day
 We sat, in plenteous viands and rich wine
 Indulging. When Sol set, and darkness came,
 By the ship's haulfers my associates slept;
 Me by the hand she took, my crew apart,
 And made me sit; convers'd, and question'd full
 Of every circumstance. I told her all.

Ver. 51. *Next, where the Sirens dwell* — —] The critics have greatly laboured to explain what was the foundation of this fiction of the Sirens. We are told by some, that the Sirens were queens of certain small islands, named Sirenusæ, that lie near Caprea in Italy, and chiefly inhabited the promontory of Minerva, upon the top of which that Goddess had a temple, as some affirm, built by Ulysses, according to this verse of Seneca, Epist. lxxvii.

“Alta procelloso speculatur vertice Pallas.”

Here, there was a renowned academy in the reign of the Sirens, famous for eloquence and the liberal sciences, which gave occasion for the invention of this fable of the sweetness of the voice,

Unblest the man, whom music wins to stay
Nigh the curst shore, and listen to the lay;

and attracting songs of the Sirens. But why then are they fabled to be destroyers, and painted in such dreadful colours? We are told that at last the students abused their knowledge, to the colouring of wrong, the corruption of manners, and subversion of government; that is, in the language of poetry, they were feigned to be transformed into monsters, and with their music to have enticed passengers to their ruin, who there consumed their patrimonies, and poisoned their virtues with riot and effeminacy. The place is now called Massa. In the days of Homer the Sirens were fabled to be two only in number, as appears from his speaking of them in the dual, as ὅρα Σειρήνοισιν, ἤσσαν Σειρήνοισιν; their names (adds Eustathius) were Thelxiepæa, and Aglaophemè. Other writers, in particular Lycophron, mention three Sirens, Ligæa, Parthenope, and Leucosia. Some are of opinion (continues the same author) that they were ψαλτρίας καὶ ἱταρίδας; that is, "finging women and harlots," who by the sweetness of their voices drew the unwary to ruin their health and fortune. Others tell us of a certain bay contracted within winding streights and broken cliffs, which by the finging of the winds, and beating of the waters, returns a delightful harmony, that allures the passenger to approach, who is immediately thrown against the rocks, and swallowed up by the violent eddies.

But others understand the whole passage allegorically, or as a fable containing an excellent moral, to shew that if we suffer ourselves to be too much allured by the pleasures of an idle life, the end will be destruction: thus Horace moralizes it;

" — — Vitanda est improba Siren

" Desidia" — — —

But the fable may be applied to all pleasures in general, which if too eagerly pursued betray the uncautious into ruin; while wise men, like Ulysses, making use of their reason, stop their ears against their insinuations. P.

Ver. 52.] Pope in his St. Cecilia:

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please.

Ver. 53.] Thus, more faithfully:

Unblest'd the man, who, heedless, loves to stay—

No more that wretch shall view the joys of
life, 55

His blooming offspring, or his beauteous wife!
In verdant meads they sport, and wide around
Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground;
The ground polluted floats with human gore,
And human carnage taints the dreadful shore, 60
Fly swift the dang'rous coast; let ev'ry ear
Be stopp'd against the song! 'tis death to hear!

Ver. 55.] Or thus? more closely:

That wretch no more shall *taste* the joys of life,
His *lipping* children, and endearing wife.

Ver. 57. — — — Around

Lie human bones, that whiten all the ground.]

There is a great similitude between this passage and the words of Solomon in the Proverbs, where there is a most beautiful description of an harlot, in the eighth and ninth chapters.

I beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youths, a young man void of understanding; and behold there met him a woman with the attire of an harlot, and subtle of heart, &c. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield, she forced him with the flattering of her lips; he goeth after her straightway, as an ox goeth to the slaughter, but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell.

This may serve for a comment upon Homer, and it is an instance, that without any violence the nature of harlots may be concealed under the fables of the Sirens. P.

This version more resembles Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 36.

— — — *campique ingentes ossibus albert:*

— — — and spacious plains are *white* with bones.

Ver. 61.] The remainder of this paragraph is miserably translated, with neither poetry nor fidelity to recommend it.

Firm to the mast with chains thyself be bound,
Nor trust thy virtue to th' enchanting sound.

If mad with transport, freedom thou demand, 65
Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, and added band to band.

These seas o'erpass'd, be wise ! but I refrain
To mark distinct thy voyage o'er the main :
New horrors rise ! let prudence be thy guide,
And guard thy various passage thro' the tide. 70

High o'er the main two rocks exalt their brow,
The boiling billows thund'ring roll below ;

Ver. 71. *High o'er the main two rocks* — —] There is undoubtedly a great amplification in the description of Scylla and Charybdis ; it may not therefore be unnecessary to lay before the reader, what is truth and what fiction.

Thucydides, lib. iv. thus describes it. " This streight is the
" sea that flows between Rhegium and Messenè, where at the
" narrowest distance, Sicily is divided from the Continent ; and
" this is that part of the sea which Ulysses is said to have passed,
" and it is called Charybdis : this sea, by reason of the streights,
" and the concourse of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas breaking
" violently into it, and there raising great commotions, is with
" good reason called *χαλινῆ*, or destructive." Charybdis stands
on the coast of Sicily ; Scylla on the coast of Italy.

Mr. Sandys examined these rocks and seas with a particular
view to the descriptions of the Poets : speaking of Charybdis, he
writes, " When the winds begin to ruffle, especially from the
" south, it forthwith runs round with violent eddies, so that many
" vessels miscarry by it. The stream through the streight runs
" toward the Ionian, and part of it sets into the haven, which
" turning about, and meeting with other streams, makes so violent
" an encounter that ships are glad to prevent the danger by
" coming to an anchor. Scylla, adds he, is seated in the midst
" of a bay, upon the neck of a narrow mountain, which thrusts
" itself into the sea, having at the uppermost end a steep high
" rock, so celebrated by the Poets, and hyperbolically described

Thro' the vast waves the dreadful wonders move,
Hence nam'd Erratic by the Gods above.

“ by Homer as inaccessible. The fables are indeed well fitted to the place, there being divers little sharp rocks at the foot of the greater: these are the dogs that are said to bark there, the waters by their repercussion from them make a noise like the barking of dogs; and the reason why Scylla is said to devour the fishes, as Homer expresses it,

When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,

The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food;

She makes the huge leviathan her prey,

And all the monsters of the wat'ry way.

“ The reason of this is, because these rocks are frequented by lamprons, and greater fishes, that devour the bodies of the drowned. But Scylla is now without danger, the current not setting upon it; and I much wonder at the proverb,

“ *Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim,*”

“ when they stand twelve miles distant: I rather conjecture, adds he, that there has been more than one Charybdis, occasioned by the recoiling streams: as there is one between the south end of this bay of Scylla and the opposite point of Sicily; there the waves jussling make a violent eddy, which when the winds are rough, more than threaten destruction to ships, as I have heard from the Scyllians, when seeking perhaps to avoid the then more impetuous turning, they have been driven by weather upon the not far distant Scylla.”

Strabo (as Eustathius remarks) speaking of the Leontines, says, that they were an un hospitable people, Cyclopeans, and Laestrigons: and adds, that Scylla and Charybdis were inhabited by robbers and murderers. From the terrible situation of those rocks, and the murders and depredations of the robbers, these fictions might arise: they might murder six of the companions of Ulysses, and throw them into the sea from Scylla, which may be expressed in their being said to be swallowed up by that monster.

Bochart judges that the names of Scylla and Charybdis are of Phœnician extract, the one derived from Sool, which signifies loss and ruin, the other from Chorobdam, which implies the abyss of destruction.

No bird of air, no dove of swiftest wing, 75
That bears ambrosia to th' ætherial king,

It is highly probable that these rocks were more dangerous formerly than at these times, the violence of the waters may not only have enlarged their channel by time, but by throwing up banks and sands have diverted their course from bearing upon these rocks with the same violence as antiently; add to this, that men by art may have contributed to render these seas more safe, being places of great resort and navigation. Besides, the unskilfulness of the antients in sea affairs, and the smallness and form of their vessels, might render those seas very dangerous to them, which are safe to modern navigators. P.

Ver. 72.] Thus, literally:

Green Amphitrite's billows dash below.

Ver. 74. Hence nam'd Erratick — —] It will reconcile the reader in some measure to the boldness of these fictions, if he considers that Homer, to render his poetry more marvellous, joins what has been related of the Symplegades, to the description of Scylla and Charybdis: such a fiction of the jussling of these rocks could not be shocking to the ears of the antients, who had before heard of the same property in the Symplegades. The whole fable is perhaps grounded upon appearance: navigators looking upon these rocks at a distance, might in different views, according to the position of the ship, sometimes see them in a direct line, and then they would appear to join, and after they had passed a little further they might look upon them obliquely, and then they would be discovered to be at some distance; and this might give occasion to the fable of their meeting and recoiling alternately. Strabo agrees, that Homer borrowed his description of Scylla and Charybdis from the Symplegades; Homer (says he) describes these, like the Cyanean rocks; he continually lays the foundation of his fables upon some well known history: thus he feigns these rocks to be full of dangers and horrors, according to the relations of the Cyanean, which from their jussling are called Symplegades. P.

Ver. 75. — — No dove of swiftest wing.

That bears ambrosia to th' ætherial king.]

What might give Homer this notion, might be what is related of

Shuns the dire rocks : in vain she cuts the skies,
 The dire rocks meet, and crush her as she flies ;
 Not the fleet bark, when prosp'rous breezes play,
 Ploughs o'er that roaring surge its desperate way ;
 O'erwhelm'd it sinks : while round a smoke
 expires,

81

And the waves flashing seem to burn with fires.
 Scarce the fam'd Argo pass'd these raging floods,
 The sacred Argo, fill'd with demigods !

the Symplegades. Phineus being asked by Jason if he could pass those rocks with safety, he desires to know how swift the vessel was ; Jason answers, as swift as a dove ; Then, said Phineus, send a dove between the rocks, and if she escapes, you may pass in safety : Jason complies, and the pigeon in her passage lost only her tail, that hero immediately sets sail, and escapes with the loss only of his rudder : this story being reported of the Symplegades, might give Homer the hint of applying the crushing of the doves to Scylla and Charybdis. You may find in Eustathius several far-fetched notions upon this passage, but I shall pass them over in silence. Longinus blames it, and I have ventured in the translation to omit that particular which occasioned his censure. P.

Ver. 78.] We may consult exactness, and make up the deficiency of the translation, by the following substitution :

The dire rocks meet, and *graze* her as she flies :
 One in her room the sovereign Sire supplies.

Ver. 81.] These rhymes were probably fetched from Chapman :

And supernaturall mischief they *expire*,
 And those are whirlwinds of devouring *fire*
 Whisking about still.

The subjoined plain attempt is more conformable to the author's language :

But ships and men the waves of ocean bear
 Aloft, and fiery whirlwinds toss in air.

Ver. 83.] Or thus, with less deviation from the original :

Ev'n she had sunk, but Jove's imperial bride 85
Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.

High in the air the rock its summit shrouds,
In brooding tempests, and in rolling clouds;
Loud storms around and mists eternal rise,
Beat its bleak brow, and intercept the skies. 90
When all the broad expansion bright with day
Glow with th' autumnal or the summer ray,
The summer and the autumn glow in vain,
The sky for ever low'rs, for ever clouds remain.
Impervious to the step of man it stands, 95
Tho' borne by twenty feet, tho' arm'd with twenty
hands;

Alone, the general care, in safety bore
Her course fam'd Argo, from Æetes' shore.
E'en she had *split*, but —.

Ver. 85. — — *Jove's imperial bride*
Wing'd her fleet sail — —]

A Poet should endeavour to raise his images and expressions, as far as possible above meanness and vulgarity: in this respect no Poet was ever more happy than Homer: this place is an instance of it; it means no more than that while Jason made his voyage he had favourable winds and serene air. As Juno is frequently used in Homer to denote the air, he ascribes the prosperous wind to that Goddess, who presides over the air: Thus in poetry, Juno

Wing'd her fleet sail, and push'd her o'er the tide.
Enfathius. P.

Ver. 87.] Thus Ogilby:

Here two steep cliffs; one scales the skies and shrouds
His spiry forehead in a *smash* of clouds.

Smooth as the polish of the mirror rise
 The slippery sides, and shoot into the skies.
 Full in the center of this rock display'd,
 A yawning cavern casts a dreadful shade: 100
 Nor the fleet arrow from the twanging bow,
 Sent with full force, could reach the depth below.
 Wide to the west the horrid gulf extends,
 And the dire passage down to hell descends.
 O fly the dreadful fight! expand thy sails, 105
 Ply the strong oar, and catch the nimble gales;

Ver. 97.] This pleasing couplet represents one line of Homer, which may be thus exhibited:

Smooth is the rock, as polish'd round with art.

Ver. 102.] It is not easy to discover what our translator meant by this. Mr. Cowper, with whom Chapman and Ogilby agree, has rendered thus:

Pass it, renown'd Ulysses! but aloof
 So far, that a keen arrow, smartly sent
 Forth from thy bark, should fail to reach the cave.

Very mistakenly, in my opinion. Hobbes is right, but low, as usual:

The mouth o' th' cave is more above your bark
 Than th' youngest man can shoot to with a bow:
 and Dacier: "Et cette caverne est si haute, que le plus habile
 "archer passant près de-là sur son vaisseau, ne pourroit pousser sa
 "flèche jusqu' à son sommet."

The passage is beyond measure plain and unembarrassed.

Ver. 104. *And the dire passage down to hell descends.*] Homer means by hell, the regions of death, and uses it to teach us that there is no passing by this rock without destruction, or in Homer's words it is a sure passage into the kingdom of death. *Eustathius*. P.

Ver. 106.] This verse will remind the reader of a most enchanting couplet in "the Essay on Man:"

Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the rising gale.

Here Scylla bellows from her dire abodes;
 Tremendous pest! abhorr'd by man and Gods!
 Hideous her voice, and with less terrours roar
 The whelps of lions in the midnight hour. 110
 Twelve feet deform'd and foul the fiend dispreads;
 Six horrid necks she rears, and six terrifick heads;

Ver. 109. — — *With less terrours roar*
The whelps of lions — —]

The words in the original are σκύλακος πογίλης, which in the proper and immediate sense do not confine it to the whelps of a lion, but to whelps in general, and perhaps chiefly of the canine kind: πογίλῶν Eustathius interprets νεωτὶ γυνόμενον, or newly whelped, and in the latter sense the passage is understood by that author; for he writes, φωνὴ σκύλακος ὀλίγη, Σκύλλα δὲ μεγάλη κακὴ; that is, “the voice of a whelp is low, but Scylla is described as an huge monster;” and the Poet uses it as we do this expression; *The voice of a wicked man is soft, but his deeds are mischievous and abominable.* I have adventured to translate the words in the other sense, after most interpreters, for Homer expresses the voice of Scylla by Δειδὸν λαλαυῖα, or uttering a dreadful noise: now what he calls her voice is nothing but the roaring of the waves in storms when they beat against that rock; and this being very loud, is better represented by the roaring of a lion, than the complaining of a young whelp. Chapman follows Eustathius.

For here the whuling Scylla shrouds her face,
 That breathes a voice, at all parts, no more base
 Than are a newly-kitten'd kittling's cries.

Which is really burlesque enough. Dacier renders the word by *rugissement d'un jeune lion*, or the roarings of a young lion. P.

Ver. 111.] For this couplet Homer says only,

Her voice is like that of a whelp new-born:

but Ogilby renders:

Here Scylla lurks, and direly yawning yelps,
 Like a whole litter of stern lions whelps:

and Hobbes also.

Ver. 112.] Our translator cast his eye, I presume, on Ogilby:

Her jaws grin dreadful with three rows of teeth ;
 Jaggy they stand, the gaping den of death ;
 Her parts obscene the raging billows hide ; 115
 Her bosom terribly o'erlooks the tide.
 When stung with hunger she embroils the flood,
 The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food ;

She twelve mishapen feet wide splaying *spreads*,
 Six necks extending arm'd with horrid *beads*.

Chapman's translation is exact and vigorous :

— — — — — Twelve foule feete beare about
 Her ougly bulke : fixe huge long necks looke out
 Of her ranke shoulders : every necke doth let
 A ghastly head out : every head, three set,
 Thick thruste together, of abhorred *teeth* ;
 And every tooth stucke with a fable *death*.

Our translator Brome has some excellent couplets in this description of Scylla, but has not closely adhered to the words and sense of his author.

Ver. 115.] This is Virgil, rather than Homer. So Dryden, *Æn.* iii. 545.

Her parts obscene below the waves descend.

Ver. 118. *The sea-dog and the dolphin are her food.*] Polybius (as Strabo remarks) contends, that Homer in all his fictions alludes to the customs of antiquity : for instance, Scylla was a famous fishery for taking such fishes as Homer mentions : this was the manner of taking the sea-dog ; several small boats went out only with two men in it, the one rowed, the other stood with his instrument ready to strike the fish ; all the boats had one speculator in common, to give notice when the fish approached, which usually swam with more than half the body above water : Ulysses is this speculator, who stands armed with his spear ; and it is probable, adds Polybius, that Homer thought Ulysses really visited Scylla, since he ascribes to Scylla that manner of fishing which is really practised by the Scyllians. P.

She makes the huge leviathan her prey,
 And all the monsters of the wat'ry way; 120
 The swiftest racer of the azure plain
 Here fills her sails and spreads her oars in vain;
 Fell Scylla rises, in her fury roars,
 At once six mouths expands, at once six men
 devours.

Close by, a rock of less enormous height 125
 Breaks the wild waves, and forms a dang'rous
 streight;
 Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise,
 And shoot a leafy forest to the skies;

Ver. 125.] Here our translator, as in numerous instances, omits a circumstance of description, inserted to give perspicuity and an appearance of veracity to the narrative; thus exhibited by Chapman;

— — — — You shall then descric
 The other humbler rocke, that moves so nie,
 Your dart may mete the distance.

Ver. 127. *Full on its crown a fig's green branches rise.*] These particularities, which seem of no consequence, have a very good effect in poetry, as they give the relation an air of truth and probability. For what can induce a Poet to mention such a tree, if the tree were not there in reality? Neither is this fig-tree described in vain, it is the means of preserving the life of Ulysses in the sequel of the story. The Poet describes the fig-tree loaded with leaves; even this circumstance is of use, for the branches would then bend downward to the sea by their weight, and be reached by Ulysses more easily. It shews likewise, that this shipwreck was not in winter, for then the branches are naked. *Eustathius.*

Dacier gathers from hence, that the season was Autumn, meaning the time when Ulysses arrived among the Phæacians; but this is a mistake, for he was cast upon the Ogygian coast by this storm,

Beneath, Charybdis holds her boist'rous reign;
 'Midst roaring whirlpools, and absorbs the main;
 Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside, 131
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.
 Oh if thy vessel plough the direful waves
 When seas retreating roar within her caves,
 Ye perish all! tho' he who rules the main 135
 Lend his strong aid, his aid he lends in vain.
 Ah shun the horrid gulf! by Scylla fly,
 'Tis better six to lose, than all to die.

I then: O nymph propitious to my pray'r,
 Goddess divine, my guardian pow'r, declare, 140
 Is the foul fiend from human vengeance freed?
 Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed:

and there remained with Calypso many years. The branch with which Ulysses girds his loins in the sixth book is described with leaves, and that is indeed a full proof that he was thrown upon the Phæacian shores before the season in which trees shed their leaves, and probably in the Autumn. P.

Ver. 131. *Thrice in her gulfs the boiling seas subside,
 Thrice in dire thunders she refunds the tide.*

Strabo quotes this passage to prove, that Homer understood the flux and reflux of the ocean. "An instance, says he, of the care that Poet took to inform himself in all things, is what he writes concerning the tides, for he calls the reflux ἀπορροή or the *revelution of the waters*: he tells us, that Scylla (it should be Charybdis) thrice swallows, and thrice refunds the waves; this must be understood of regular tides." There are indeed but two tides in a day, but this is the error of the Librarians, who put τρίς for δις. Eustathius solves the expression of the three tides differently, it ought to be understood of the νυκθήμερος, of the space of the night and day, and then there will be a regular flux and reflux thrice in that time, or every eight hours periodically. P.

Ver. 142. *Or if I rise in arms, can Scylla bleed?* This short

Then she : O worn by toils, oh broke in fight,
 Still are new toils and war thy dire delight ?
 Will martial flames for ever fire thy mind, 145
 And never, never be to heav'n resign'd ?
 How vain thy efforts to avenge the wrong ?
 Deathless the pest ! impenetrably strong !
 Furious and fell, tremendous to behold !
 Ev'n with a look she withers all the bold ! 150
 She mocks the weak attempts of human might ;
 O fly her rage ! thy conquest is thy flight.
 If but to seize thy arms thou make delay,
 Again the fury vindicates her prey,
 Her six mouths yawn, and six are snatch'd away. }
 From her foul womb Cratæis gave to air 156
 This dreadful pest ! To her direct thy pray'r,

question excellently declares the undaunted spirit of this hero :
 Circe lays before him the most affrighting danger ; Ulysses im-
 mediately offers to encounter it, to revenge the death of his
 friends, and the Poet artfully at the same time makes that Goddess
 launch out into the praise of his intrepidity ; a judicious method
 to exalt the character of his hero. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 143.] The following paragraph is but moderately exe-
 cuted. As a specimen of it's fidelity, the subjoined lines of the
 original correspond to this and the next couplet of the version :

I spake, and thus reply'd the nymph divine :

Wretch ! are the seats of war, and labour, still

Thy care ; nor yieldst thou to th' immortal Gods ?

The purport of which sentiment is very different from the com-
 plexion of our Poet's translation.

Ver. 156. — — *Cratæis gave to air*

This dreadful pest — —]

It is not evident who this Cratæis is whom the Poet makes the
 mother of Scylla : Eustathius informs us that it is Hecate, a Goddess

To curb the monster in her dire abodes,
And guard thee thro' the tumult of the floods.

Thence to Trinacria's shore you bend your
way, 160

Where graze thy herds, illustrious source of day!
Sev'n herds, sev'n flocks enrich the sacred plains,
Each herd, each flock full fifty heads contains;
The wond'rous kind a length of age survey,
By breed increase not, nor by death decay. 165

very properly recommended by Circe; she, like Circe, being the president over forceries and enchantments. But why should she be said to be the mother of Scylla? Dacier imagines that Homer speaks ænigmatically, and intends to teach us that these monsters are merely the creation or offspring of magick, or poetry. P.

Ver. 161. *Where graze thy herds — —*] This fiction concerning the immortal herds of Apollo, is bold, but founded upon truth and reality. Nothing is more certain than that in antient times whole herds of cattle were consecrated to the Gods, and were therefore sacred and inviolable: these being always of a fixed number, neither more nor less than at the first consecration, the Poet feigns that they never bred or increased: and being constantly supplied upon any vacancy, they were fabled to be immortal, or never to decay; (for the same cause one of the most famous *legions* of antiquity was called *immortal*.) Eustathius informs us, that they were labouring oxen employed in tillage, and it was esteemed a particular profanation to destroy a labouring ox: it was criminal to eat of it, nay it was forbid to be offered even in sacrifices to the Gods; and a crime punishable with death by the laws of Solon. So that the moral intended by Homer in this fable of the violation of the herds of Apollo is, that in our utmost necessity we ought not to offend the Gods. As to the flocks of sheep, Herodotus informs us, that in Apollonia along the Ionian gulf, flocks of sheep were consecrated to that Deity, and were therefore inviolable. P.

Ver. 164.] This line is forced and insipid: otherwise the version here has great merit.

Two sister Goddesses possess the plain,
 The constant guardians of the woolly train;
 Lampetie fair, and Phaethusa young,
 From Phœbus and the bright Neæra sprung:
 Here watchful o'er the flocks, in shady bow'rs 170
 And flow'ry meads they waste the joyous hours.
 Rob not the God! and so propitious gales
 Attend thy voyage, and impel thy sails;
 But if thy impious hands the flocks destroy,
 The Gods, the Gods avenge it, and ye die! 175
 'Tis thine alone (thy friends and navy lost)
 Thro' tedious toils to view thy native coast.

She ceas'd: and now arose the morning ray;
 Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.

Ver. 170.] The Poet is careless in the extreme at this place, thinking of his rhymes only, without any consideration of his author. Chapman is more attentive:

— — — — — who (brought forth and bred)
 Farre off dismiss them, to see duly fed
 Their father's herds and flocks in Sicilie.

Ver. 179. *Swift to her dome the Goddess held her way.*] It is very judicious in the Poet not to amuse us with repeating the compliments that passed between these two lovers at parting: the commerce Ulysses held with Circe was so far from contributing to the end of the Odyssey, that it was one of the greatest impediments to it; and therefore Homer dismisses that subject in a few words, and passes on directly to the great sufferings and adventures of his hero, which are essential to the Poem. But it may not be unnecessary to observe how artfully the Poet connects this episode of Circe with the thread of it; he makes even the Goddess who detains him from his country, contribute to his return thither, by the advice she gives him how to escape the dangers of the ocean, and how to behave in the difficult emergencies of his voyages: it

Then to my mates I measur'd back the plain, 180
 Climb'd the tall bark, and rush'd into the main;
 Then bending to the stroke, their oars they drew
 To their broad breasts, and swift the galley flew.
 Up sprung a brisker breeze; with freshning gales
 The friendly Goddess stretch'd the swelling sails;
 We drop our oars: at ease the pilot guides; 186
 The vessel light along the level glides.
 When rising sad and slow, with pensive look,
 Thus to the melancholy train I spoke:

O friends, oh ever partners of my woes, 190
 Attend while I what heav'n foredooms disclose.
 Hear all! Fate hangs o'er all! on you it lies
 To live, or perish! to be safe, be wise!

In flow'ry meads the sportive Sirens play,
 Touch the soft lyre, and tune the vocal lay; 195
 Me, me alone, with fetters firmly bound,
 The Gods allow to hear the dang'rous sound.
 Hear and obey: if freedom I demand,
 Be ev'ry fetter strain'd, be added band to band.

is true she detains him out of fondness, but yet this very fondness
 is of use to him, since it makes a Goddess his instructor, and as it
 were a guide to his country. P.

Ver. 194.] Thus his author, accurately:

First, of the Sirens' song th' enchanting powers
 She bade me shun, and mead adorn'd with flowers.

But were I to notice every deviation, misrepresentation, omission,
 and defect of this translator, I should encounter an endless labour,
 only to weary and disgust the reader with sameness of remark.

While yet I speak the winged galley flies, 200
 And lo! the Siren shores like mists arise.
 Sunk were at once the winds; the air above,
 And waves below, at once forgot to move!
 Some dæmon calm'd the air, and smooth'd the
 deep,
 Hush'd the loud winds, and charm'd the waves
 to sleep. 205

Now ev'ry sail we furl, each oar we ply;
 Lash'd by the stroke the frothy waters fly.
 The ductile wax with busy hands I mould,
 And cleft in fragments, and the fragments roll'd;
 Th' aerial region now grew warm with day, 210
 The wax dissolv'd beneath the burning ray;
 Then ev'ry ear I barr'd against the strain,
 And from access of phrenzy lock'd the brain.
 Now round the mast my mates the fetters roll'd,
 And bound me limb by limb, with fold on fold.
 Then bending to the stroke, the active train 216
 Plunge all at once their oars, and cleave the main.

While to the shore the rapid vessel flies,
 Our swift approach the Siren quire descries;

Ver. 204.] Thus Ogilby:

When a flat calm smooth o'er the glassy deep;

The winds all hush'd, the ocean fell asleep.

But the following attempt has less tautology, and a closer adherence to the original:

Hush'd was the wind: Calm brooded o'er the deep,

Some Dæmon-power lull'd every wave to sleep.

Celestial musick warbles from their tongue, 220
And thus the sweet deluders tune the song.

O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!
O cease thy course, and listen to our lay!
Blest is the man ordain'd our voice to hear, 224
The song instructs the soul, and charms the ear.

Ver. 222. *O stay, oh pride of Greece! Ulysses stay!*] There are several things remarkable in this short song of the Sirens: one of the first words they speak is the name of Ulysses, this shews that they had a kind of omniscience; and it could not fail of raising the curiosity of a wise man, to be acquainted with persons of such extensive knowledge: the song is well adapted to the character of Ulysses: it is not pleasure or dalliance with which they tempt that hero, but a promise of wisdom, and a recital of the war of Troy and his own glory. Cicero was so pleased with these verses, that he translated them, lib. v. *de finibus bon. & mal.*

- " O Decus Argolicum, quin puppim flectis Ulysses,
- " Auribus ut nostros possis agnoscere cantus?
- " Nam nemo hæc unquam est transvectus cæcula cursu,
- " Quin prius adfiterit vocum dulcedine captus;
- " Post, variis avido satiatus pectore Musis,
- " Doctior ad patrias lapsus pervenerit oras.
- " Nos grave certamen belli, clademque tenemus
- " Græcia quam Trojæ divino numine vexit,
- " Omniaque elatis rerum vestigia terris."

Homer saw (says Tully) that his fable could not be approved, if he made his hero to be taken with a mere song: the Sirens therefore promise knowledge, the desire of which might probably prove stronger than the love of his country: to desire to know all things, whether useful or trifles, is a faulty curiosity; but to be led from the contemplation of things great and noble, to a thirst of knowledge, is an instance of a greatness of soul. R.

Ver. 224.] Thus his author:

'Till now none fail'd this way, but stopt to hear
Our honied accents warble in his ear:

Approach ! thy soul shall into raptures rise !
 Approach ! and learn new wisdom from the wise !
 We know whate'er the kings of mighty name
 Atchiev'd at Ilion in the field of Fame ; 229
 Whate'er beneath the sun's bright journey lies.
 O stay and learn new wisdom from the wise !

Thus the sweet charmers warbled o'er the
 main ;

My soul takes wing to meet the heav'nly strain ;
 I give the sign, and struggle to be free :
 Swift row my mates, and shoot along the sea ; 235
 New chains they add, and rapid urge the way,
 'Till dying off, the distant sounds decay :
 Then scudding swiftly from the dang'rous ground,
 The deafen'd ear unlock'd, the chains unbound.

Now all at once tremendous scenes unfold ; 240
 Thunder'd the deeps, the smoking billows roll'd !

But felt his soul with pleasing raptures thrill'd ;
 But found his mind with stores of knowledge fill'd.

Ver. 239.] So Chapman :

My friends unstopt their eares : and me unbound :
 and our translator should have written *ears* also.

Ver. 240.] Thus, literally :

That isle we leave ; and soon a smoke appears,
 And swelling surge : loud sounds invade our ears.
 They dropt their oars : such horror seiz'd each man ?
 Deep humming noises o'er the waters ran.
 Her course no more the lagging vessel held ;
 The lagging vessel no long oar impell'd.
 Swift thro' the decks I past ; each fainting breast
 I chear'd, and thus in soothing words address'd.

Ver. 241. — — *The smoking billows roll'd.*] What is to be

Tumultuous wayes embroil'd the bellowing flood,
 All trembling, deafen'd, and aghast we stood !
 No more the vessel plough'd the dreadful wave,
 Fear seiz'd the mighty, and unnerv'd the
 brave ; 245
 Each dropp'd his oar : but swift from man to
 man
 With look serene I turn'd, and thus began.
 O friends ! Oh often try'd in adverse storms !
 With ills familiar in more dreadful forms !
 Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay, 250
 Yet safe return'd—Ulysses led the way.

understood by the smoke of the billows? Does the Poet mean a real fire arising from the rocks? Most of the Criticks have judged that the rock vomited out flames; for Homer mentions in the beginning of this book,

— — Πυρὸς τ' ὀλοοῖο θύελλαι.

I have taken the liberty to translate both these passages in a different sense; by the smoke I understand the mists that arise from the commotion and dashing of the waters, and by the *storms of fire*, (as Homer expresses it) the reflexions the water casts in such agitations that resemble flames; thus in storms literally

— — “ Ardescunt ignibus undæ.”

Scylla and Charybdis are in a continual storm, and may therefore be said to emit flames. I have softened the expression in the translation by inserting the word *seem*.

Ulysses continues upon one of these rocks several hours; that is, from morning till noon, as appears from the conclusion of this book; for leaping from the float, he laid hold upon a fig-tree that grew upon Charybdis; but both the fig-tree and Ulysses must have been consumed, if the rock had really emitted flames. P.

Ver. 250. *Deep in the dire Cyclopean den you lay,*

Yet safe return'd — Ulysses led the way.]

Learn courage hence ! and in my care confide :
Lo ! still the same Ulysses is your guide !

Plutarch excellently explains this passage in his Dissertation, *How a man may praise himself without blame or envy*: " Ulysses (says that author) speaks not out of vanity; he saw his companions terrified with the noise, tumult, and smoke of the gulfs of Scylla and Charybdis: he therefore to give them courage, reminds them of his wisdom and valour, which they found had frequently extricated them from other dangers: this is not vain-glory or boasting, but the dictate of Wisdom; to infuse courage into his friends, he engages his virtue, prowess and capacity for their safety, and shews what confidence they ought to repose in his conduct." Virgil puts the words of Ulysses in the mouth of *Aeneas*.

" O focii, neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,
" O passî graviora; dabit deus his quoque finem.
" Vos & Scyllæam rabiem penitusque sonantes
" Accessitis scopulos: vos & Cyclopea saxa
" Experti, revocate animos, mœstumque timorem
" Mittite. Forſan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

It must be allowed, that Virgil has improved what he borrows; it tends more to confirm the courage of his friends than what Ulysses speaks: Macrobius is of this opinion; Saturn. lib. v. cap. 11. Ulysses lays before his companions only one instance of his conduct in escaping dangers, *Aeneas* mentions a second: there is something more strong in

— — " Forſan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit,"

that in *ὅς οὐ τῶν μὴσισθαι οἶσιν*; not only as it gives them hope to escape, but as it is an assurance that this very danger shall be a pleasure, and add to their future happiness: it is not only an argument of resolution but consolation. Scaliger agrees with Macrobius, *Ex ipsis periculis proponit voluptatem: nihil enim jucundius eâ memoriâ quæ periculorum evasionem, victoriamque recordatione representat.* P.

Ver. 253.] The purport of a sentiment, here suppressed by our translator, may be thus exhibited:

Attend my words ! your oars incessant ply ;
 Strain ev'ry nerve, and bid the vessel fly. 255
 If from yon justling rocks and wavy war
 Jove safety grants ; he grants it to your care.
 And thou whose guiding hand directs our way,
 Pilot, attentive listen and obey !
 Bear wide thy course, nor plough those angry
 waves 260
 Where rolls yon smoke, yon tumbling ocean
 rages ;
 Steer by the higher rock ; left whirl'd around
 We sink, beneath the circling eddy drown'd.
 While yet I speak, at once their oars they
 seize,
 Stretch to the stroke, and brush the working
 seas. 265
 Cautious the name of Scylla I suppress ;
 That dreadful sound had chill'd the boldest breast.

These dangers too, like dangers tried before,
 Will soothe remember'd, and alarm no more.

Or thus :

Here, as before, our fortunes will prevail,
 And soothe remembrance with the pleasing tale.

Ver. 264.] Thus Hobbes, with a fidelity unknown to our translator :

'This said, my fellows speedily obey'd ;
 Of th' monster Scylla not a word I told,
 Lest they should throw away their oars, dismay'd,
 And for their shelter run into the hold.

Meantime, forgetful of the voice divine,
 All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine;
 High on the deck I take my dang'rous stand, 270
 Two glitt'ring javelins lighten in my hand;
 Prepar'd to whirl the whizzing spear I stay,
 'Till the fell fiend arise to seize her prey.
 Around the dungeon, studious to behold
 The hideous pest, my labouring eyes I roll'd; 275
 In vain! the dismal dungeon dark as night
 Veils the dire monster, and confounds the sight.

Now thro' the rocks, appal'd with deep dismay,
 We bend our course, and stem the desp'rate way;
 Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms, 280
 And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms.

Ver. 268. — — *Forgetful of the voice divine,*

All dreadful bright my limbs in armour shine.]

This seemingly small circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that Ulysses, even by the injunctions of a Goddess, cannot lay aside the hero. It is not out of a particular care of his own safety that he arms himself, for he takes his stand in the most open and dangerous part of the vessel. It is an evidence likewise that the death of his companions is not owing to a want of his protection; for it is plain that, as Horace expresses it,

“Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa

“Pertulit” — —

By this conduct we see likewise, that all the parts of the Odyssey are consistent, and that the same care of his companions, which Homer ascribes to Ulysses in the first lines of it, is visible through the whole poem. P.

Ver. 271.] This redundancy of expression might have been avoided by the slightest attention to his author:

Two quivering javelins—.

When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves
The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the
waves;

They tofs, they foam, a wild confusion raise,
Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze; 285
Eternal mists obscure th' aerial plain,
And high above the rock she spouts the main:
When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,
She drains the ocean with the reflux tides:
The rock rebellows with a thund'ring sound; 290
Deep, wond'rous deep, below appears the ground.

Ver. 283. *The rough rock roars* — —] I doubt not every reader who is acquainted with Homer, has taken notice in this book, how he all along adapts his verses to the horrible subject he describes, and paints the roarings of the ocean in words as sonorous as that element. Δειδὼν ἀνέπποισσεν—τῆς ἀναποισσῆς—ἀνα-
βόητος—βόηενον, &c. Subjicit rem oculis, & aurium nostrarum dominus est, says Scaliger. It is impossible to preserve the beauty of Homer, in a language so much inferiour; but I have endeavoured to imitate what I could not equal. I have clogged the verse with the roughness and identity of a letter, which is the hardest our language affords; and clogged it with monosyllables, that the concurrence of the rough letters might be more quick and close in the pronunciation, and the most open and sounding vowel occur in every word. P.

Ver. 287.] Thus his author, with greater energy and significance:

On the tall cliffs descends the frothy main.

Ver. 290] So Chapman:

The troubled bottoms turn'd up, and she thunder'd:

and after him Ogilby:

All shakes within; rocks thunder.

Struck with despair, with trembling hearts we
 view'd
 The yawning dungeon, and the tumbling flood;
 When lo! fierce Scylla stoop'd to seize her prey,
 Stretch'd her dire jaws, and swept six men
 away;
 Chiefs of renown! loud echoing shrieks arise; 296
 I turn, and view them quivering in the skies;
 They call, and aid with out-stretch'd arms im-
 plore:
 In vain they call! those arms are stretch'd no
 more.
 As from some rock that overhangs the flood, 300
 The silent fisher casts th' insidious food,

Ver. 292.] For this couplet, on account of it's most wretched rhymes, there is no cure but the sponge: otherwise, a close adherence to the original would improve it:

With horror pale, and trembling hearts—.

Thus? literally:

Straight o'er our cheeks a livid horror spread;
 We view appall'd, and instant ruin dread.

Ver. 300. *As from some rock that overhangs the flood,
 The silent fisher — —*]

These tender and calm similitudes have a peculiar beauty, when introduced to illustrate such images of terroure as the Poet here describes: they set off each the other by an happy contrast, and become both more strong by opposition. Eustathius remarks, that there is always a peculiar sweetness in allusions that are borrowed from calm life, as fishing, hunting, and rural affairs. P.

Ver. 301.] Pope, in his Windsor Forest, ver. 137.

The patient fisher takes his silent stand.

With fraudulent care he waits the finny prize,
 And sudden lifts it quivering to the skies :
 So the foul monster lifts her prey on high,
 So pant the wretches, struggling in the sky : 305
 In the wide dungeon she devours her food,
 And the flesh trembles while she churns the blood.
 Worn as I am with griefs, with care decay'd ;
 Never, I never, scene so dire survey'd !
 My shiv'ring blood, congeal'd, forgot to flow ; 310
 Aghast I stood, a monument of woe !
 Now from the rocks the rapid vessel flies,
 And the hoarse din like distant thunder dies ;
 To Sol's bright isle our voyage we pursue,
 And now the glitt'ring mountains rise to view. 315
 There sacred to the radiant God of day,
 Graze the fair herds, the flocks promiscuous stray ;
 Then suddenly was heard along the main
 To low the ox, to beat the woolly train.
 Straight to my anxious thoughts the sound convey'd
 The words of Circe and the Theban shade ; 321

Ver. 308.] Thus exactly :

In all the seas I searcht, the toils I bore,
 These eyes ne'er view'd so dire a scene before !

The next couplet has occurred elsewhere in nearly the same terms,
 and may be expung'd, as a mere superfluous interpolation of our
 inaccurate translator.

Ver. 314. *To Sol's bright isle* — —] This isle is evidently
 Sicily ; for he has already informed us, that these herds were on

Warn'd by their awful voice these shores to
shun,

With cautious fears oppress'd, I thus begun.

O friends ! oh ever exercis'd in care !

Hear heav'n's commands, and rev'rence what ye
hear !

325

To fly these shores the prescient Theban shade
And Circe warns ! O be their voice obey'd :
Some mighty woe relentless heav'n forebodes :
Fly these dire regions, and revere the Gods !

While yet I spoke, a sudden sorrow ran } 330
Thro' ev'ry breast, and spread from man to man, }
'Till wrathful thus Eurylochus began.

O cruel thou ! some Fury sure has steel'd
That stubborn soul, by toil untaught to yield !

Trinacria, (so antiently called from the three promontories of
Lilybæum, Pelorus, and Pachynus). P.

Ver. 322.] Much in the same manner Ogilby :

To wave that coast belonging to the *sun* ;

Then with sad heart, thus I to them *begun*.

Ver. 332. 'Till *wrathful thus Eurylochus began*.] Homer has
found out a way to turn reproach into praise. What Eurylochus
speaks in his wrath against Ulysses as a fault, is really his glory ;
it shews him to be indefatigable, patient in adversity, and obedient
to the decrees of the Gods. And what still heightens the panegy-
rick is, that it is spoken by an enemy, who must therefore be free
from all suspicion of flattery. *Dacier*. P.

Ver. 333.] Thus, literally :

Untam'd thy strength, thy limbs no labour feel ;

Chief unsubmitting ! with a frame of steel !

From sleep debarr'd, we sink from woes to woes ;
 And cruel, enviest thou a short repose ? 336
 Still must we restless rove, new seas explore,
 The sun descending, and so near the shore ?
 And lo ! the night begins her gloomy reign,
 And doubles all the terrours of the main. 340
 Oft in the dead of night loud winds arise,
 Lash the wild surge, and bluster in the skies ;
 Oh should the fierce south-west his rage display,
 And toss with rising storms the wat'ry way,
 Tho' Gods descend from heav'n's aerial plain 345
 To lend us aid, the Gods descend in vain :
 Then while the Night displays her awful shade,
 Sweet time of slumber ! be the night obey'd !
 Haste ye to land ! and when the morning ray
 Sheds her bright beams, pursue the destin'd way.
 A sudden joy in every bosom rose ; 351
 So will'd some dæmon, minister of woes !

Ver. 336.] More truly :

Repast thou enviest, *and* a short repose.

Ver. 341.] Or thus, with greater fidelity :

How oft by night fierce-wrecking winds arise.

But a literal version of the original, correspondent to these *three* couplets, will best point out the deviation of our Poet.

By night fierce winds, the bane of ships, arise :
 And who shall scape destruction, if should burst,
 With sudden gust tempestuous, or the South,
 Or blustering West ? winds, fatal to the bark ;
 Winds, that disdain their sovereign lord's controul !

Otherwise, there is some good poetry in this speech.

To whom with grief — O swift to be undone,
 Constrain'd I act what wisdom bids me shun.
 But yonder herds, and yonder flocks forbear ; 355
 Attest the heav'ns, and calls the Gods to hear :
 Content, an innocent repast display,
 By Circe giv'n, and fly the dang'rous prey.

Thus I : and while to shore the vessel flies,
 With hands uplifted they attest the skies ; 360
 Then where a fountain's gurgling waters play,
 They rush to land, and end in feasts the day :
 They feed ; they quaff ; and now (their hunger
 fled)
 Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the
 dead.

Ver. 363. — — — *And now (their hunger fled)*

Sigh for their friends devour'd, and mourn the dead.]

This conduct may seem somewhat extraordinary ; the companions of Ulysses appear to have forgot their lost friends, they entertain themselves with a due refreshment, and then find leisure to mourn ; whereas a true sorrow would more probably have taken away all appetite. But the practice of Ulysses's friends is consonant to the customs of antiquity : it was esteemed a profanation and a piece of ingratitude to the Gods, to mix sorrow with their entertainments : the hours of repast were allotted to joy, and thanksgiving to heaven for the bounty it gave to man by sustenance. Besides, this practice bears a secret instruction, viz. that the principal care is owing to the living ; and when that is over, the dead are not to be neglected. Æneas and his friends are drawn in the same attitude by Virgil :

“ Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,

“ Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt ;

“ Præcipuè pius Æneas, nunc acris Oronti,

“ Nunc Amyci casum gemit,” &c.

P.

Ver. 364.] Or thus, with less tautology :

Nor cease the tears, 'till each in slumber shares
A sweet forgetfulness of human cares. 366

Now far the Night advanc'd her gloomy reign,
And setting stars roll'd down the azure plain :
When, at the voice of Jove, wild whirlwinds rise,
And clouds and double darkness veil the skies ; 370
The moon, the stars, the bright ætherial host
Seem as extinct, and all their splendours lost ;
The furious tempest roars with dreadful sound :
Air thunders, rolls the ocean, groans the ground.
All night it rag'd ; when morning rose, to land 375
We haul'd our bark, and moor'd it on the strand,
Where in a beauteous grotto's cool recess
Dance the green Nereids of the neighb'ring seas.

With tears remember their lov'd comrades dead,
Snatch'd from the ship to Scylla's cave below :
'Till on their tears Sleep stole, and lull'd their woe.

Ver. 367.] I shall give a plain faithful version of this passage, to verse 381. to help the reader's judgment of the fidelity of our translator :

The night now waned apace, the stars declin'd,
When Jove against us rous'd a furious wind
Of blast tempestuous : sable horror shrouds
All earth and sea ; the heavens, a night of clouds.
Her light when Morn with rosy fingers gave,
We moor'd our vessel in a shelt'ring cave :
Nymphs, a fair quire ! the beauteous grot possess.
I call my comrades, and these words address.

All beyond this is common-place interpolation, and nothing more.

Ver. 373.] Essay on Man, iii. 249.

She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground—

There while the wild winds whistled o'er the
main,

Thus careful I address the list'ning train. 380

O friends be wise ! nor dare the flocks destroy
Of these fair pastures : if ye touch, ye die.

Warn'd by the high command of heav'n, be
aw'd ;

Holy the flocks, and dreadful is the God !

That God who spreads the radiant beams of
light, 385

And views wide earth and heav'n's unmeasur'd
height.

And now the Moon had run her monthly
round,

The south-east blust'ring with a dreadful sound ;

Unhurt the beeves, untouch'd the woolly train

Low thro' the grove, or range the flow'ry
plain : 390

Then fail'd our food ; then fish we make our prey,

Or fowl that screaming haunt the wat'ry way.

'Till now from sea or flood no succour found,

Famine and meagre want besieg'd us round.

Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd, 395

From the loud storms to find a silvan shade ;

Ver. 395. *Pensive and pale from grove to grove I stray'd.*] It was necessary (remarks Eustathius) for the Poet to invent some pretext to remove Ulysses : if he had been present, his companions dared not to have disobeyed him openly ; or if they had,

There o'er my hands the living wave I pour ;
 And heav'n and heav'ns immortal thrones adore,
 To calm the roarings of the stormy main,
 And grant me peaceful to my realms again. 400
 Then o'er my eyes the Gods soft slumber shed,
 While thus Eurylochus arising said.

O friends, a thousand ways frail mortals lead
 To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread ;
 But dreadful most, when by a slow decay 405
 Pale hunger wastes the manly strength away.
 Why cease ye then t' implore the pow'rs above,
 And offer hecatombs to thund'ring Jove ?

it would have shewed a want of authority, which would have been a disparagement to that hero. Now what pretext could be more rational than to suppose him withdrawn to offer up his devotions to the Gods ? His affairs are brought to the utmost extremity, his companions murmur, and hunger oppresses. The Poet therefore, to bring about the crime of these offenders by probable methods, represents Ulysses retiring to supplicate the Gods ; a conduct which they ought to have imitated : besides there is a poetical justice observed in the whole relation, and by the piety of Ulysses, and the guilt of his companions, we acknowledge the equity when we see them perish, and Ulysses preserved from all his dangers. P.

The translation here is strangely rambling ; a censure, due to numberless other passages. The subjoined attempt is verbally faithful :

I through the island walkt apart, to pray
 The Gods, if some the method would disclose
 Of our return. When from my friends remote,
 With washen hands, where shelter from the wind
 I found, to all th' Olympian Gods I pray'd :
 They on mine eye-lids pour'd delicious sleep.

Ver. 407.] *Two verses of his author are here very feebly and*

Why seize ye not yon beeves, and fleecy prey?
 Arise unanimous; arise and slay! 419
 And if the Gods ordain a safe return,
 To Phœbus shrines shall rise, and altars burn.
 But should the pow'rs that o'er mankind preside,
 Decree to plunge us in the whelming tide,

injudiciously expanded into as many couplets: otherwise, the preceding verses of this speech are excellent. Thus?

Come, seize these heifers of the Sun; and kill
 To all the Gods, who sway th' Olympian hill.

Ver. 411.] It is to be lamented, that the latter part of this speech wants accuracy, and the concluding distich, elegance. I shall attempt a substitution, exactly conformable to the words of the original:

With rich and numerous gifts adorn'd, a dome
 Shall rise to Phœbus at our native home.
 But, if his wrath should whelm us in the wave,
 And all th' assenting Gods refuse to save,
 The choaking flood shall sooner stop my breath,
 Than barren famine and a lingering death.

Ver. 412. *To Phœbus' shrines shall rise, — —*] Eurylochus puts on an air of piety to persuade his companions to commit sacrilege: *Let us sacrifice, says he, to the Gods: as if obedience were not better than sacrifice.* Homer understood the nature of man, which is studious to find excuses to justify our crimes; and we often offend, merely through hopes of a pardon. *Dacier.*

The word in the original is ἀγάλματα, which does not signify statues, but ornaments, ἀναθήματα, hung up, or repositd in the temples; such as

— — Ἀγλαίης ἔνκα πομόων ἀνακίς,

or as it is expressed in the Iliad,

— — βασιλῆς κίται ἀγαλμα.

Hesychius interprets ἀγαλμα to be, πᾶν ἐφ' ᾧ τις ἀγαλλίται, ἐκ ὧς συνηθία, ξόανον; that is, ἀγαλμα signifies every ornament with which a person is delighted or adorned; not a statue, as it is understood by the generality. *Dacier. Eusebatus.* P.

Better to rush at once to shades below, 415
Than linger life away, and nourish woe!

Thus he: the bees around securely stray,
When swift to ruin they invade the prey.
They seize, they kill!—but for the rite divine,
The barley fail'd, and for libations, wine. 420
Swift from the oak they strip the shady pride;
And verdant leaves the flow'ry cake supply'd.

With pray'r they now address th' æth'ial train,
Slay the selected bees, and slay the slain:
The thighs, with fat involv'd, divide with art, 425
Strew'd o'er with morsels cut from ev'ry part.
Water, instead of wine, is brought in urns,
And pour'd profanely as the victim burns.
The thighs thus offer'd, and the entrails drest,
They roast the fragments, and prepare the feast. 430

'Twas then soft slumber fled my troubled brain:
Back to the bark I speed along the main.
When lo! an odour from the feast exhales,
Spreads o'er the coast, and scents the tainted gales;
A chilly fear congeal'd my vital blood, 435
And thus, obtesting heav'n, I mourn'd aloud.

Ver. 419.] Chapman is exact:

— — — — — But other rites their ship
Could not afford them: they did therefore strip
The curl'd-head oke of fresh yong leaves, to make
Supply of service for their barley-cake.

Ver. 436.] Or thus, more faithfully and correctly:

And, thus *invoking* heav'n, *with sighs* I stood.

O Sire of men and Gods, immortal Jove!
 Oh all ye blissful pow'rs that reign above!
 Why were my cares beguil'd in short repose?
 O fatal slumber, paid with lasting woes! 440
 A deed so dreadful all the Gods alarms,
 Vengeance is on the wing, and heav'n in arms!
 Mean-time Lampetiè mounts the aërial way,
 And kindles into rage the God of day:
 Vengeance, ye pow'rs, (he cries) and thou
 whose hand 445
 Aims the red bolt, and hurls the writen brand!
 Slain are those herds which I with pride survey,
 When thro' the ports of heav'n I pour the day,
 Or deep in ocean plunge the burning ray. }
 Vengeance, ye Gods! or I the skies forego, 450
 And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.

Ver. 437.] Thus Ogilby:

Then to the Gods I thus complain'd; Oh! *Jove*,
 And all you happy powers that dwell *above* —.

Ver. 439.] The whole sense of his author may be more clearly
 comprised in a single couplet, thus:

A cruel sleep ye sent me, to my bane:
 My lawless crew have dar'd this deed profane!

Ver. 448.] Our translator might have been perfectly faithful
 without any loss of elegance:

When thro' the *star-deck'd* heaven *begins my way*,
 And *when to earth declines my parting ray*.

Ver. 450.] Ogilby is not amiss:

Right we with speed, or else these glorious beams
 Shall gild hell's mansions and the Stygian streams.

Ver. 451. *And bear the lamp of heav'n to shades below.*] This is

To whom the thund'ring Pow'r : O source of
 day!
 Whose radiant lamp adorns the azure way,
 Still may thy beams thro' heav'n's bright portals
 rise,
 The joy of earth, and glory of the skies ; 455

is a very bold fiction; for how can the sun be imagined to illuminate the regions of the dead; that is, to shine within the earth, for there the realm of Pluto is placed by Homer? I am persuaded the meaning is only that he would no more rise, but leave the earth and heavens in perpetual darkness. Erebus is placed in the west, where the sun sets, and consequently when he disappears, he may be said to be sunk into the realms of darkness, or Erebus.

Perhaps the whole fiction might be founded really upon the observation of some unusual darkness of the sun, either from a total eclipse or other causes, which happened at a time when some remarkable crime was committed, and gave the Poets liberty to feign that the sun withdrew his light from the view of it. Thus at the death of Cæsar the globe of the sun was obscured, or gave but a weak light (says Plutarch) a whole year: and Pliny, lib. ii. 80. *Fiunt prodigiosi & longiores solis defectus, totius pænè anni pallore continuo.* This Virgil directly applies to the horror the sun conceived at the death of Cæsar. Georg. i.

“ Ille etiam extincto miseratus Cæsare Romam,

“ Cum caput obscurâ nitidum ferrugine texit,

“ Impiaque æternam timuerunt secula noctem.”

And if Virgil might say that the sun withdrew his beams at the impiety of the Romans, why may not Homer say the same concerning the crime of the companions of Ulysses? Dacier imagines that Homer had heard of the sun's standing still at the voice of Joshua; for if (says she) he could stand still in the upper region, why may not he do the same in the contrary hemisphere, that is, in the language of Homer, *bear his lamps to shades below*? But this seems to be spoken without any foundation, there being no occasion to have recourse to that miraculous event for a solution. P.

Lo! my red arm I bare, my thunders guide,
To dash th' offenders in the whelming tide.

To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.

Mean-time from man to man my tongue ex-
claims, 460

My wrath is kindled, and my soul in flames.
In vain! I view perform'd the direful deed,
Beeves, slain by heaps, along the ocean bleed.

Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground	}
Crept the raw hides, and with a bellowing sound	
Roar'd the dead limbs; the burning entrails groan'd.	
465	

Ver. 458. *To fair Calypso from the bright abodes,
Hermes convey'd these councils of the Gods.*]

These lines are inserted (as Eustathius observes) solely to reconcile the story to credibility; for how was it possible for Ulysses to arrive at the knowledge of what was done in heaven, without a discovery made by some of the Deities? The persons by whom these discourses of the Gods are discovered are happily chosen; Mercury was the messenger of heaven, and it is this God who descends to Calypso in the fifth book of the Odyssey: so that there was a correspondence between Calypso and Mercury; and therefore he is a proper person to make this discovery to that Goddess, and she, out of affection, to Ulysses. P.

Or thus, more exactly, and with a more perfect rhyme:

To me Calypso, what I now unfold,
Hermes himself to fair Calypso told.

Ver. 464. *Now heav'n gave signs of wrath; along the ground
Crept the raw hides — —]*

Six guilty days my wretched mates employ
In impious feasting, and unhallow'd joy ;

This passage (says Eustathius) gave an occasion of laughter to men disposed to be merry, λέγει γέλοισμῳ δίδωκε τοῖς παρὶς ἰδίους. He adds, that the terrors of a guilty conscience drove the companions of Ulysses into these imaginations : guilt is able to create a phantom in a moment, so that these appearances were nothing but the effusions of a disturbed imagination. He cites a passage from the *Calliope of Herodotus* to vindicate Homer : Artayctes, a Persian general, had plundered a temple in which was the tomb of Protefilaus, where great riches were deposited ; afterwards he was besieged in Sestus, and taken prisoner : one day, one of his guards was boiling salted fishes (τάριχοι) and they leaped, and moved as if they had been alive, and newly taken out of the water : divers persons crowded about the place, and wondered at the miracle ; when Artayctes said, *Friends, you are not at all concerned in this miracle : Protefilaus, though dead, admonishes me by this sign, that the Gods have given him power to revenge the injury I offered to his monument in Eleus.* But this is justifying one fable by another ; and this looks also like the effects of a guilty conscience.

This is not among the passages condemned by Longinus ; and indeed it was no way blameable, if we consider the times when it was spoken, and the persons to whom it is related : I mean Phæacians, who were delighted with such wonders. What was said injudiciously by a great writer, may very properly be applied to these people, *Crede, quia impossibile est.* But we need not have recourse to their credulity for a vindication of this story : Homer has given us an account of all the abstruse arts, such as necromancy, witchcraft, and natural portents ; here he relates a prodigy, the belief of which universally prevailed among the antients : Let any one read Livy, and he will find innumerable instances of prodigies, equally incredible as this, which were related by the wise, and believed at least by the vulgar. Thus we read of speaking oxen, the sweating of the statues of the Gods, in the best Roman histories. If such wonders might have a place in history, they may certainly be allowed room in poetry, whose province is fable : it signifies nothing whether a story be true or false, provided it be established by common belief, or common fame ; this is a sufficient foundation for poetry. Virgil, *Georg. i.* 478.

The seventh arose, and now the Sire of Gods
 Rein'd the rough storms, and calm'd the tossing
 floods:

470

With speed the bark we climb; the spacious sails
 Loos'd from the yards invite th' impelling gales.
 Past sight of shore, along the surge we bound,
 And all above is sky, and ocean all around!
 When lo! a murky cloud the thund'rer forms 475
 Full o'er our heads, and blackens heaven with
 storms.

Night dwells o'er all the deep: and now out flies
 The gloomy West, and whistles in the skies.

“ — — — — Pecudesque locutæ,

“ Infandum! sistunt amnes,” &c.

The days of wonder are now over, and therefore a Poet would be blameable to make use of such impossibilities in these ages: they are now almost universally disbelieved, and therefore would not be approved as bold fictions, but exploded as wild extravagancies. P.

Ver. 469.] Thus, with fidelity:

When the seventh morning Jove Saturnian gave,
 Hush'd was the tempest's roar, and smooth the wave.

Ver. 473.] A fine couplet! Dryden, at a similar passage, *Æn.* v. 12.

Now seas and skies their prospect only bound,
 An empty space above, a floating field around:

And at *Æneid* iii. 255.

With only seas around, and skies above.

Ver. 477. — — *And now out flies*

The gloomy West, &c.]

Longinus, while he condemns the *Odyssey* as wanting fire, through the decay of Homer's fancy, excepts the descriptions of the tempests, which he allows to be painted with the boldest and strongest strokes of poetry. Let any person read that passage in the fifth book, and he will be convinced of the fire of Homer's fancy.

The mountain-billows roar ! the furious blast
 Howls o'er the shroud, and rends it from the mast :
 The mast gives way, and crackling as it bends, 481
 Tears up the deck ; then all at once descends :
 The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain,
 Dash'd from the helm, falls headlong in the main.

ὧς εἰπὼν σύναλιν κίφλας, ἰτάραξι δὲ πόντον,
 Χερσὶ τρίαιναν ἔλων, πάσας δ' ὀρόθυον αἶλλας
 Παντοίων ἀνέμων, σὺν δὲ κίφισσι κάλυψαι
 Γαῖαν ὁμῶ καὶ πόντον ὀρώρει δ' ἑρανόθεν νύξ.

The two last lines are here repeated ; and Scaliger, a second Zoilus of Homer, allows them to be *omnia pulchra, plena, gravia*, p. 469. There is a storm in the very words, and the horrors of it are visible in the verses.

Virgil was master of too much judgment, not to embellish his *Æneid* with this description.

“ Incubuerunt mari, totumque a sedibus imis
 “ Unà Euræusque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis
 “ Africus, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus,
 “ Eripiunt subito nubes cœlumque diemque
 “ Teucrorum ex oculis: ponto nox incubat atra.”

These are almost literally translated from the abovementioned verses of Homer, and these following.

Σὺν δ' Εὐρῷ τε Νότῳ τ' ἱππῖσι, Ζεφυρός τε θυσαῆς
 Καὶ βορέης αἰθρησίτης, μέγα κύμα κυλίνδων.

Scaliger calls the verses of Homer, *divina oratio*, but prefers those of Virgil. *Totumque a sedibus imis*, is stronger than *ἰτάραξι πόντον*, &c. and *αἰθρησίτης* is an ill chosen epithet, to be used to describe a storm, for it carries an image of serenity. But that is to be understood of the general nature of that wind: as a river may be said to be gentle, though capable to be swelled into a flood. But I leave the preference to the reader's judgment. P.

Ver. 483. *The pilot by the tumbling ruin slain.*] There is a great similitude between this passage and some verses in Virgil, in which, as Scaliger judges, and perhaps with reason, the preference is to be given to the Roman Poet. *Tenuissimâ*, says that Critick, & *levissimâ* utitur narratione Homerus.

Then Jove in anger bids his thunders roll, 485
And forky lightnings flash from pole to pole;

Πλῆξε κυβερνήτιω κεφαλῇ, σὺν δ' ὄρεϊ ἀραξίᾳ
Παύ' ἄμυδις κεφαλῆς, ὃ δ' ἀρνυῖτο ἰωκὺς
Κάππισι.

And again,

— — πῖπον δ' ἐκ τοῦδε ἰταῖροι.

Ὅι δὲ κορώνησιν ἱέλοι περὶ νῆα μίλαιναν
Κύμασιν ἰμφορίοιο.

“ — — Ingens a vertice Pontus

“ In puppim ferit; excutitur, pronusque magister

“ Volvitur in caput.”

“ — — At illam ter fluctus ibidem

“ Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex,

“ Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.”

There is certainly better versification in these lines of Virgil, than in those of Homer: there is better colouring, and they set the thing they describe full before our eyes. Virgil has omitted the two short similitudes of the Diver, and the Sea-mews, despairing perhaps to make them shine in the Roman language. There is a third simile in Homer of the Bat or Bird of night *Núktēris*, which is introduced to represent Ulysses clinging round the fig-tree. It is true the whole three are taken from low subjects, but they very well paint the thing they were intended to illustrate. P.

Our critics seem to forget, that a copier may easily improve.—
Thus his author:

— — — — — then at the vessel's stern

The pilot's head it smote, and instant crush'd

The bones together squeez'd: he o'er the sides

Fell, like a diver: life forsook his bones.

Ver. 485.] All this paragraph is executed in a very inferior
style: and Chapman has a much better notion of his original:

Together, all this time, Jove's thunder chid,

And through and through the ship his lightning glid:

Till it embrac'd her round: her bulke was fill'd

With nasty sulphur, and her men were kill'd:

Tumbl'd to sea, like sea-mews swamme about,

And there the date of their returne was out.

Fierce at our heads his deadly bolt he aims,
 Red with uncommon wrath, and wrapt in flames ;
 Full on the bark it fell ; now high, now low,
 Toss'd and retoss'd, it reel'd beneath the blow ;
 At once into the main the crew it shook ; 491
 Sulphureous odours rose, and smould'ring smoke.
 Like fowl that haunt the floods, they sink, they
 rise,
 Now lost, now seen, with shrieks and dreadful }
 cries ; 494
 And strive to gain the bark ; but Jove denies. }
 Firm at the helm I stand, when fierce the main
 Rush'd with dire noise and dash'd the sides in twain ;
 Again impetuous drove the furious blast,
 Snapt the strong helm, and bore to sea the mast.
 Firm to the mast with cords the helm I bind, }
 And ride aloft, to Providence resign'd, 501
 Thro' tumbling billows, and a war of wind. }
 Now sunk the West, and now a southern breeze
 More dreadful than the tempest, lash'd the seas ;
 For on the rocks it bore where Scylla raves, 505
 And dire Charybdis rolls her thund'ring waves.

Ver. 496.] His author says,

I thro' the ship was passing, 'till the main —

Ver. 504.] Chapman is correct :

— — — — — and then arose

The South, that bred me more abhorred woes :

but our translator followed the inaccuracy of Ogilby :

When western winds their fury had asswag'd

Arose a southern tempest, more enrag'd.

All night I drove ; and, at the dawn of day,
 Fast by the rocks beheld the desp'rate way :
 Just when the sea within her gulfs subsides,
 And in the roaring whirlpools rush the tides. 510
 Swift from the float I vaulted with a bound,
 The lofty fig-tree seiz'd, and clung around,
 So to the beam the bat tenacious clings,
 And pendant round it clasps his leathern wings.
 High in the air the tree its boughs display'd, 515
 And o'er the dungeon cast a dreadful shade,
 All unsustain'd between the wave and sky,
 Beneath my feet the whirling billows fly.
 What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
 To take repast, and stills the wordy war ; 520

Ver. 513.] This couplet is spun from *two* words of his author, thus fully exhibited in Ogilby :

And bat-like clung.

The whole passage is rendered without any share of laudable precision, and with little attention to the language of his author.

Ver. 516.] More fidelity were easily gained here by the transposition of a word :

And o'er the dreadful dungeon cast a shade.

Ver. 519. *What-time the judge forsakes the noisy bar
 To take repast — —*]

This passage has been egregiously misunderstood by Monsieur Perrault. Ulysses being carried (says that author) on his mast towards Charybdis, leaps from it, and clings like a bat round a fig-tree, waiting till the return of the mast from the gulfs of it ; and adds, that when he saw it, he was as glad as a judge when he rises from his seat to go to dinner, after having tried several causes. But Boileau fully vindicates Homer in his reflections on Longinus :

Charybdis rumbling from her inmost caves,
 The mast refunded on her refluxent waves,
 Swift from the tree, the floating mast to gain,
 Sudden I dropp'd amidst the flashing main;
 Once more undaunted on the ruin rode, 525
 And oar'd with lab'ring arms along the flood.

before the use of dials or clocks the antients distinguished the day by some remarkable offices or stated employments: as from the dining of the labourer,

— — What-time in some sequester'd vale
 The weary woodman spreads his sparing meal.

Iliad xi. ver. 119. See the Annotations; so here from the rising of the judges: and both denote the mid-day or noon-tide hour. Thus it is used by Hippocrates, who speaking of a person wounded with a javelin in the liver, says he died *πρὶν ἀγορὴν λυθῆναι*, a little before the breaking up of the assembly, or before the judge rises from his tribunal: or as some understand it, a little before the finishing of the market: there is a parallel expression in Xenophon, *καὶ ἤδη τε ἀμφὶ ἀγορὰν πλῆθεσαν*. This rising of the judge Perrault mistakes for a comparison, to express the joy which Ulysses conceived at the sight of the return of his mast; than which nothing can be more distant from Homer's sentiment.

From this description we may precisely learn the time that passed while Ulysses clung round the fig-tree.

— — — At the dawn of day,
 Fast by the rocks I plough'd the desp'rate way.

So that at morning he leaped from his float, and about noon recovered it: now Eustathius affirms, that in the space of twenty-four hours there are three tides, and dividing that time into three parts, Ulysses will appear to have remained upon the rock eight hours. The exact time when the judge rose from his tribunal is not apparent: Boileau supposes it to be about three o'clock in the afternoon, Dacier about two; but the time was certain among the ancients, and is only dubious to us, as we are ignorant of the hour of the day when the judge entered his tribunal, and when he left it.

Unseen I pass'd by Scylla's dire abodes :
 So Jove decreed, (dread Sire of men and Gods)
 Then nine long days I plough'd the calmer seas,
 Heav'd by the surge, and wafted by the breeze. 530
 Weary and wet th' Ogygian shores I gain,
 When the tenth sun descended to the main.

Ver. 527.] Thus, with all fidelity:

Unseen by Scylla, or my ruin then
 Were sure: so will'd the fire of Gods and men!

Ver. 532. *When the tenth sun descended to the main.*] This account is very extraordinary. Ulysses continued upon the mast ten days, and consequently ten days without any nourishment. Longinus brings this passage as an instance of the decay of Homer's genius, and his launching out into extravagant fables. I wonder Eustathius should be silent about this objection; but Dacier endeavours to vindicate Homer, from a similar place in the Acts of the Apostles, chap. xxvii. ver. 33. where St. Paul says to the sailors, *This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing.* Now if the sailors in the Acts could fast fourteen days, why might not Ulysses fast ten? But this place by no means comes up to the point. The words are *τισσαρισκαιδέκατην σήμερον ἡμέραν προσδοκῶντες*, that is, expecting the fourteenth day, (which is to-day) you continue without eating; so the meaning is, they had taken no food all that day; the danger was so great that they had no leisure to think upon hunger. This is the literal construction of the words, and implies that out of expectation of the fourteenth day, (which they looked upon as a critical time when their danger would be at the highest) they had forgot to take their usual repast; and not that they had fasted fourteen days. But if any person thinks that the fasting is to be applied to the whole fourteen days, it must be in that latitude wherein interpreters expound Hesiod.

— — — ἐδὲ τι σῖτον

* Hesiod. — — —

There in Calypso's ever-fragrant bow'rs
Refresh'd I lay, and joy beguil'd the hours.

which signifies not that they eat no meat at all, but that they had not leisure through their danger to observe the usual and stated hours of repast; they eat in their arms, with their hands souled with blood. But I take the former sense to be the better. Besides, it is impossible to make this place of any service to Homer; for if these men continued so long fasting, it was a miraculous fast; and how can this be applied to Ulysses, who is not imagined to owe his power of fasting to any supernatural assistance? But it is almost a demonstration that the sailors in the *Acts* eat during the tempest: why should they abstain? It was not for want of food; for at St. Paul's injunction they take some sustenance: now it is absurd to imagine a miracle to be performed, when common and easy means were at hand to make such a supernatural act unnecessary. If they had been without food, then indeed a miracle might have been supposed to supply it. If they had died through fasting, when meat was at hand, they would have been guilty of starving themselves. If therefore we suppose a miracle, we must suppose it to be wrought, to prevent men from being guilty of wilful self-murder, which is an absurdity.

Besides, the word *νηστεύων* is used to denote a person who takes no food for the space of one day only, as *μερόνιστος* signifies a person who eats but one meal in the compass of one day; this therefore is an evidence, that the sailors in the *Acts* had not been without sustenance fourteen days.

In short, I am not in the number of those who think Homer has no faults; and unless we imagine Ulysses to have fasted ten days by the assistance of the Gods, this passage must be allowed to be extravagant: it is true, Homer says the Gods guided him to the Ogygian shores; but he says not a word to soften the incredibility of the fasting of Ulysses, through an assistance of the Gods. I am therefore inclined to subscribe to the opinion of Longinus, that this relation is faulty; but say with Horace,

“ — — — Non ego paucis

“ Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,

“ Aut humana parum cavit natura.”

P.

Ver. 533.] His author thus, to a word:

My following fates to thee, oh king, are
known,

535

And the bright partner of thy royal throne.

Enough. In misery can words avail?

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

— — — — — Calypso there,
Fair-trefs'd, inhabits; dreadful, vocal God!
Who lov'd and entertain'd me.

The *four* concluding verses are good. Ogilby is unadorned, but
well expressive of his author:

Which to your queen and you would tedious be
Once more to hear, and small content to me.

My following rates to these, on kind, are

And the bright pattern of thy royal throne.

1. How about the other side?

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

THIRTY-THIRD BOOK

ODYSSEY

THE ARGUMENT.

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca.

ULYSSES takes his leave of Alcinous and Arete, and embarks in the evening. Next morning the ship arrives at Ithaca; where the sailors, as Ulysses is yet sleeping, lay him on the shore with all his treasures. On their return, Neptune changes their ship into a rock. In the mean-time Ulysses awaking, knows not his native Ithaca, by reason of a mist which Pallas had cast round him. He breaks into loud lamentations; 'till the Goddess appearing to him in the form of a shepherd, discovers the country to him, and points out the particular places. He then tells a feigned story of his adventures, upon which she manifests herself, and they consult together of the measures to be taken to destroy the Suitors. To conceal his return, and disguise his person the more effectually, she changes him into the figure of an old beggar. P.

THE
THIRTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

HE ceas'd ; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seem'd
to hear.

A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms :
The grateful conf'rence then the king resumes.

N O T E S.

Ver. 1.] Compare book xi. verse 413.

Ver. 3. — — *The shady rooms.*] The epithet in the original is *σκιώεσσα*, or *gloomy* : it is here used with a peculiar propriety, to keep in the reader's mind the exact time when Ulysses made his narration to the Phæacians, namely, in the evening, of the thirty-third day : we may likewise gather from this distinction of times, the exact stay of Ulysses among the Phæacians ; he was thrown upon their shores on the thirty-first day in the evening, and lands about day-break on the thirty-fifth day in his own country ; so

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Q

Whatever toils the great Ulysses past, 5
 Beneath this happy roof they end at last ;
 No longer now from shore to shore to roam,
 Smooth seas, and gentle winds, invite him home.
 But hear me, princes! whom these walls inclose,
 For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows 10
 With wine unmixt, (an honour due to age,
 To cheer the grave, and warm the poet's rage)
 Tho' labour'd gold and many a dazzling vest
 Lie heap'd already for our god-like guest ;
 Without new treasures, let him not remove, 15
 Large, and expressive of the publick love ;

that he staid three nights only with Alcinous, one night being
 spent in his voyage to Ithaca from Phœacia. P.

Ver. 10. *For whom my chanter sings, and goblet flows
 With wine unmixt, &c.]*

Homer calls the wine *γῆρσιον*, or wine drank at the entertainment
 of elders, *γῆρσιον*, or men of distinction, says Eustathius ; by the
 bard, he means Demodocus.

The same Critick further remarks, that Homer judiciously
 shortens every circumstance before he comes to the dismissal of
 Ulysses: thus he omits the description of the sacrifice, and the
 subject of the song of Demodocus ; these are circumstances that
 at best would be but useless ornaments, and ill agree with the
 impatience of Ulysses to begin his voyage toward his country.
 These therefore the Poet briefly dispatches. P.

Ver. 11.] All included in this parenthesis is expanded from a
 single word of Homer, specified by the annotator in the preceding
 remark : and our translator has profited by Chapman :

— — — — — to taste

Such wine with me, as warms the sacred rage,
 And is an honorarie given to age.

See my note on ver. 44. of the Prologue to Cato.

Each peer a tripod, each a vase bestow,
A gen'ral tribute, which the state shall owe.

This sentence pleas'd: then all their steps
address

To sep'rate mansions, and retir'd to rest. 20

Now did the rosy-finger'd Morn arise,
And shed her sacred light along the skies.
Down to the haven and the ships in haste
They bore the treasures, and in safety plac'd.
The king himself the vases rang'd with care; 25
Then bade his followers to the feast repair.

A victim ox beneath the sacred hand
Of great Alcinous falls, and stains the sand.
To Jove th' eternal, (pow'r above all pow'rs!
Who wings the winds, and darkens heav'n with
show'rs) 30

Ver. 21.] Or, for the sake of variation:

Now sprang the Morning from her saffron bed,
And thro' the skies her sacred radiance shed.

Ver. 23.] Thus Ogilby, who is more explicit, and quite accurate:

Loaden with treasure to the ship they *hast*,
Which straight Alcinous saw in order *plac'd*
Beneath the banks; with such convenience stow'd,
It could not hinder any whil'st they row'd.

Ver. 27.] It appears to me, that our translator has concluded too much from the words of his author here: see the note on book iii. verse 594. I would render thus:

To grace the feast a victim-ox decreed,
Thy sacred might, Alcinous! gave to bleed.

Ver. 29.] Or thus, more closely:

The flames ascend : 'till evening they prolong
 The rites, more sacred made by heav'nly song :
 For in the midst, with publick honours grac'd,
 Thy lyre divine, Demodocus ! was plac'd.
 All, but Ulysses, heard with fix'd delight : 35
 He sat, and ey'd the sun, and wish'd the night ;
 Slow seem'd the sun to move, the hours to roll,
 His native home deep imag'd in his soul.
 As the tir'd ploughman spent with stubborn toil,
 Whose oxen long have torn the furrow'd soil, 40

To Jove, Saturnian Jove, who glooms the sky,
 And reigns supreme in clouded majesty.

Ver. 33.] This introductory feeble word gives a prosaic flatness to all the verse. I should prefer,

High in the midst—.

Ver. 39. *As the tir'd ploughman, &c.*] The simile which Homer chuses is drawn from low life, but very happily sets off the impatience of Ulysses: it is familiar, but expressive. Horace was not of the judgment of those who thought it mean, for he uses it in his epistles.

“ — — — — — diesque

“ Longa videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus

“ Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum ;

“ Sic mihi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora, quæ spem

“ Consiliumque morantur,” &c.

It was very necessary to dwell upon this impatience of Ulysses to return: it would have been absurd to have represented him cool, or even moderately warm upon this occasion; he had refused immortality through the love of his country; it is now in his power to return to it; he ought therefore consistently with his former character to be drawn with the utmost earnestness of soul, and every moment must appear tedious that keeps him from it; it shews therefore the judgment of Homer to describe him in this manner, and not to pass it over cursorily, but force it upon the

Sees with delight the sun's declining ray,
 When home with feeble knees, he bends his way
 To late repast, (the day's hard labour done :)
 So to Ulysses welcome sett the sun,
 Then instant, to Alcinous and the rest, 45
 (The Scherian states) he turn'd, and thus addrest.

O thou, the first in merit and command !
 And you the peers and princes of the land !
 May ev'ry joy be yours ! nor this the least, }
 When due libation shall have crown'd the feast, }
 Safe to my home to send your happy guest. 51
 Compleat are now the bounties you have giv'n,
 Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heav'n !
 So may I find, when all my wand'rings cease,
 My consort blameless, and my friends in peace. 55
 On you be ev'ry bliss ; and ev'ry day,
 In home-felt joys delighted roll away ;

notice of the reader, by insisting upon it somewhat largely, and illustrating it by a proper similitude, to fix it more strongly upon our memory. P.

In the first edition, As *weary* ploughman —.

Ver. 44.] Or thus, with more fidelity :

So *glad*, Ulysses *view'd* the *setting* sun :

Then instant, to Alcinous and the rest,

But *chief* Alcinous, turn'd, and thus addrest.

Ver. 53. *Be all those bounties but confirm'd by heav'n !*] This is a pious and instructive sentence, and teaches, that though riches were heaped upon us with the greatest abundance and superfluity ; yet unless heaven adds its benediction, they will prove but at best a burden and calamity. P.

Ver. 56.] I should expunge this distich. The sense is complete without it, nor is it recommended by intrinsic merit.

Yourself, your wives, your long descending
race,

May ev'ry God enrich with ev'ry grace !

Sure fixt on Virtue may your nation stand, 66

And publick evil never touch the land !

His words well weigh'd, the gen'ral voice
approv'd

Benign, and instant his dismissal mov'd.

The monarch to Pontonous gave the sign,

To fill the goblet high with rosy wine : 65

Great Jove the father, first (he cry'd) implore ;

Then send the stranger to his native shore.

The luscious wine th' obedient herald brought ;

Around the mansion flow'd the purple draught :

Each from his seat to each immortal pours, 70

Whom glory circles in th' Olympian bow'rs.

Ulysses sole with air majestick stands,

The bowl presenting to Arete's hands ;

Ver. 66.] Thus Ogilby :

Fil'd with rich wine, that we may Jove *implore*,
Our guest to convoy to his native shore.

Ver. 73. *The bowl presenting to Arete's hands ;*

Then thus — — — —]

It may be ask'd why Ulysses addresses his words to the queen rather than the king : the reason is, because she was his patroness, and had first received him with hospitality, as appears from the seventh book of the *Odyssey*.

Ulysses makes a libation to the Gods, and presents the bowl to the queen : this was the pious practice of antiquity upon all solemn occasions : Ulysses here does it, because he is to undertake a voyage, and it implies a prayer for the prosperity of 'it. The

Then thus: O queen farewell! be still possess
 Of dear remembrance, blessing still and blest! 75
 'Till age and death shall gently call thee hence,
 (Sure fate of ev'ry mortal excellence!)
 Farewel! and joys successive ever spring
 To thee, to thine, the people, and the king!

Thus he; then parting prints the sandy
 shore 80

To the fair port: a herald march'd before,
 Sent by Alcinous: of Arete's train
 Three chosen maids attend him to the main;
 This does a tunick and white vest convey,
 A various casket that, of rich inlay, 85
 And bread and wine the third. The chearful
 mates

Safe in the hollow poop dispose the cates:

reason why he presents the bowl to the queen is, that she may first
 drink out of it, for so *propino* properly and originally signifies,
 τὸ πρὸ ἐαυτοῦ δίδοναι τινὶ πίνειν, says Eustathius. *Propino* is used dif-
 ferently by the Romans. P.

Ver. 74.] The version is obscure, nor expressive of it's model,
 which may be truly represented thus, with more conciseness:

May'st thou, O! queen, in bliss unvarying live,
 'Till age and death, to mortals doom'd! arrive.

Ver. 78.] Our translator glances on Chapman:

And ever may all living blessings spring;
 Your joy in children, subjects, and your king.

Ver. 87.] The passage stood thus in the *first* edition;

Safe in the hollow *deck* dispose the cates:
 Beneath the *seats*, soft—.

Upon the deck, soft painted robes they spread,
 With linen cover'd, for the hero's bed.
 He climb'd the lofty stern; then gently prest 90
 The swelling couch, and lay compos'd to rest.

Now plac'd in order, the Phæacian train
 Their cables loose, and launch into the main:
 At once they bend, and strike their equal oars,
 And leave the sinking hills, and less'ning shores.
 While on the deck the chief in silence lies, 96
 And pleasing slumbers steal upon his eyes.
 As fiery coursers in the rapid race
 Urg'd by fierce drivers thro' the dusty space,

Ver. 88.] With the same rhymes, Ogilby:

— — — — — then *spread*

Clean sheets and blankets ore a well-made *bed*.

Ver. 90.] His author dictates, — then *silent* prest—.

Ver. 92.] Thus, in the *first* edition of his poems:

The sun descending, the Phæacian train

Spread their broad sails, and launch into the main.

Ver. 95.] There is nothing of this in Homer. The verse is modified from Dryden, *Æn.* iii. 98.

We launch our vessels with a prosperous wind,

And leave the cities and the shores behind.

He might have adhered to his original thus:

They bend; their strokes in equal periods keep:

Beneath their oars flew dash'd the whitening deep.

Ver. 96.] : Or, more faithfully:

The chief, *meanwhile*, in *death-like* silence lies;

Sweet sleep profound had settled on his eyes.

Thus Ogilby:

But he, *whilst* oars the briny billows swept,

Like one in Death's eternal slumber slept.

Ver. 98. *As fiery coursers in the rapid race*

Toss their high heads, &c.]

Toss their high heads, and scour along the plain;
So mounts the bounding vessel o'er the main. 101

The Poet introduces two similitudes to represent the sailing of the Phæacian vessel: the former describes the motion of it; as it bounds and rises over the waves, like horses tossing their heads in a race; and also the steadiness of it, in that it sails with as much firmness over the billows, as horses tread upon the ground. The latter comparison is solely to shew the swiftness of the vessel.

The word in the original is *τρίπλογοι*; an instance, that four horses were sometimes joined to the chariot. Virgil has borrowed this comparison, *Æn.* v.

“ Non tam præcípites bijugo certamine campum

“ Corripuere, ruuntque effusi carcere currus,

“ Nec sic immixtis aurigæ undantia lora

“ Concussere jugis, pronique in verbera pendent.”

It must be allowed that nothing was ever more happily executed than this description, and the copy far exceeds the original. Macrobius, *Saturnal.* lib. v. gives this as his opinion, and his reasons for it. The Greek Poet (says that author) paints only the swiftness of the horses when scourged by the driver; Virgil adds, the rushing of the chariot, the fields as it were devoured by the rapidity of the horses; we see the throwing up of the reins, in *undantia lora*; and the attitude of the driver, leaning forward in the act of lashing of the horses, in the words, *Pronique in verbera pendent*. It is true, nothing could be added more elegantly than the *ὑψοῦ ἀνιπόμενοι*, in Homer; it paints at once the swiftness of the race, and the rising posture of the horses in the act of running; but Virgil is more copious, and has omitted no circumstance, and set the whole race fully before our eyes; we may add, that the versification is as beautiful as the description compleat; every ear must be sensible of it.

I will only further observe the judgment of Homer in speaking of every person in his particular character. When a vain-glorious Phæacian described the sailing of his own vessels, they were swift as thought, and endued with reason; when Homer speaks in his own person to his readers, they are said only to be as swift as hawks or horses: Homer speaks like a Poet, with some degree of amplification, but not with so much hyperbole as Alcinous. No

Back to the stern the parted billows flow,
And the black Ocean foams and roars below.

Thus with spread sails the winged galley flies;
Less swift an eagle cuts the liquid skies;
Divine Ulysses was her sacred load,
A man, in wisdom equal to a God!
Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his
breast,

Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n, and promis'd
day;

people speak so fondly as sailors of their own ships to this day, and particularly are still apt to talk of them as of living creatures. P.

Ver. 100.] Ogilby also employs this pair of rhymes, and the next but *one*.

Ver. 106.] Or thus, with rhymes less exceptionable:
To her a sage renown'd in charge was given,
In counsels equal to the powers of heaven.

Ver. 110.] Or thus? with less deviation:
These combats, dangers, storms and toils, a rest
Deep and oblivious vanish from his breast.

Ver. 112. *But when the morning star with early ray
Flam'd in the front of heav'n — —*]

From this passage we may gather, that Ithaca is distant from Corcyra or Phæacia no farther than a vessel sails in the compass of one night; and this agrees with the real distance between those islands; an instance that Homer was well acquainted with geography: this is the morning of the thirty-fifth day. P.

Like distant clouds the mariner descries
 Fair Ithaca's emerging hills arise. 115
 Far from the town a spacious port appears,
 Sacred to Phorcys' pow'r, whose name it bears:
 Two craggy rocks projecting to the main,
 The roaring wind's tempestuous rage restrain;
 Within, the waves in softer murmurs glide, 120
 And ships secure without their halbers ride.

Ver. 114.] This couplet is fancifully wrought from the sub-joined verse:

Then to his isle approacht the sea-borne ship.

Ver. 116. — — *A spacious port appears,*
Sacred to Phorcys' — —]

Phorcys was the son of Pontus and Terra, according to Hesiod's genealogy of the Gods: this haven is said to be sacred to that Deity, because he had a temple near it, from whence it received its appellation.

The whole voyage of Ulysses to his country, and indeed the whole Odyssey, has been turned into allegory: which I will lay before the reader as an instance of a trifling industry and strong imagination. Ulysses is in search of true felicity, the Ithaca and Penelope of Homer: he runs through many difficulties and dangers; this shews that happiness is not to be attained without labour and afflictions. He has several companies, who perish by their vices, and he alone escapes by the assistance of the Phæacians, and is transported in his sleep to his country; that is, the Phæacians, whose name implies blackness, *φαίος*, are the mourners at his death, and attend him to his grave: the ship is his grave, which is afterwards turned into a rock; which represents his monumental marble; his sleep means death, through which alone man arrives at eternal felicity. *Spondanus.* P.

Ver. 120.] Dryden, at the parallel passage, *Æn.* i. 230.

And forms a port secure for ships to ride
 Broke by the jutting land on either side:
 In double streams the briny waters glide.

}

High at the head a branching olive grows,
 And crowns the pointed cliffs with shady boughs.
 Beneath, a gloomy grotto's cool recess
 Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas; 125

Ver. 122.] The rhymes are bad. Thus?

A branching olive, at the harbour's head,
 It's wood of foliage, high o'er-shadowing spread.

Close a sweet grotto's cool recesses stood,
 Dear to the Naiads of the neighb'ring flood.

Ver. 124. — — *A gloomy grotto's cool recess.*] Porphyry has wrote a volume to explain this cave of the nymphs, with more piety perhaps than judgment; and another person has perverted it into the utmost obscenity, and both allegorically. Porphyry (observes Eustathius) is of opinion, that the cave means the world; it is called gloomy, but agreeable, because it was made out of darkness, and afterwards set in this agreeable order by the hand of the Deity. It is consecrated to the nymphs; that is, it is destined to the habitation of spiritual substances united to the body: the bowls and urns of living stone, are the bodies which are formed out of the earth; the bees that make their honey in the cave are the souls of men, which perform all their operations in the body, and animate it; the beams on which the nymphs roll their webs, are the bones over which the admirable embroidery of nerves, veins, and arteries are spread; the fountains which water the cave are the seas, rivers and lakes that water the world; and the two gates, are the two poles; through the northern the souls descend from heaven to animate the body, through the southern they ascend to heaven, after they are separated from the body by death. But I confess I should rather chuse to understand the description poetically, believing that Homer never dreamed of these matters, though the age in which he flourished was addicted to allegory. How often do painters draw from the imagination only, merely to please the eye? And why might not Homer write after it, especially in this place where he manifestly indulges his fancy, while he brings his hero to the first dawning of happiness? He has long dwelt upon a series of horrors, and his imagination being tired with the melancholy story, it is not impossible but his spirit might be enlivened with the subject while

Where bowls and urns were form'd of living
 stone,
 And massy beams in native marble shone;
 On which the labours of the nymphs were roll'd,
 Their webs divine of purple mix'd with gold.
 Within the cave, the clust'ring bees attend 130
 Their waxen works, or from the roof depend.
 Perpetual waters o'er the pavement glide;
 Two marble doors unfold on either side;
 Sacred the south by which the Gods descend,
 But mortals enter at the northern end. 135

he wrote, and this might lead him to indulge his fancy in a wonderful, and perhaps fabulous description. In short, I should much rather chuse to believe that the memory of the things to which he alludes in the description of the cave is lost, than credit such a laboured and distant allegory. P.

Ver. 130.] Parallel rhymes too soon recur. Thus?

Bees in this hallow'd fane securely dwell;
 Collect their stores, or frame the waxen cell.

Ver. 134. *Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend.*] Virgil has imitated the description of this haven, *Æn.* lib. i.

“ Est in secessu longo locus, insula portum
 “ Efficit, objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
 “ Frangitur,” &c.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
 An island shades it from the rolling sea,
 And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
 Broke by the jutting land on either side,
 In double streams the briny waters glide.
 Betwixt two rows of rocks, a *silvan* scene
 Appears above, and groves for ever green:
 A grot is form'd beneath with mossy seats,
 To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats;

}

Thither they bent, and haul'd their ship to land,
 (The crooked keel divides the yellow sand)
 Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,
 And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.

Down from the crannies of the living walls
 The crystal streams descend in murmuring falls,
 No halbers need to bind the vessels here,
 Nor bearded anchors, for no storms they fear.

Dryden.

Scaliger infinitely prefers the Roman Poet: Homer, says he, speaks *humilia humiliter*, *Virgilius grandiora magnifice*; but what I would chiefly observe is, not what Virgil has imitated, but what he has omitted; namely, all that seems odd or less intelligible; I mean the works of the bees in a cave so damp and moist; and the two gates through which the Gods and men enter.

I shall offer a conjecture to explain these two lines;

Sacred the south, by which the Gods descend,
 But mortals enter at the northern end.

It has been already observed, that the Æthiopians held an annual sacrifice of twelve days to the Gods; all that time they carried their images in procession, and placed them at their festivals, and for this reason the Gods were said to feast with the Æthiopians; that is, they were present with them by their statues: thus also Themis was said to form or dissolve assemblies, because they carried her image to the assemblies when they were convened, and when they were broken up they carried it away. Now we have already remarked, that this port was sacred to Phorcys, because he had a temple by it: it may not then be impossible, but that this temple having two doors, they might carry the statues of the Gods in their processions through the southern gate, which might be consecrated to this use only, and the populace be forbid to enter by it: for that reason the Deities were said to enter, namely, by their images. As the other gate being allotted to common use, was said to be the passage for mortals. P.

Ver. 138. *Ulysses sleeping on his couch they bore,*

And gently plac'd him on the rocky shore.]

There is nothing in the whole *Odyssey* that more shocks our reason than the exposing Ulysses asleep on the shore by the Phæacians:

His treasures next, Alcinous' gifts, they laid 140
In the wild olive's unfrequented shade,

" The passage (says Aristotle in his Poeticks) where Ulysses is
" landed in Ithaca, is so full of absurdities, that they would be
" intolerable in a bad Poet; but Homer has concealed them under
" an infinity of admirable beauties, with which he has adorned
" all that part of the *Odyssey*; these he has crowded together,
" as so many charms to hinder our perceiving the defects of the
" story:" Aristotle must be allowed to speak with great judgment;
" for what probability is there that a man so prudent as Ulysses,
" who was alone in a vessel at the discretion of strangers, should sleep
" so soundly, as to be taken out of it, carried with all his baggage on shore,
" and the Phæacians should set sail, and he never awake? This is still more
" absurd, if we remember that Ulysses has his soul so strongly bent upon
" his country; is it then possible, that he could be thus sunk into a
" lethargy, in the moment when he arrives at it? " However (says
" Monsieur Dacier in his reflections upon Aristotle's Poeticks) Homer
" was not ashamed of that absurdity, but not being able to omit it, he
" used it to give probability to the succeeding story: it was necessary for
" Ulysses to land alone, in order to his concealment; if he had been
" discovered, the Suitors would immediately have destroyed him,
" if not as the real Ulysses, yet under the pretext of his being an
" impostor; they would then have seized his dominions, and married
" Penelope: now if he had been waked, the Phæacians would have been
" obliged to have attended him, which he could not have denied with
" decency, nor accepted with safety: Homer therefore had no other way
" left to unravel his fable happily: but he knew what was absurd in
" this method, and uses means to hide it; he lavishes out all his wit
" and address, and lays together such an abundance of admirable poetry,
" that the mind of the reader is so enchanted, that he perceives not the
" defect; he is like Ulysses lulled asleep, and knows no more than that
" hero, how he comes there. That great Poet first describes the ceremony
" of Ulysses taking leave of Alcinous and his queen Arete; then he sets
" off the swiftness of the vessel by two beautiful comparisons; he
" describes the haven with great exactness, and adds to it the description
" of the cave of the Nymphs; this last astonishes the reader, and he is
" so intent upon it, that

Secure from theft : then launch'd the bark again,
 Resum'd their oars, and measur'd back the main.

“ he has not attention to consider the absurdity in the manner of
 “ Ulysses's landing : in this moment when he perceives the mind
 “ of the reader as it were intoxicated with these beauties, he
 “ steals Ulysses on shore, and dismisses the Phæacians ; all this
 “ takes up but eight verses. And then lest the reader should
 “ reflect upon it, he immediately introduces the Deities, and
 “ gives us a dialogue between Jupiter and Neptune. This keeps
 “ up still our wonder, and our reason has not time to deliberate ;
 “ and when the dialogue is ended, a second wonder succeeds,
 “ the bark is transformed into a rock : this is done in the sight
 “ of the Phæacians, by which method the Poet carries us a while
 “ from the consideration of Ulysses, by removing the scene to a
 “ distant island ; there he detains us till we may be supposed to
 “ have forgot the past absurdities, by relating the astonishment of
 “ Alcinous at the sight of the prodigy, and his offering up to
 “ Neptune, to appease his anger, a sacrifice of twelve bulls.
 “ Then he returns to Ulysses who now wakes, and not knowing
 “ the place where he was, (because Minerva made all things
 “ appear in a disguised view) he complains of his misfortunes,
 “ and accuses the Phæacians of infidelity ; at length Minerva
 “ comes to him in the shape of a young shepherd, &c. Thus
 “ this absurdity, which appears in the fable when examined alone,
 “ is hidden by the beauties that surround it ; this passage is more
 “ adorned with fiction, and more wrought up with a variety of
 “ poetical ornaments than most other places of the *Odyssey*.
 “ From hence Aristotle makes an excellent observation. All
 “ efforts imaginable (says that author) ought to be made to form
 “ the fable rightly from the beginning ; but if it so happen that
 “ some places must necessarily appear absurd, they must be ad-
 “ mitted, especially if they contribute to render the rest more
 “ probable ; but the Poet ought to reserve all the ornaments of
 “ diction for these weak parts : the places that have either shining
 “ sentiments or manners have no occasion for them ; a dazzling
 “ expression rather damages them, and serves only to eclipse their
 “ beauty.” P.

Ver. 142. — — *Then launch'd the bark again.*] This voluntary
 and unexpected return of the Phæacians, and their landing Ulysses

Nor yet forgot old Ocean's dread supreme
The vengeance vow'd for eyeless Polypheme. 145

in his sleep, seems as unaccountable on the part of the Phæacians, as of Ulysses; for what can be more absurd than to see them exposing a king and his effects upon the shores without his knowledge, and flying away secretly as from an enemy? Having therefore in the preceding note shewed what the Criticks say in condemnation of Homer, it is but justice to lay together what they say in his defence.

That the Phæacians should fly away in secret is no wonder: Ulysses had through the whole course of the eleventh book, (particularly by the mouth of the prophet Tiresias) told the Phæacians that the Suitors plotted his destruction; and therefore the mariners might very reasonably be apprehensive that the Suitors would use any persons as enemies, who should contribute to restore Ulysses to his country. It was therefore necessary that they should sail away without any stay upon the Ithacan shores. This is the reason why they made this voyage by night; namely to avoid discovery; and it was as necessary to return immediately, that is, just at the appearance of day, before people were abroad, that they might escape observation.

Eustathius remarks, that the Phæacians were an unwarlike nation, or as it is expressed by a Phæacian,

Οὐ γὰρ φαιήκισσι μέλει βιός, ἔδῃ φρένῃ,

and therefore they were afraid to teach any persons the way to their own country, by discovering the course of navigation to it; for this reason they begin their voyage to Ithaca by night, land Ulysses without waking him, and return at the appearance of daylight, that they might not shew what course was to be steered to come to the Phæacian shores.

Plutarch in his treatise of Reading the Poets, tells us, that there is a tradition among the Tuscans, that Ulysses was naturally drowsy, and a person that could not easily be conversed with, by reason of that *sleepy* disposition. But perhaps this might be only artful in a man of so great wisdom, and so great disguise or dissimulation; he was slow to give answers, when he had no mind to give any at all: though indeed it must be confessed, that this tradition is countenanced by his behaviour in the Odyssey, or rather may be

Before the throne of mighty Jove he stood;
And fought the secret counsels of the God.

a story formed from it. His greatest calamities rise from his *sleeping*: when he was ready to land upon his own country by the favour of Æolus, he falls *asleep*, and his companions let loose a wind that bears him from it: he is *asleep* while they kill the oxen of Apollo; and here he *sleeps* while he is landed upon his own country. It might perhaps be this conduct in Homer, that gave Horace the hint to say,

“ — Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.”

Implying, that when Homer was at a loss to bring any difficult matter to an issue, he immediately laid his hero *asleep*, and this salved all the difficulty; as in the above-mentioned instances.

Plutarch is of opinion, that this *sleep* of Ulysses was feigned; and that he made use of the pretence of a *natural infirmity*, to conceal the straights he was in at that time in his thoughts; being ashamed to dismiss the Phæacians without entertainment and gifts of hospitality, and afraid of being discovered by the Suitors, if he entertained such a multitude: therefore to avoid both these difficulties, he feigns a sleep while they land him, till they sail away.

Eustathius agrees with Plutarch in the main, and adds another reason why the Phæacians land Ulysses sleeping; namely, because they were ashamed to wake him, lest he should think they did it out of avarice, and expectation of a reward for bringing him to his own country.

I will only add, that there might be a natural reason for the sleep of Ulysses; we are to remember that this is a voyage in the night, the season of repose: and his spirits having been long agitated and fatigued by his calamities, might upon his peace of mind at the return to his country, settle into a deep calmness and tranquillity, and so sink him into a deep sleep; Homer himself seems to give this as a reason of it in the following lines:

Much danger, long and mighty toils he bore,
In storms by sea, and combats on the shore;
All which soft sleep now banish'd from his breast,
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

It must be allowed that the last line admirably paves the way for the following account; and the Poet undoubtedly inserted it, to

Shall then no more, O Sire of Gods! be mine
 The rights and honours of a pow'r divine?
 Scorn'd ev'n by man, and (oh severe disgrace) 150
 By soft Phæacians, my degenerate race!
 Against yon destin'd head in vain I swore,
 And menac'd vengeance, ere he reach'd his shore;
 To reach his natal shore was thy decree;
 Mild I obey'd, for who shall war with thee? 155

prevent our surprise at the manner of his being set on shore, by calling his sleep

— — a pleasing, deep, and death-like rest.

How far a wise man is obliged to resist the calls of nature, I leave to the discussion of philosophers; those of sleep are no more to be resisted, than those of thirst or hunger. But yet I confess Ulysses yielded unseasonably, and the strong passion and love for his country that so fully possessed his soul, should have given him a few hours of vigilance, when he was ready to see it after an absence of almost twenty years. P.

[Ver. 143.] He gave first,

And tugg'd their oars —.

This whole passage is not executed with sufficient exactness to the language of his author; but, as no poetical beauties recommend it, I shall content myself with referring the reader, who wishes an accurate insight into the original expression, to Mr. Cowper.

[Ver. 144.] So Chapman:

— — — — — nor was the seas *Supreme*
 Forgetful of his threats, *for Polypheme*
 Bent at divine Ulysses.

[Ver. 146.] Vicious rhymes. Thus?

Yet still th' assent of sovereign Jove he sought,
 And thus explor'd the Thunderer's secret thought.

[Ver. 150.] The botch in the parenthesis we owe eventually to Chapman, whose rhyme our translator was desirous of preserving:

— — — — in lineage of mine owne lov'd race.

Behold him landed, careless and asleep,
 From all th' eluded dangers of the deep!
 Lo where he lies, amidst a shining store
 Of brass, rich garments, and refulgent ore:
 And bears triumphant to his native isle 16a
 A prize more worth than Ilion's noble spoil.

To whom the Father of th' immortal pow'rs,
 Who swells the clouds, and gladdens earth with
 show'rs.

Can mighty Neptune thus of man complain?
 Neptune, tremendous o'er the boundless main!
 Rever'd and awful ev'n in heav'n's abodes, 16b
 Antient and great! a God above the Gods!
 If that low race offend thy pow'r divine,
 (Weak, daring creatures!) is not vengeance
 thine?

Go then, the guilty at thy will chastise. 17a
 He said: the Shaker of the earth replies.

Ver. 160.] I should prefer a more faithful couplet with Chapman's correcter rhymes, borrowed also by Ogilby:

Behold him now more copious wealth enjoy,
 Than safe return'd with all his spoils from Troy.

Ver. 163.] A new and agreeable variety is here given to the standing phrase of his author, "the cloud-compelling Jupiter:" but by the help of Chapman:

The *showre-dissolver* answerd.

Ver. 170.] Thus Ogilby:

Thee these I leave to pardon or *chastise*.
 When thus *the shaker of the earth* replies.

This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship
A mark of vengeance on the fable deep:

Ver. 172. *This then I doom; to fix the gallant ship*

A mark of vengeance — —

And roots her down, an everlasting rock.]

I refer the reader to the eighth book of the Odyssey, for a further account of this transformation. Scaliger condemns it, *Ulyssis navis in saxum mutatur a Neptuno, ut immortalem faciat, quem odio habere debuit*. But will it not be an answer to say, that it is an immortal monument of the vengeance and power of Neptune, and that whenever the story of the vessel was mentioned, the punishment likewise must be remembered in honour of that Deity? Some are of opinion, that it is a physical allegory, and that Homer delivers the opinion of the antients concerning the transmutation of one species into another, as wood into stone, by water, that is, by Neptune the God of it; according to those lines of Ovid,

“ Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum saxea reddit

“ Viscera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus.”

But perhaps this is only one of those marvellous fictions written after the taste of antiquity, which delighted in wonders, and which the nature of epick poetry allows. “ The marvellous (says Aristotle in his Poeticks) ought to take place in tragedy, but much more in the epick, in which it proceeds even to the extravagant; for the marvellous is always agreeable, and a proof of it is, that those who relate any thing, generally add something to the truth of it, that it may better please those who hear it. Homer (continues he) is the man who has given the best instructions to other Poets how to tell lies agreeably.” Horace is of the same opinion.

“ Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,

“ Primo ne medium, medio ne descrapet imum.”

However, we must not think that Aristotle advises Poets to put things evidently false and impossible into their Poems, or gives them licence to run out into wildness; he only means (as Monsieur Dacier observes) that the wonderful should exceed the probable, but not destroy it; and this will be effected if the Poet has the address to prepare the reader, and to lead him by a probable train of things that depend on miracle, to the miracle itself, and re-

To warn the thoughtless self-confiding train,
 No more unlicens'd thus to brave the main. 175
 Full in their port a shady hill shall rise,
 If such thy will.—We will it, Jove replies.
 Ev'n when with transport black'ning all the strand,
 The swarming people hail their ship to land,
 Fix her for ever, a memorial stone : 180
 Still let her seem to fail, and seem alone ;
 The trembling crouds shall see the sudden shade
 Of whelming mountains overhang their head !
 With that the God whose earthquakes rock
 the ground,
 Fierce to Phæacia crost the vast profound. 185

concile him to it by degrees, so that his reason does not perceive, at least is not shocked at the illusion : thus for instance, Homer puts this transformation into the hands of a Deity ; he prepares us for it in the eighth book, he gives us the reason of the transformation ; namely, the anger of Neptune ; and at last he brings in Jupiter assenting to it. This is the method Homer takes to reconcile it to probability. Virgil undoubtedly thought it a beauty ; for, after Homer's example, he gives us a transformation of the ships of Æneas into Sea-nymphs.

I have already remarked from Bossu, that such miracles as these ought not to be too frequent in an epick poem ; all the machines that require divine probability ought to be so detached from the action of the poem, that they may be retrenched from it, without destroying the action : those that are essential to the action, ought to be founded upon human probability. Thus if we take away this transformation, there is no chasm ; and it in no way affects the integrity of the action. P.

These poor rhymes are perpetually found in his predecessors.—Compare book viii. ver. 619.

Ver. 184.] I have elsewhere noted this interpretation of t Greek epithet—*earth-shaker*—to be improper. Thus ?

Swift as a swallow sweeps the liquid way,
 The winged pinnace shot along the sea.
 The God arrests her with a sudden stroke,
 And roots her down an everlasting rock.
 Aghast the Scherians stand in deep surprise ; 190
 All press to speak, all question with their eyes.
 What hands unseen the rapid bark restrain !
 And yet it swims, or seems to swim, the main !
 Thus they, unconscious of the deed divine ;
 'Till great Alcinous rising own'd the sign. 195
 Behold the long predestin'd day ! (he cries)
 Oh certain faith of antient prophecies !
 These ears have heard my royal fire disclose
 A dreadful story, big with future woes ;
 How mov'd with wrath, that careless we convey
 Promiscuous ev'ry guest to ev'ry bay, 201

With that, the God, whose billows shake the shore,
 Fierce o'er the seas his course to Scheria bore.

Ver. 186.] This *simile* is unauthorized by his original, and the sense of the period is wrongly stated. Dacier's strong expressions might suggest the comparison to our translator: "Ce vaisseau, qui fendoit les ondes avec une merveilleuse legereté." Thus?

There Neptune stays ; and soon his eyes survey
 The gliding vessel skim the yielding way.

Ver. 188.] Or, more faithfully, and with a blameless rhyme :
His hand arrests her with a sudden shock.

Ver. 190.] Thus, more fully to his author :
The God departs : the Scherians in surprise.

Ver. 193.] Or, with more fidelity :
Full as it sail'd conspicuous on the main.

Stern Neptune rag'd ; and how by his command
 Firm rooted in the surge a ship should stand ;
 (A monument of wrath) and mound on mound
 Shou'd hide our walls, or whelm beneath the
 ground. 205

The fates have follow'd as declar'd the feer.
 Be humbled, nations ! and your monarch hear.
 No more unlicens'd brave the deeps, no more
 With ev'ry stranger pass from shore to shore ;
 On angry Neptune now for mercy call : 210
 To his high name let twelve black oxen fall.
 So may the God reverse his purpos'd will,
 Nor o'er our city hang the dreadful hill.

Ver. 211.] His author and predecessors prescribe,

— — — — let twelve choice oxen fall.

Ver. 212. *So may the God reverse his purpos'd will.*] This agrees with what Homer writes in a former part of the *Odyssey*.

— — *σφαλεῖς κ' ἑοὶ αὐτοί.*

That the Gods themselves may be prevailed upon to change their anger by prayer : a sentiment agreeable to true religion. Homer does not tell us that the last denunciation of covering the town with a mountain, was fulfilled : it is probable that it was averted by the piety of Alcinous. But (as Eustathius observes) it was artful in the Poet to leave this point doubtful, to avoid detection in deviating from true history ; for should posterity enquire where this land of the Phæacians lay, it would be found to be Corfu of the Venetians, and not covered with any mountain ; but should this city have happened to have been utterly abolished by time, and so lost to posterity, it would have agreed with the relation of Homer, who leaves room to suppose it destroyed by Neptune. But how could Neptune be said to cover it with a mountain ? Had not an inundation been more suitable to the God of the Ocean ? Neptune is called *ἑννοσίγαιος*, and *ἑννοσίχθων*, or the earth-

The monarch spoke: they trembled and obey'd,
 Forth on the sands the victim oxen led: 215
 The gather'd tribes before the altars stand,
 And chiefs and rulers a majestick band.
 The king of Ocean all the tribes implore;
 The blazing altars redden all the shore.

Meanwhile Ulysses in his country lay, 220
 Releas'd from sleep, and round him might survey }
 The solitary shore, and rolling sea.
 Yet had his mind thro' tedious absence lost
 The dear remembrance of his native coast.
 Besides, Minerva, to secure her care, 225
 Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air:

shaker: earthquakes were supposed to be occasioned by the ocean, or waters concealed in the caverns of the ground; and consequently Neptune may tumble a mountain upon this city of the Phæacians. P.

Ver. 214.] The rhymes of this couplet are not to be commended, and the whole paragraph is given with unnecessary dilatation. It might be contracted thus:

The monarch *spoke*; they trembled and obey'd:
 The chiefs and rulers to king Neptune *pray'd*.
 While slaughter'd victims load th' empurpled strand;
 And gather'd tribes around their altar stand.

Ver. 220.] These are *three* poor verses indeed, both for rhyme and similarity to their model. The following effort is more faithful:

Meanwhile, divine Ulysses, left alone,
 Wak'd on his native land, to him unknown.

Ver. 225. *Besides, Minerva, to secure her care,*
Diffus'd around a veil of thicken'd air.]

The meaning of this whole passage is probably no more than that Ulysses by his long absence had forgot the face of his own coun-

For so the Gods ordain'd to keep unseen
His royal person from his friends and queen;

try; the woods by almost twenty years growth had a different appearance; and the publick roads were altered by so great a length of time. How then should Ulysses come to the knowledge of the place? He goes to a shepherd, and by telling him a plausible story, draws it from him. This artifice is the Minerva that gives him information. By the *veil of thicken'd air* is meant, that Ulysses, to accomplish his re-establishment, took upon him a disguise, and conceal'd himself from the Ithacans; and this too being the dictate of wisdom, Homer ascribes it to Pallas.

The words of the original are,

— — "Ὅρα μιν αὐτὸν

"ἄγνωστον τιῶμαι — —

which are usually applied by interpreters to Ulysses, and mean that the Goddess disguised him with this veil, that no one might know him. Dacier is of opinion that ἄγνωστος ought to be used actively; that is, the Goddess acted thus to make him *unknown* where he was, not *unknown* to the people; for that this was the effect of the veil, appears from the removal of it; for immediately upon the dispersion,

The king with joy confess'd his place of birth.

That the word ἄγνωστος will bear an active signification, she proves from the scholiast upon Oedipus of Sophocles. But perhaps the context will not permit this interpretation, though we should allow that the word ἄγνωστος will bear it. The passage runs thus: Pallas cast round a veil of air, that she might make him unknown, that she might instruct him, and that his wife and friends might not know him; for thus Homer interprets ἄγνωστον in the very next line, *μη γνοῖν ἄλοχον*. It is therefore probable, that this veil had a double effect, both to render Ulysses unknown to the country, and the country to Ulysses. I am persuaded that this is the true meaning of ἄγνωστος, from the usage of it in this very book of the Odyssey.

Ἄλλ', ἄγε, σ' ἄγνωστον τιῶμαι πάνταςσι βροτοῖσι.

Here it can possibly signify nothing, but I will render thee *unknown to all mankind*; it is therefore probable, that in both places it bears the same signification.

P.

'Till the proud Suitors for their crimes afford
An ample vengeance to their injur'd lord. 230

Now all the land another prospect bore,
Another port appear'd, another shore,
And long-continu'd ways, and winding floods,
And unknown mountains, crown'd with unknown
woods.

Penfive and flow, with sudden grief oppress'd 235
The king arose, and beat his careful breast,
Cast a long look o'er all the coast and main,
And fought, around, his native realm in vain :
Then with erected eyes stood fix'd in woe,
And as he spoke, the tears began to flow. 240

Ye Gods ! (he cry'd) upon what barren coast
In what new region is Ulysses tost ?
Possess'd by wild barbarians, fierce in arms ?
Or men, whose bosom tender pity warms ?
Where shall this treasure now in safety lie ? 245
And whither, whither its sad owner fly ?
Ah why did I Alcinous' grace implore ?
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy shore ?
Some juster prince perhaps had entertain'd,
And safe restor'd me to my native land. 250

Ver. 230.] It was first given, and, I think, better :

— — — — — to *her* injur'd lord.

Ver. 249.] The wretched rhyme may be supplanted thus,
with more exactness :

Is this the promis'd, long expected coast,
 And this the faith Phæacia's rulers boast?
 Oh righteous Gods! of all the great, how few
 Are just to heav'n, and to their promise true!
 But he, the Pow'r to whose all-seeing eyes 255
 The deeds of men appear without disguise,
 'Tis his alone t'avenge the wrongs I bear:
 For still th' oppress'd are his peculiar care.
 To count these presents, and from thence to prove
 Their faith, is mine: the rest belongs to Jove. 260
 Then on the sands he rang'd his wealthy store,
 The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er:

Some *other* prince might kindly entertain,
 And safe restore me to my realms again.

The latter part of this soliloquy is meanly and negligently translated, as the reader will acknowledge.

Ver. 262. *The gold, the vests, the tripods, number'd o'er.*] The conduct of Ulysses in numbering his effects, has been censured by some Criticks as avaricious: but we find him vindicated by Plutarch in his treatise of *Reading the Poets*: "If (says that author) Ulysses finding himself in a solitary place, and ignorant of the country, and having no security even for his own person, is nevertheless chiefly solicitous for his effects, lest any part might have been stolen; his covetousness is really to be pitied and detested. But this is not the case: he counts his goods merely to prove the fidelity of the Phæacians, and to gather from it, whether they had landed him upon his own country; for it was not probable that they would expose him in a strange region, and leave his goods untouched, and by consequence reap no advantage from their dishonesty: this therefore was a proper test, from which to discover, if he was in his own country, and he deserved commendation for his wisdom in that action." P.

All these he found, but still in error lost
 Disconsolate he wanders on the coast,
 Sighs for his country, and laments again 265
 To the deaf rocks, and hoarse resounding main.
 When lo! the guardian Goddess of the wise,
 Celestial Pallas, stood before his eyes;
 In show a youthful swain, of form divine,
 Who seem'd descended from some princely
 line,
 A graceful robe her slender body drest, 271
 Around her shoulders flew the waving vest,
 Her decent hand a shining jav'lin bore,
 And painted sandals on her feet she wore.
 To whom the king. Whoe'er of human race
 Thou art, that wander'st in this desert place! 276
 With joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,
 To thee my treasures and myself commend.
 O tell a wretch in exile doom'd to stray,
 What air I breathe, what country I survey? 280

Ver. 263.] Thus, more faithfully:

All these he found entire; but still a sigh
 His bosom heav'd, still pour'd each downcast eye
 Incessant sorrows, for his native land:
 Slow creeping o'er the loud-resounding strand!

Ver. 275.] His author should have been given more fully here.
 Thus?

The king went up, enraptur'd at the view;
 Straight from his lips these eager accents flew.
 Dear friendly youth! whoe'er of human race.

The fruitful continent's extreameſt bound,
Or ſome fair iſle which Neptune's arms ſur-
round ?

From what fair clime (ſaid ſhe) remote from
fame,

Arriv'ſt thou here a ſtranger to our name ?
Thou ſeeſt an iſland, not to thoſe unknown 285
Whoſe hills are brighten'd by the riſing ſun,
Nor thoſe that plac'd beneath his utmoſt reign
Behold him ſinking in the weſtern main.
The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race ; 290
Yet not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain :
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſt'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice : 294

Ver. 286.] Miſerable rhymes ! Thus ?

Where Sol firſt blazes from his golden throne :

or,

Where Phoebus riſes on his golden throne.

The reſt of the ſpeech is finely done, though diffuſely.

Ver. 293. *The loaded trees their various fruits produce.*] No-
thing is more notorious than that an epick writer ought to give
importance and grandeur to his action as much as poſſible in every
circumſtance ; here the Poet takes an opportunity to ſet the coun-
try of Ulyſſes in the moſt advantageous light, and ſhews that it
was a prize worth the conteſt, and all the labour which Ulyſſes
beſtows to regain it. Statius is very faulty in this particular ; he
declaims againſt the deſigns he aſcribes to his heroes, he debaſes
his own ſubject, and ſhews that the great labour he puts upon
them was ill employed for ſo wretched and pitiful a kingdom as
that of Thebes. *Thebaid*, lib. i.

Woods crown our mountains, and in ev'ry grove
 The bounding goats and frisking heifers rove :
 Soft rains and kindly dews refresh the field,
 And rising springs eternal verdure yield.

“ — — Bellum est de paupere regno.”

But Ulysses was not king of Ithaca alone, but of Zacynthus, and Cephalenia, and the neighbouring islands. This appears from the second book of the Iliad, where he leads his subjects to the walls of Troy.

With those whom Cephalenia's isle inclos'd,
 Or till'd their fields along the coast oppos'd,
 Or where fair Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
 Where high Neritos shakes his waving woods,
 Where Ægilipa's rugged fides are seen,
 Crocylia rocky, and Zacynthus green.

It is true that Ithaca contains little more than fifty miles in circuit, now called Val de compare; Cephalenia is larger, and is one hundred and sixty miles in circumference: Zacynthus, now Zant, is in circuit about sixty miles, unspeakably fruitful, says Sandys, producing the best oil in the world, and excellent strong wines; but the chief riches of the island consist in Corinths, which the inhabitants of Zant have in such quantities that they know not what to do with them; for besides private gains, amounting to fifteen hundred thousand zechins, they yearly pay forty-eight thousand dollars for customs and other duties. It is impossible so little a portion of earth should be more beneficial.

This observation is necessary to shew the value of Ulysses's dominions, and that the subject of the Odyssey is not trivial and unimportant; it is likewise of use to convince us, that the domestick cares and concerns of Telemachus proceeded not from meanness, but from the manners of the age; when pomp and luxury had not yet found countenance from princes; and that when we see Eumæus, who has the charge of Ulysses's hogs, we are not to suppose him a person of low rank and fortunes, but an officer of state and trust: the riches of those ages consisting in flocks and herds, in swine and oxen.

Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd, 299
Where Troy's majestic ruins strow the ground.

At this, the chief with transport was possest,
His panting heart exulted in his breast;
Yet well dissembling his untimely joys,
And veiling truth in plausible disguise,
Thus, with an air sincere, in fiction bold, 305
His ready tale th' inventive hero told.

Oft have I heard in Crete, this island's name;
For 'twas from Crete my native soil I came,
Self-banish'd thence. I sail'd before the wind,
And left my children and my friends behind. 310
From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I flew:

Ver. 299. *Ev'n to those shores is Ithaca renown'd.*] Nothing can more raise our esteem of the judgment of Homer, than such strokes of art. Here he introduces Minerva to let Ulysses into the knowledge of his country: How does she do this? She geographically describes it to him; so that he must almost know it by the description: but still she suppresses the name, and this keeps him in a pleasing suspense; he attends to every syllable to hear her name Ithaca, which she still defers, to continue his doubts and hopes, and at last, in the very close of her speech, she indirectly mentions it. This discovery, in my judgment, is carried on with great address, and cannot fail of awakening the curiosity of the reader; and I wonder how it could escape the observation of all the commentators upon the Odyssey. P.

Ver. 301.] This line is prosaic, and the rhymes of the next couplet are not correctly just.

Ver. 304.] With an eye, perhaps, on Chapman:

— — — — — therefore he bestow'd

A veile on Truth.

Ver. 311. *From fierce Idomeneus' revenge I flew,
Whose son, the swift Orsilochus, I flew.*

With brutal force he seiz'd my Trojan prey,
Due to the toils of many a bloody day)

Eustathius observes, that this relation is not consonant to antient histories, but invented to make the disguised Ulysses more acceptable to the Suitors, should he be brought before them. For this person whom they could not know to be Ulysses, could not fail of finding favour with them, having slain the son of Idomeneus the friend of Ulysses: and though it be not recorded by the antients, yet it may be conjectured, that Orfilochus was thus slain, though not by Ulysses. If the death of Orfilochus was a story that made a noise in the world about that time, it was very artful in Ulysses to make use of it, to gain credit with this seeming Ithacan; for he relating the fact truly, might justly be believed to speak truly when he named himself the author of it, and consequently avoid all suspicion of being Ulysses. It is observable that Ulysses is very circumstantial in his story; he relates the time, the place, the manner, and the reason of his killing Orfilochus: this is done to give the story a greater air of truth; for it seems almost impossible that so many circumstances could be invented in a moment, and so well laid together as not to discover their own falsity. What he says concerning the Phæacians leaving his effects entire without any damage, is not spoken (as Eustathius observes) in vain: he extols the fidelity of the Phæacians, as an example to be imitated by this seeming Ithacensian, and makes it an argument that he should practise the same integrity, in not offering violence or fraud to his effects or person.

It is true, the manner of the death of Orfilochus is liable to some objection, as it was executed clandestinely, and not heroically, as might be expected from the valour of Ulysses: but if it was a truth that Orfilochus was killed in that manner, Ulysses could not falsify the story: but in reality he is no way concerned in it; for he speaks in the character of a Cretan, not in the person of Ulysses. P.

Ver. 312.] After this verse much of his author is omitted; and the following portion has nothing in this version, but the two couplets under our eyes, to represent it:

Unseen I 'scap'd ; and favour'd by the night 315
In a Phœnician vessel took my flight,

— — — — — who in spacious Crete
In rapid foot excell'd all men of skill :
He thought to rob me of my Trojan spoils,
For which my mind so many woes endur'd,
Conflicts with dreadful waves and fights of men.
At Troy I serv'd not for the pleasure sole
Of that man's fire, but was myself a chief.
Him, from the fields returning, with my spear
I smote, as ambush'd with a friend I lay
By the way-side. Night then o'erspread the heavens ;
By him, by all unseen, I rest his life.
That instant my sharp steel had stretch'd him dead,
A ship I fought, and with entreaties won,
And soothing presents, a Phœnician crew.

And the reader will easily discover, that the passage would fall into rhyme with ease ; but such trouble were vain and frivolous with simple narrative, except to one professedly engaged in the work. There is much imperfection in the remainder of the speech.

Ver. 316. *In a Phœnician vessel took my flight.*] The whole story of the voyages of Ulysses is related differently by Dictys Cretensis, in his History of the War of Troy : I will transcribe it, if not as a truth, yet as a curiosity.

“ About this time Ulysses arrived at Crete with two vessels
“ hired of the Phœnicians : for Telamon, enraged for the death
“ of his son Ajax, had seized upon all that belonged to Ulysses
“ and his companions, and he himself was with difficulty set at
“ liberty. While he was in Crete, Idomeneus asked him how he
“ fell into such great calamities ; to whom he recounted all his
“ adventures. He told him, that after his departure from Troy
“ he made an incursion upon Ismarus of the Ciconians, and there
“ got great booty ; then touching upon the coast of the Loto-
“ phagi, he met with ill success, and sailed away to Sicily ; there
“ Cyclops and Læstrigon, two brothers, used him barbarously ;
“ and at length he lost most of his companions through the cruelty
“ of Polypheme and Antiphates, the sons of Cyclops and Læstri-

For Pyle or Elis bound : but tempests tost
And raging billows drove us on your coast.

“ gon ; but being afterwards received into favour by Polypheme,
“ his companions attempted to carry off Arene, the king’s
“ daughter, who was fallen in love with Elpenor, one of his
“ associates ; but the affair being discovered, and Ulysses dis-
“ missed, he sailed away by the Æolian islands, and came to Circe
“ and Calypso, who were both queens of two isles ; there his
“ companions wasted some time in dalliance and pleasures : thence
“ he sailed to a people that were famed for magical incantations,
“ to learn his future fortunes. He escaped the rocks of the
“ Sirens, Scylla and Charybdis, though he there lost many of his
“ companions ; then he fell into the hands of Phœnician rovers,
“ who spared him ; and afterwards coming to Crete, he was dis-
“ missed by Idomeneus with two vessels, and arrived at the coast
“ of Alcinous, who being prevailed upon by the glory of his
“ name, entertained him courteously : from him he learned that
“ Penelope was addressed by thirty princes ; upon this, with much
“ intreaty, he persuaded Alcinous to undertake a voyage to re-
“ establish him in his territories ; they set sail together, and con-
“ cealing themselves with Telemachus till all things were con-
“ certed, they led their friends to the palace, and slew the Suitors
“ oppressed with sleep and drowziness.”

The difference between the Poet and the Historian lies chiefly in what is here said of the death of Orfilochus ; Dictys tells us, that Ulysses was entertained like a friend by Idomeneus, and Homer writes that he slew his son ; now Idomeneus cannot be supposed to have favoured the murderer of his son : but this is no objection, if we consider that Ulysses speaks not as Ulysses, but in a personated character, and therefore Orfilochus must be judged to have fallen by the hand of the person whose character Ulysses assumes ; that is, by a Cretan, and not Ulysses.

Dictys is supposed to have served under this Idomeneus, and to have wrote an History of the Trojan War in Phœnician characters ; and Tzetzes tells us, that Homer formed his poem upon his plan ; but the history now extant, published by Mrs. Le Fevre, is a counterfeit : so that what I have here translated, is inserted not as an authority, but as the opinion of an unknown writer ; and I lay no other weight upon it.

P.

In dead of night an unknown port we gain'd,
 Spent with fatigue, and slept secure on land. 320
 But ere the rosy morn renew'd the day,
 While in th' embrace of pleasing sleep I lay,
 Sudden, invited by auspicious gales,
 They land my goods, and hoist their flying sails.
 Abandon'd here, my fortune I deplore, 325
 A hapless exile on a foreign shore.

Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd maid began
 With pleasing smiles to view the God-like man:
 Then chang'd her form: and now, divinely
 bright,
 Jove's heav'nly daughter stood confess'd to fight.
 Like a fair virgin in her beauty's bloom, 331
 Skill'd in th' illustrious labours of the loom.

O still the same Ulysses! she rejoin'd,
 In useful craft successfully refin'd!
 Artful in speech, in action, and in mind! 335
 Suffic'd it not, that thy long labours past
 Secure thou seest thy native shore at last?
 But this to me? who, like thyself, excell
 In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.

Ver. 321.] This line is added by the translator.

Ver. 338. — — *Who, like thyself, excell*

In arts of counsel, and dissembling well.]

It has been objected against Homer, that he gives a degree of dissimulation to his hero, unworthy of a brave man, and an ingenuous disposition: here we have a full vindication of Ulysses, from the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom; he uses only a pru-

To me, whose wit exceeds the pow'rs divine, 340
 No less than mortals are surpass'd by thine.
 Know'st thou not me? who made thy life my
 care,
 Thro' ten years wand'ring, and thro' ten years
 war;
 Who taught thee arts, Alcinous to persuade,
 To raise his wonder, and engage his aid : 345

dent dissimulation; he is ἀρχινοός, which we may almost literally render, *master of a great presence of mind*: that is, upon every emergency he finds an immediate resource to extricate himself from it. If his dissimulation had been vicious, it would have been an absurdity to have introduced Minerva praising and recommending it; on the contrary, all disguise which consists with innocence and prudence, is so far from being mean, that it really is a praise to a person who uses it. I speak not of common life, or as if men should always act under a mask, and in disguise; that indeed betrays design and insincerity: I only recommend it as an instance how men should behave in the article of danger, when it is as reputable to elude an enemy as to defeat one.

— — “Dolus an virtus quis in hoste requirit.”

This is the character of Ulysses, who uses only such artifice as is suggested by Wisdom, such as turns to his benefit in all extremities, such as Minerva may boast to practise without a rival among the Gods, as much as Ulysses among mankind. In short, this dissimulation in war may be called stratagem and conduct, in other exigencies address and dexterity; nor is Ulysses criminal, but artful. P.

Ver. 342.] Thus, with more fidelity and a legitimate rhyme:
 Nor knew'st me Pallas, thy unvaried friend;
 Who in all toils with guardian care attend.

Ver. 344.] His original says only,
 Who gave thee grace in all Phæacia's eyes:

And now appear, thy treasures to protect,
 Conceal thy person, thy designs direct,
 And tell what more thou must from Fate expect. }
 Domestick woes far heavier to be born!
 The pride of fools, and slaves insulting scorn. 350
 But thou be silent, nor reveal thy state;
 Yield to the force of unresisted fate,
 And bear unmov'd the wrongs of base mankind,
 The last, and hardest, conquest of the mind.

Goddess of Wisdom! Ithacus replies, 355 }
 He who discerns thee must be truly wise,
 So seldom view'd, and ever in disguise! }
 When the bold Argives led their warring pow'rs,
 Against proud Ilion's well defended tow'rs;
 Ulysses was thy care, celestial maid; 360
 Grac'd with thy sight, and favour'd with thy aid.
 But when the Trojan piles in ashes lay,
 And bound for Greece we plough'd the wat'ry
 way;
 Our fleet dispers'd and driv'n from coast to coast,
 Thy sacred presence from that hour I lost: 365

so that our translator might probably glance on Dacier: "Qui
 " vous a rendu si agréable aux yeux des Pheaciens, que vous en
 " avez reçu toutes sortes d'assistances!"

Ver. 361.] So Chapman:

I have been often *with thy presence grac'd*.

Ver. 365.] The rhyme might be thus consulted:

No sacred succour from that hour I boast.

'Till I beheld thy radiant form once more,
 And heard thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.
 But, by th' almighty author of thy race,
 Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?
 For much I fear, long tracts of land and sea 370
 Divide this coast from distant Ithaca;
 The sweet delusion kindly you impose,
 To soothe my hopes, and mitigate my woes.

Thus he. The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies.
 How prone to doubt, how cautious are the
 wife! 375

Ver. 366.] Better, perhaps, and with more conformity to his author:

*'Till late I view'd thy radiant form once more,
 Chear'd by thy counsels on Phæacia's shore.*

Ver. 368.] So Chapman:

Now then, even by the author of thy birth:
 Homer says only,

Now by thy fire thy knees I beg.

Ver. 369. *Tell me, oh tell, is this my native place?*] It may appear somewhat extraordinary that Ulysses should not believe Minerva, who had already assured him that he was landed in his own country; but two answers may be given to this objection, and his doubts may be ascribed to his having lost the knowledge of it through his long absence, for that is the veil which is cast before his eyes; or to the nature of man in general, who when he desires any thing vehemently, scarce believes himself in the possession of it, even while he possesses it. Nothing is more frequent than such expressions upon the theatre, and in the transport of an unexpected happiness, we are apt to think it a delusion; from hence the fears of Ulysses arise, and they are to be imputed to his vehement love of his country, not to his unbelief. P.

Ver. 371.] Or, with a view to the rhyme:

Divide the coast of Ithaca from me.

Who, vers'd in fortune, fear the flatt'ring show,
And taste not half the bliss the Gods bestow.

The more shall Pallas aid thy just desires,
And guard the wisdom which her self inspires.

Others, long absent from their native place, 380
Straight seek their home, and fly with eager
pace

To their wives arms, and children's dear embrace.

Not thus Ulysses: he decrees to prove
His subjects faith, and queen's suspected love;
Who mourn'd her lord twice ten revolving
years, 385

And wastes the days in grief, the nights in tears.

But Pallas knew (thy friends and navy lost,)

Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy coast:

Ver. 377.] There is nothing in his author resembling this. Chapman, I presume, might occasion this interpolation, though I do not profess to understand the passage, which might impel our translator to such addition:

And therefore, have no more the power, to see
Fraile life more plagu'd with infelicitie.

Ver. 385.] Why he should have written *mourn'd* rather than *mourns*, I cannot devise. The following lines are much closer to the original:

Who, pining still, at home her station keeps;
By night, by day, her eyes in sorrow steep.

Ver. 387.] Improper rhymes. Thus?
But, all thy comrades lost, thyself I knew
Design'd the long lost Ithaca to view.

Yet how could I with adverse fate engage,
 And mighty Neptune's unrelenting rage? 390
 Now lift thy longing eyes, while I restore
 The pleasing prospect of thy native shore.
 Behold the port of Phorcys! fenc'd around
 With rocky mountains, and with olives crown'd.
 Behold the gloomy grot! whose cool recess 395
 Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring seas:
 Whose now-neglected altars, in thy reign,
 Blush'd with the blood of sheep and oxen slain.
 Behold! where Neritus the clouds divides,
 And shakes the waving forests on his sides. 400
 So spake the Goddess, and the prospect clear'd,
 The mists dispers'd, and all the coast appear'd.

Ver. 389.] He seems to have glanced on Ogilby:

But not against my uncle durst *engage*,

Whose bosom burns with *unextinguish'd* rage.

And here our translator omits, after Ogilby, a portion of his author, which may be thus exhibited:

Thy hand presumptuous o'er his offspring's fight
 Shed the dire gloom of everlasting night.

Ver. 393.] Compare verse 122 of this book.

Ver. 394.] Thus Ogilby:

Crown'd with a spreading olive, like a wood.

Ver. 400.] Chapman renders:

Here mount Nerytus *shakes* his curled tress
 Of shady woods:

from whom, or Ogilby, he derived his vicious accent of the *proper* name. Homer's verse is this:

This is mount Neritus, in robes of wood.

The king with joy confess'd his place of birth,
 And on his knees salutes his mother earth :
 Then with his suppliant hands upheld in air, 405
 Thus to the sea-green sisters sends his pray'r.

All hail ! Ye virgin daughters of the main !
 Ye streams, beyond my hopes beheld again !
 To you once more your own Ulysses bows ;
 Attend his transports, and receive his vows ! 410
 If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas crown
 The growing virtues of my youthful son,
 To you shall rites divine be ever paid,
 And grateful off'rings on your altars laid. 414
 Thus then Minerva. From that anxious breast
 Dismiss those cares, and leave to heav'n the rest.
 Our task be now thy treasur'd stores to save,
 Deep in the close recesses of the cave :

Ver. 405.] Write rather, to banish an ungrammatical formation,
 — — — — — *uprais'd* in air.

Ver. 408.] That exception, lately made, extends to this verse
 also : nor is the sense faithful. Thus ?

Ye Naiad Nymphs ! sweet objects of my love !
 Seen all unhop'd for ; progeny of Jove !

Ver. 411.] The following substitution has a rhyme somewhat
 more correct, and greater fidelity ; but no more can be said in its
 favour :

If Jove prolong my days, and Pallas rear
 To his full growth of virtue my lov'd heir —.

Ver. 417.] Thus Hobbes :

But come, let's now see how your goods to save
 Now presently. 'Twere well that they were laid
 Within some rock at bottom of the cave :

Then future means consult—she spoke, and trod
 The shady grot, that brighten'd with the God.
 The closest caverns of the grot she sought; 421
 The gold, the brass, the robes, Ulysses brought;
 These in the secret gloom the chief dispos'd;
 The entrance with a rock the Goddess clos'd.

Now, seated in the olive's sacred shade, 425
 Confer the hero and the martial Maid.
 The Goddess of the azure eyes began:
 Son of Laertes! much-experienc'd man!
 The suitor-train thy early'ft care demand,
 Of that luxurious race to rid the land: 430
 Three years thy house their lawless rule has seen,
 And proud addresses to the matchless queen.
 But she thy absence mourns from day to day,
 And inly bleeds, and silent wastes away:
 Elusive of the bridal hour, she gives 435
 Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

from Chapman, perhaps, below:

Thus entred she the light-excluding *cave*;
 And through it sought some inmost nooke to *save*
 The gold, the great brasse, and robes richly wrought,
 Given to Ulysses. All which in he *brought*.

Ver. 420.] The lively and agreeable thought, in the latter part of the verse, is due to the translator only.

Ver. 430.] Thus, more conformably to his author's language:
 That shameless race must feel th' avenging hand.

Ver. 434.] Rather, perhaps,

— — — — and wastes in *tears* away.

Ver. 435.] The rhyme is imperfect. The following couplet

To this Ulysses. Oh celestial maid !
 Prais'd be thy counsel, and thy timely aid :
 Else had I seen my native walls in vain,
 Like great Atrides, just restor'd and slain. 440
 Vouchsafe the means of vengeance to debate,
 And plan with all thy arts the scene of fate.
 Then, then be present, and my soul inspire,
 As when we wrapt Troy's heav'n-built walls in fire.
 Tho' leagu'd against me hundred heroes stand,
 Hundreds shall fall, if Pallas aid my hand. 446

does not fail in this respect, and is much more faithful to Homer's sense :

Fond hopes to all she gives, to all she sends
 Fair words ; elsewhere her heart, her purpose, bends.

Ver. 440.] Or thus ?

Returning, like Atrides, to be slain.

Ver. 444.] Homer says,

As when we loost the battlements of Troy :
 so that our Poet might have his eye on Chapman :
 — — — — as when th' Ilion towres
 We tore in cinders.

Ver. 445.] *Tho' leagu'd against me hundreds, &c.*] Nothing is more judicious than this conduct in Homer ; the whole number of Suitors are to be slain by a few hands, which might shock our reason if it were related suddenly, without any preparation to shew us the probability of it : this is the intent of Homer in this and various other places of the *Odyssey* : he softens the relation, and reconciles us to it by such insertions, before he describes that great event. The antients (says Eustathius) would not here allow Ulysses to speak hyperbolically ; he is that hero whom we have already seen in the *Iliad* resist whole bands of Trojans, when the Greeks were repulsed, where he slew numbers of enemies, and sustained their assaults till he was disengaged by Ajax. Besides, there is an excellent moral in what Ulysses speaks ; it contains

She answer'd : In the dreadful day of fight
 Know I am with thee, strong in all my might.
 If thou but equal to thyself be found,
 What gasping numbers then shall press the
 ground ! 450

What human victims stain the feastful floor !
 How wide the pavements float with guilty gore !
 It fits thee now to wear a dark disguise,
 And secret walk, unknown to mortal eyes.
 For this my hand shall wither ev'ry grace, 455
 And ev'ry elegance of form and face,
 O'er thy smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread,
 Turn hoar the auburn honours of thy head,
 Disfigure ev'ry limb with coarse attire,
 And in thy eyes extinguish all the fire ; 460

this certain truth, (adds Dacier) that a man assisted by heaven,
 has not only nothing to fear, but is assured to triumph over all
 the united powers of mankind. P.

Ver. 451.] Thus Ogilby :

And make no doubt, we shall with brains and gore,
 Of those devour thee, stain thy palace floor.

Ver. 452. *How wide the pavements float with guilty gore !*] The
 words in the Greek are ἄσπιλον ἕδρα, which Eustathius imagines to
 signify the land of Ithaca ; for the hall even of a palace is too
 narrow to be stiled *immense* or ἄσπιλον. But this contradicts the
 matter of fact, as appears from the place where the Suitors were
 slain, which was not in the fields of Ithaca, but in the palace of
 Ulysses : ἄσπιλον really signifies large or spacious ; and a palace
 that could entertain at one time so great a number of Suitors
 might be called vast or ἄσπιλος, which Hesychius interprets by
 λίαν πολὺς, μέγας. Dacier. P.

Add all the wants and the decays of life,
 Estrange thee from thy own, thy son, thy wife ;
 From the loath'd object ev'ry sight shall turn,
 And the blind suitors their destruction scorn.

Go first the master of thy herds to find, 465
 True to his charge, a loyal swain and kind :
 For thee he sighs ; and to the royal heir
 And chaste Penelope extends his care.
 At the Coracian rock he now resides,
 Where Arethusa's fable water glides ; 470

Ver. 462.] Our translator seems to have consulted Chapman here :

— — — — and so change
 Thy forme at all parts, that thou shalt be *strange*
 To all the wooers ; *thy yong sonne, and wife.*
 But to thy herdsmen first present thy *life.*

And I should prefer some change like the following :

Loath'd by the suitors, by thy son, and wife ;
 with a banishment of the succeeding couplet, whose rhymes are
 bad, and whose sense superfluous.

Ver. 465. *Go first the master of thy herds to find.*] There are many reasons why this injunction was necessary : the hero of a Poem ought never to be out of sight, never out of action : neither is Ulysses idle in this recess ; he goes thither to acquaint himself with the condition of his affairs, both publick and domestick : he there lays the plan for the destruction of the Suitors, enquires after their numbers, and the state of Penelope and Telemachus. Besides, he here resides in full security and privacy, 'till he has prepared all things for the execution of the great event of the whole Odyssey. P.

Ver. 469. — — *Coracian rock* — —] This rock was so called from a young man whose name was Corax, who in pursuit of an hare fell from it and broke his neck : Arethusa his mother hearing of the accident, hanged herself by the fountain, which afterwards took its name from her, and was called Arethusa. *Eustathius.* P.

The fable water and the copious mast
 Swell the fat herd ; luxuriant, large repast !
 With him, rest peaceful in the rural cell,
 And all you ask his faithful tongue shall tell.
 Me into other realms my cares convey, 475
 To Sparta, still with female beauty gay :
 For know, to Sparta, thy lov'd offspring came,
 To learn thy fortunes from the voice of Fame.

At this the father, with a father's care.
 Must he too suffer : he, oh Goddess ! bear 480 }
 Of wand'rings and of woes a wretched share ? }
 Thro' the wild ocean plough the dang'rous way,
 And leave his fortunes and his house a prey ?
 Why would'st not thou, oh all-enlighten'd mind !
 Inform him certain, and protect him, kind ? 485

To whom Minerva. Be thy soul at rest ;
 And know, whatever heav'n ordains, is best.
 To Fame I sent him, to acquire renown :
 To other regions is his virtue known.

Ver. 479.] This paragraph is very elegantly rendered.

Ver. 487.] A feeble line ! unauthorized by his original. I should compress these *four* verses into a couplet thus : (for the rhymes of the latter are not to be admired)

Then Pallas : From thy breast dismiss that care :

To gain renown, I led, and guard him there.

The same word indeed is employed in the rhyme not far above ; but our translator is unnecessarily diffuse in that place also, and might be corrected, as follows, with advantage to fidelity :

Ulysses then : Must he too, Goddess ! bear

Of wandrings — ?

Secure he sits, near great Atrides plac'd ; 490
 With friendships strengthen'd, and with honours
 grac'd.

But lo ! an ambush waits his passage o'er ;
 Fierce foes insidious intercept the shore :
 In vain ! far sooner all the murth'rous brood
 This injur'd land shall fatten with their blood.

She spake, then touch'd him with her pow'rful
 wand : 496

The skin shrunk up, and wither'd at her hand :
 A swift old age o'er all his members spread ;
 A sudden frost was sprinkled on his head ;
 Nor longer in the heavy eye-ball shin'd 500
 The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
 His robe, which spots indelible besmear,
 In rags dishonest flutters with the air :

Ver. 496.] As Ogilby :

Thus saying, the Goddess *touch'd him with her wand.*

Ver. 499.] Homer says,

And from his head destroy'd his auburn locks :

so that here also our Poet probably was indebted to Ogilby :

His golden hair *a suddain frost* did hoar.

Ver. 502. *His robe which spots indelible besmear, &c.*] I doubt not but Homer draws after the life. We have the whole equipage and accoutrements of a beggar, yet so drawn by Homer, as even to retain a nobleness and dignity ; let any person read the description, and he will be convinced of it ; what can be more lofty and sonorous than this verse ?

Ῥωγαλία, ῥυπόωντα κακῶ μιμορυσμένα καπνῶ.

It is no humility to say that a translator must fall short of the original in such passages ; the Greek language has words noble

A stag's torn hide is lapt around his reins ;
 A rugged staff his trembling hand sustains ; 505
 And at his side a wretched scrip was hung,
 Wide patch'd, and knotted to a twisted thong.
 So look'd the chief, so mov'd ! To mortal eyes
 Object uncouth ! a man of miseries !
 While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air, 510
 To Sparta flies, Telemachus her care.

and founding to express all subjects, which are wanting in our tongue ; all that is to be expected is to keep the diction from appearing mean or ridiculous. They are greatly mistaken who impute this disguise of Ulysses in the form of a beggar, as a fault to Homer ; there is nothing either absurd or mean in it ; for the way to make a king undiscoverable, is to dress him as unlike himself as possible. David counterfeited madness, as Ulysses poverty, and neither of them ought to lie under any imputation ; it is easy to vindicate Homer, from the disguise of the greatest persons and generals in history, upon the like emergencies ; but there is no occasion for it. P.

Ver. 508.] This couplet is interpolated by the translator.

Ver. 510. *While Pallas, cleaving the wide fields of air
 To Sparta flies — —*]

Homer is now preparing to turn the relation from Ulysses to Telemachus, whom we left at Sparta with Menelaus in the fourth book of the Odyssey. He has been long out of sight, and we have heard none of his actions ; Telemachus is not the hero of the poem : he is only an under agent, and consequently the Poet was at liberty to omit any or all of his adventures, unless such as have a necessary connexion with the story of the Odyssey, and contribute to the re-establishment of Ulysses ; by this method likewise Homer gives variety to his poetry, and breaks or gathers up the thread of it, as it tends to diversify the whole : we may consider an epick poem as a spacious garden, where there are to be different walks and views, lest the eye should be tired with too great a regularity and uniformity : the chief avenue ought to be

the most ample and noble, but there should be by-walks to retire into sometimes for our ease and refreshment. The Poet thus gives us several openings to draw us forward with pleasure; and though the great event of the poem be chiefly in view, yet he sometimes leads us aside into other short passages which end in it again, and bring us with pleasure to the conclusion of it. Thus, for instance, Homer begins with the story of Telemachus and the Suitors; then he leaves them a-while, and more largely lays before us the adventures of Ulysses, the hero of his poem; when he has satisfied the curiosity of the reader by a full narration of what belongs to him, he returns to Telemachus and the Suitors: at length he unites the two stories, and proceeds directly to the end of the *Odyssey*. Thus, all the collateral and indirect passages fall into one center, and main point of view. The eye is continually entertained with some new object, and we pass on from incident to incident, not only without fatigue, but with pleasure and admiration. P.

His author may be thus literally given:

They part, so counselling: to Sparta she

In quest of young Telemachus was gone,

He from the harbour — —,

as the connection must be fetched from the next book. Milton had in view either this passage, or *Iliad* A. 531. at *Par. Lost*, viii. the end:

So parted they; the angel up to heaven

From the thick shade, and Adam to his bower.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

FOURTEENTH BOOK

ODYSSEY

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conversation with Eumæus.

ULYSSES arrives in disguise at the house of Eumæus, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The several discourses of that faithful old servant, with the feigned story told by Ulysses to conceal himself, and other conversations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

P.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Convention with Russia.

Ukraine's position is difficult at the hands of Russia, where he is received, entertained, and lodged, with the utmost hospitality. The former difficulty of that faithful old servant, with the blood shed by Uffor to conceal himself, and other considerations on various subjects, take up this entire book.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

WE see in this book the character of a faithful, wise, benevolent old man in Eumæus; one happily innocent, unambitious, and wholly employed in rural affairs. The whole interview between Ulysses and Eumæus has fallen into ridicule; Eumæus has been judged to be of the same rank and condition with our modern swineherds. But herds and flocks were then kept and attended by the sons of kings; thus Paris watched the flocks of Priam in the groves of Ida, and the same is said of many of the heroes in the Iliad; these offices were places of dignity, and filled by persons of birth; and such was Eumæus, descended from a prince, named Ctesius: thus the master of the horse is a post of honour in modern ages.

It is in poetry, as in painting; where the artist does not confine himself to draw only gods or heroes, palaces and princes; but he frequently employs his pencil in representing landscapes, rural scenes, groves, cottages, and shepherds tending their flocks.

There is a passage in Monsieur Boileau's reflections upon Longinus, which fully vindicates all the places of Homer that have been censured as low and too familiar. "There is nothing (observes that author) that more disgraces a composition than the use of *vulgar words*: a mean thought expressed in noble terms, is generally more taking than a noble thought debased by mean terms: the reason is, every person cannot judge of the justness and strength of a thought, but there are very few, especially in living languages, who are not shocked at mean words: and yet almost all writers fall into this fault. Longinus accuses Herodotus, the most polite of all the Greek historians, of this defect; and Livy, Sallust, and Virgil, have fallen under the same imputation. Is it not then very surprising that no reproach upon this account has fallen upon Homer? especially, though he has composed two large poems, and though no author has descended more frequently into the detail of little particularities; yet he never uses terms which are not noble, or if he uses humble words or phrases, it is with so much art, that, as Dionysius Halicarnassus observes, they become noble and harmonious. We may learn from hence the ignorance of those modern criticks, who judge of the Greek without the

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

“ knowledge of it; and having never read Homer but in low
 “ and inelegant translations, impute the meannesses of the trans-
 “ lator to the Poet. Besides, the words of different languages
 “ are not exactly correspondent, and it often happens, that an
 “ expression which is noble in the Greek cannot be rendered in
 “ a version but by words that are either mean in the sound or
 “ usage. Thus *asus*, and *asinus* in Latin, are mean to the last de-
 “ gree; though *θεός* in the Greek be used in the most magnificent
 “ descriptions, and has nothing mean in it; in like manner the
 “ terms *hogherd* and *cowkeeper*, are not to be used in our poetry;
 “ but there are no finer words in the Greek language than *βέκλος*
 “ and *σώωτης*; and Virgil, who entitles his Eclogues *Bucolicks* in
 “ the Roman tongue, would have been ashamed to call them in
 “ our language *the Dialogues of Cowkeepers*.”

Homer himself convinces us of the truth of this observation;
 nay, one would imagine that he intended industriously to force
 it upon our notice; for he frequently calls Eumæus *Ὀρχαμος ἀνδρῶν*
 or *prince of men*; and his common epithet is *θεῖος* or *δῖος ὑφορβός*.
 Homer would not have applied these appellations to him, if he
 had not been a person of dignity; it being the same title that he
 bestows upon his greatest heroes, Ulysses or Achilles. P.

THE
FOURTEENTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

BUT he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains
stray'd,
Thro' mazy thickets of the woodland shade,

N O T E S.

Ver. 1. *But he, deep-musing, o'er the mountains stray'd.*] I shall transcribe the observation of Dionysius Halicarnassus upon the first verses in this book. The same method, remarks that author, makes both prose and verse beautiful; which consists in these three things, the judicious coaptation and ranging of the words, the position of the members and parts of the verse, and the various measure of the periods. Whoever would write elegantly, must have regard to the different turn and juncture of every period, there must be proper distances and pauses; every verse must be a complete sentence, but broken and interrupted, and the parts made unequal, some longer, some shorter, to give a variety of cadence to it. Neither the turn of the parts of the verse, nor the

And cavern'd ways, the shaggy coast along,
With cliffs and nodding forests over-hung.

length, ought to be alike. This is absolutely necessary: for the epick or heroick verse is of a fixed determinate length, and we cannot, as in the lyrick, make one longer, and another shorter; therefore to avoid an identity of cadence, and a perpetual return of the same periods, it is requisite to contract, lengthen, and interrupt the pause and structure of the members of the verses, to create an harmonious inequality, and out of a fixed number of syllables to raise a perpetual diversity. For instance,

Αὐτὰρ ὃ ἰκ' λιμένῃ προσέειπε τρηχιῖαν ἀταρπύον.

Here one line makes one sentence; the next is shorter,

Χῶρον ἂν' ὑλήεντα — —

The next is still shorter,

— — δι' ἄκριας — —

The next sentence composes two hemysticks,

— — Ἡ οἱ Ἀθήνη

Πίφραδε δῖον ἑφορῶν — —

and is entirely unlike any of the preceding periods.

— — Ὅ οἱ βιότοιο μάλιστα

Κήδε' οἰκῶν ἔς κλισίῳ δῖο Ὀδυσσεύς.

Here again the sentence is not finished with the former verse, but breaks into the fourth line; and lest we should be out of breath, with the length of the sentence, the period and the verse conclude together at the end of it.

Then Homer begins a new sentence, and makes it pause differently from any of the former.

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ἐν προδρόμῳ εὖρ' ἤμεινον — —

Then he adds,

— — Ἐνθά οἱ αὐλὴ

Ἵψ' ἡλὴν δέδμητο — —

This is perfectly unequal to the foregoing period, and the pause of the sentence is carried forward into the second verse; and what then follows is neither distinguished by the pauses nor parts periodically, but almost at every word there is a stop.

— — Περὶ σκέπῳ ἐνὶ χώρῳ,

Καλῆτι μίσγ' ἄλγῃσι.

Eumæus at his silvan lodge he fought, 5
 A faithful servant, and without a fault.
 Ulysses found him busied, as he sat
 Before the threshold of his rustick gate;
 Around, the mansion in a circle shone;
 A rural portico of rugged stone: 10
 (In absence of his lord, with honest toil
 His own industrious hands had rais'd the pile)

No doubt but Homer was a perfect master of numbers; a man can no more be a poet than a musician, without a good ear, as we usually express it. It is true, that versification is but the mechanism of poetry, but it sets off good sense to the best advantage; it is a colouring that enlivens the portrait, and makes even a beauty more agreeable.

I will conclude this note, with observing what Mr. Dryden says of these two lines of Cowper's Hill.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull,
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

" There are few, (says he) who make verses, that have observed
 " the sweetness of these lines, and fewer who can find the reason
 " of it." But I believe no one will be at a loss to solve the difficulty who considers this observation of Dionysius: and I doubt not but the chief sweetness arises from the judicious and harmonious pauses of the several periods of the verses; not to mention the happy choice of the words, in which there is scarce one rough consonant, many liquids, and those liquids softened with a multitude of vowels. P.

Ver. 3.] These rhymes, and the rhymes in general throughout this introduction, are remarkably defective. I cannot much recommend the following couplet, nor can I pretend to substitute for every imperfection: otherwise, something like it, with happier execution, would agreeably supplant this and the next couplet, without any insincerity to the original:

The swine-herd's lodge (so Pallas shew'd) to see;
 Among the faithless faithful only he.

Ver. 11.] Chapman is more exact and compleat:

The wall was stone from neighb'ring quarries
borne,

Encircled with a fence of native thorn,
And strong with pales, by many a weary stroke 15
Of stubborn labour hewn from heart of oak;
Frequent and thick. Within the space were
rear'd

Twelve ample cells, the lodgements of his herd.
Full fifty pregnant females each contain'd;
The males without (a smaller race) remain'd; 20
Doom'd to supply the Suitors wasteful feast,
A stock by daily luxury decreast;
Now scarce four hundred left. These to de-
fend,
Four savage dogs, a watchful guard, attend.

— — — — which the swain
(In absence of his far-gonne sovereigne)
Had built himself, without his queen's supply,
Or old Laertes.

Ver. 17.] So Chapman:

And compass all the hedge, with *pales* cleft out
Of fable oake; that here and there he fixt
Frequent and thicke.

Ver. 18.] Here our poet makes use of Ogilby:
Twelve *ample styes*—.

Ver. 20.] To prevent ambiguity, I would thus correct:
The males without (a *scantier* race) remain'd.

Ver. 23.] Ogilby, with the other translators, preserves his
author's number to exactness:

Three hundred yet and sixty there remain'd.

Here sat Eumæus, and his cares apply'd 25
 To form strong buskins of well-season'd hide.

Ver. 25. *Here sat Eumæus, and his cares apply'd, &c.*] I doubt not but this employment of Eumæus has been another cause of the mean character that has been formed of his condition: but this mistake arises from our judging of the dignity of men from the employments they followed three thousand years past, by the notions we have of those employments at present; and because they are now only the occupation of the vulgar, we imagine that they were so formerly: kings and princes in the earlier ages of the world laboured in arts and occupations, and were above nothing that tended to promote the conveniencies of life; they performed that with their own hands, which we now perform by those of our servants: if this were not so, the cookery of Achilles in the Iliad would equally disparage that hero, as this employment would disgrace Eumæus in the Odyssey: arts were then in their infancy, and were honourable to the practisers: thus Ulysses builds a vessel with his own hands, as skilfully as a shipwright.

Besides, even at this day arts are in high esteem in the oriental world, and are practised by the greatest personages. Every man in Turkey is of some trade; Sultan Achmet was a maker of ivory rings, which the Turks wear upon their thumbs when they shoot their arrows, and in this occupation he worked several hours daily; and another of their emperors was deposed, because he refused to work in his occupation.

It must be confessed that our translations have contributed to give those who are unacquainted with the Greek, a mean idea of Eumæus. This place is thus rendered by two of his translators.

Himself there sat ord'ring a pair of brogues,

Of a py'd bullock's skin — —

Himself was leather to his foot applying,

Made of a good cow-hide well coloured.

Whereas Homer is as lofty and harmonious, as these are flat and inelegant.

Αὐτὸς δ' ἀμφὶ πόδεσσιν ἰοῖς ἀράρισκε πέδιλα

Τάμων δέρμα βόειον, εὐχρὸς.

It is true, a translator in such places as these has an hard task; a language like the Greek, which is always flowing, musical,

Of four assistants who his labour share,
 Three now were absent on the rural care ;
 The fourth drove victims to the suitor train :
 But he, of antient faith, a simple swain, 30
 Sigh'd, while he furnish'd the luxurious board,
 And weary'd heav'n with wishes for his lord.

Soon as Ulysses near th' enclosure drew,
 With open mouths the furious mastives flew :
 Down sat the sage ; and cautious to withstand, 35
 Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.

and sonorous, is very difficult to be imitated in other tongues, especially where the corresponding words are not equally significant and graceful.

In short, the reader is to consider this whole description as a true picture of antient life ; and then he will not fail of the pleasure of knowing how the great men of antient times passed their lives, and how those heroes, who performed such noble parts on the publick stage of life, acted in private when withdrawn from notice and observation. Those ages retained an universal simplicity of manners : Telemachus and Eumæus have both dogs for their attendants ; nay, and in later times, before luxury prevailed among the Romans, we read of a dictator brought from the plough, to lead the bravest soldiers in the world to conquer it. P.

Ver. 30.] These *three* verses are an impertinent appendage, void of elegance, from the translator. They may be spared thus, with advantage to fidelity :

Compell'd, he late had sent another swain
 To drive a victim for the suitor-train.

Ver. 34.] So Chapman :

— — — — — and upon him flew

With open mouth.

Ver. 35. *Down sat the sage ; and cautious to withstand,
 Let fall th' offensive truncheon from his hand.]*

Homer has been censured for representing his hero unworthily.

Sudden, the master runs; aloud he calls;
 And from his hasty hand the leather falls;
 With show'rs of stones he drives them far
 away;
 The scatt'ring dogs around at distance bay. 40

Is it probable that he who had met whole armies in battle, should now throw away his staff out of fear of a dog? that he should abandon his defence by casting himself on the ground, and leave himself to his mercy? But Eustathius fully vindicates Ulysses. It is a natural defence to avert the fury of a dog, to cast away our weapons, to shew that we intend him no violence. Pliny has the like observation in the eighth book of his Natural History: *Impetus canum & servitia mitigatur ab homine humi confidente.*

All that Homer says of the dogs, is imitated by Theocritus, Idyll. xxv. v. 68.

Θεισπίσιον δ' ὑλάοντες ἐπιδραμον ἄλλοθεν ἄλλῃ
 Τὲς μὲν ὄγε λάισσιν ἀπὸ χθονὸς ὅσσοι αἰήων
 Φεύγεμεν ἅψ' ὀπίσω διδίσσῃο, &c.

What Homer speaks of Ulysses, Theocritus applies to Hercules; a demonstration that he thought it to be a picture of nature, and therefore inserted it in that heroick Idyllium. P.

Ver. 37. *Sudden, the master runs, &c.*] This is thought to be an adventure that really happened to the Poet himself; it is related in the life of Homer ascribed to Herodotus. Thestorides having persuaded Homer to permit him to transcribe his verses, he immediately removed to Chios, and proclaimed himself the author: Homer being informed of it, set sail for Chios, and landing near it, he was in danger of being torn in pieces by the dogs of Glaucus, who protected him, and received him hospitably: the Poet in return laboured to reward his kindness, by relating to him the most curious of his adventures that had happened in the course of his voyages. When therefore (adds Dacier) we see Ulysses entertained by Eumæus, we have the satisfaction of imagining we see Homer himself in discourse with his courteous friend Glaucus. P.

Unhappy stranger ! (thus the faithful swain
 Began with accent gracious and humane)
 What sorrow had been mine, if at my gate
 Thy rev'rend age had met a shameful fate ?
 Enough of woes already have I known ; 45
 Enough my master's sorrows, and my own.

Ver. 41. — — *Thus the faithful swain, &c.*] The words in the Greek are *δῖος ὑποφῶδης*, literally rendered, *the divine swineherd*, which are burlesque in modern languages, and would have been no less in Greek, if the person of Eumæus had not been honourable, and his office a station of dignity: for the sole reason why such a translation would now be ridiculous, is because such employments are now fallen into contempt. Let any person ask this question, Would Homer have applied the epithet *divine* to a modern swineherd? If he would not, it is an evidence that Eumæus was a man of consequence, and his post a place of honour; otherwise Homer would have been guilty of burlesquing his own poetry.

Dacier very well remarks, that the words Eumæus here speaks, and indeed his whole conversation shew him to be a person of a good education, and of noble and pious sentiments; he discovers a natural and flowing eloquence, and appears to be a man of great humanity and wisdom.

There is a peculiarity in Homer's manner of apostrophizing Eumæus, and speaking of him in the second person; it is generally applied by that Poet only to men of account and distinction, and by it the Poet, as it were, addresses them with respect; thus in the Iliad he introduces Menelaus,

Οὐδὲ σέθεν, Μενέλαϊ, θεοὶ ἰλάσθησιν,

— — Τόνδε προσίφη; Πατρόκλῃ.

This enlivens the diction, and awakens the attention of the reader. Eustathius observes that Eumæus is the only person of whom Homer thus speaks in the whole Odyssey. No doubt (continues that author) he does it out of love of this benevolent old servant of Ulysses; and to honour and distinguish his fidelity. P.

While here, (ungrateful task !) his herds I feed,
 Ordain'd for lawless rioters to bleed ;
 Perhaps supported at another's board,
 Far from his country roams my hapless lord ! 50
 Or sigh'd in exile forth his latest breath,
 Now cover'd with th' eternal shade of death !

But enter this my homely roof, and see
 Our woods not void of hospitality. 54
 Then tell me whence thou art ? and what the share
 Of woes and wand'ring thou wert born to bear ?

He said, and seconding the kind request,
 With friendly step precedes his unknown guest ;
 A shaggy goat's soft hide beneath him spread,
 And with fresh rushes heap'd an ample bed. 60
 Joy touch'd the hero's tender soul, to find
 So just reception from a heart so kind :
 And oh, ye Gods ! with all your blessings grace
 (He thus broke forth) this friend of human race !

Ver. 49.] Chapman is preferable in point of accuracy :
 Where he, perhaps, err's hungry up and downe,
 In countries, nations, cities, all unknowne ;
 If any where he lives yet, and doth see
 The sunnes sweet beames.

Thus :

He the wide world, in want perhaps, may range ;
 Unknown the people, and their language strange :
 May range, if yet he live ! if yet the light
 Of day's all-cheering Ruler blefs his sight !

Ver. 64.] Ogilby is precise to his author's words :
 VOL. III. U

The swain reply'd. It never was our guise 65
 To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
 For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,
 'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.
 Little, alas! is all the good I can;
 A man oppress'd, dependant, yet a man: 70
 Accept such treatment as a swain affords,
 Slave to the insolence of youthful lords!
 Far hence is by unequal Gods remov'd
 That man of bounties, loving and belov'd!

O! Jove, and all you Gods, grant his request
 Whate'er; who now so kindly treats his guest:

so that our poet treads in the steps of Chiapman, who thus concludes this short ejaculation:

O, friend, to humane hospitality.

Ver. 66. *To slight the poor, or aught humane despise;
 For Jove unfolds our hospitable door,*

'Tis Jove that sends the stranger and the poor.]

This passage contains an admirable lecture of morality and humanity. The person who best understood the beauty of it, and best explained the precepts it comprehends, was Epictetus, from whom Monsieur Dacier furnishes us with this explication from Arrian: "Keep (says that author) continually in thy memory, what Eumæus speaks in Homer to the disguised Ulysses." *O friend, it is unlawful to despise the stranger; speak thus to thy brother, father, and neighbour: it is my duty to use you with benevolence, tho' your circumstances were meaner than they are; for you come from God.* Here we see Epictetus borrowing his morality from Homer; and philosophy embellished with the ornaments of poetry. Indeed there is scarce any writer of name among all the antients that has not been obliged to Homer, whether moralists, poets, philosophers, or legislators. P.

Ver. 72.] Ogilby renders:

Still fearing young and domineering lords:
 and Chapman's version at this place has considerable merit.

To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd, 75
 And more, had Fate allow'd, had been bestow'd:
 But Fate condemn'd him to a foreign shore;
 Much have I sorrow'd, but my master more.
 Now cold he lies, to death's embrace resign'd:
 Ah perish Helen! perish all her kind! 80

Ver. 75. *To whom whate'er his slave enjoys is ow'd,
 And more, had Fate allow'd, — —]*

This passage has been greatly mistaken by almost all who have translated Homer: the words at first view seem to imply that Ulysses had given Eumæus a wife, a house, and an inheritance; but this is not the meaning. The words are thus to be rendered; "Ulysses (says Eumæus) greatly loved me, and gave me a possession, and such things as an indulgent master gives a faithful servant; namely, a wife, inheritance, and an house." These gifts are to be applied to Ἀναξ εὐθυμος, and not to Ulysses; and the sentence means, that it is the custom of good kings in that manner to reward their faithful servants. It is very evident from Homer, that Ulysses had not yet given a wife to Eumæus; for he promises him and Philætius all these rewards, lib. xxi. of the Odyssey.

Ἀξομαι ἀμφοτέροις ἀλόχους, καὶ κτήματ' ὅπασσιν,
 Οἰκία τ' ἰγὺς ἐμὴν τέλειμένα, καὶ μοι ἱππῖδα
 Τηλεμάχῳ ἰτάρῳ τε, κασιγνήτῳ τε ἰσιόθῳ.

It appears therefore that Eumæus was not married, and therefore this whole period is to be applied to the word Ἀναξ, and not to Ulysses. *Eustathius.*

I will only add, that in the above-mentioned verses Ulysses promises that Eumæus shall be the companion and brother of Telemachus; an instance, that he was not a vulgar person whom Ulysses thus honours, by making him allied to the royal family. P.

Ver. 76.] This repetition is inelegant. I should prefer:

And more, *if* Fate *so* will'd, had been bestow'd.

But there is no suitable adherence to the original in this speech.

For whose curs'd cause, in Agamemnon's name,
He trod so fatally the paths of Fame.

His vest succinct then girding round his waist,
Forth rush'd the swain with hospitable haste,
Straight to the lodgements of his herd he run, 85
Where the fat porkers slept beneath the sun;
Of two, his cutlafs launch'd the spouting blood;
These quarter'd, sing'd, and fix'd on forks of wood,
All hasty on the hissing coals he threw;
And smoking back the tasteful viands drew, 90
Broachers and all; then on the board display'd
The ready meal, before Ulysses laid
With flour imbrown'd; next mingled wine yet
new,

And luscious as the bee's nectareous dew:
Then fat companion of the friendly feast, 95
With open look; and thus bespoke his guest.

Take with free welcome what our hands pre-
pare,
Such food as falls to simple servants share;

Ver. 85.] He should have written *ran*; and the *sun* of the next line is a most contemptible botch for the sake of rhyme. Thus?

Warm with benevolence, he urg'd his way
Where the fat porkers in their lodgement lay.

Ogilby is not much amiss:

This said, he guirds his coat, and forth he hies;
Then choos'ing two *fat porkers* from their styes —.

Ver. 93. *With flour imbrown'd* — —] We find here a custom of antiquity: this flour was made of parched corn; when the

The best our lords consume; those thoughtless
 peers,
 Rich without bounty, guilty without fears! 100
 Yet sure the Gods their impious acts detest,
 And honour justice and the righteous breast.
 Pirates and conquerors, of harden'd mind,
 The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind,
 To whom offending men are made a prey 105
 When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;
 Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possess'd,
 Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast;
 Some voice of God close whisp'ring from within,
 "Wretch! this is villany, and this is sin." 110

antients fed upon any thing that had not been offered in sacrifice, they sprinkled it with flour, which was used instead of the hal-
 lowed barley, with which they consecrated their victims. I doubt
 not, (since some honours were paid to the Gods in all feasts) but
 that this sprinkling of flour by Eumæus was an act of religion,
Dacier. P.

Ver. 100.] More faithfully,

Unpitying, wasteful, guilty without fears.

Ver. 105.] This epithet *offending*, unauthorised by Homer,
 our Poet derived from a rambling interpolation in Chapman:

And Jupiter (*to shew his punishing hand*
Upon th' invaded, for their penance then)
 Gives favour to their foes (though wicked men)
To make their prey on them.

Ver. 109.] This couplet is imaginary, without foundation in
 his original, who is fully exhibited by Ogilby:

Sure they have heard, or by some God inform'd
 Of his sad death.

But these, no doubt, some oracle explore,
 That tells, the great Ulysses is no more.
 Hence springs their confidence, and from our sighs
 Their rapine strengthens, and their riots rise :
 Constant as Jove the night and day bestows, 115
 Bleeds a whole hecatomb, a vintage flows.
 None match'd this hero's wealth, of all who reign
 O'er the fair islands of the neighb'ring main.
 Nor all the monarchs whose far dreaded sway
 The wide-extended continents obey : 120
 First, on the main-land, of Ulysses' breed
 Twelve herds, twelve flocks, on Ocean's margin
 feed ;

Ver. 120.] An assertion of his author, omitted after this verse, is thus delivered, with no unpleasing simplicity, by Chapman :

— — — — — No, nor twenty such
 Put altogether, did possess so much,

Ver. 122. *Twelve herds, twelve flocks, &c.*] I have already remarked, that Ulysses was a wealthy king, and this place is an instance of it. He is master of twelve herds of oxen, which probably amounted to fourteen thousand four hundred head ; for if we count the herds by the same way of computation as the droves of swine, they will make that number, each drove consisting of twelve hundred : for though Homer mentions but three hundred and sixty boars, yet he tells us, the reason why they were inferior to the females was because of the luxury of the Suitors. If this be allowed, then he had likewise the same number of sheep, and as many hogs : for Eumæus had the charge only of one herd, eleven more were under the care of other officers : Ulysses likewise had thirteen thousand two hundred goats. This will appear to be a true calculation from the words of Homer, who tells us, that twenty of the greatest heroes of the age were not so wealthy as Ulysses.

As many stalls for shaggy goats are rear'd;
 As many lodgements for the tusky herd; 124
 Those foreign keepers guard: and here are seen
 Twelve herds of goats that graze our utmost
 green;

To native pastors is their charge assign'd,
 And mine the care to feed the bristly kind:
 Each day the fattest bleeds of either herd,
 All to the Suitors wasteful board preferr'd. 130

Thus he, benevolent; his unknown guest
 With hunger keen devours the fav'ry feast;
 While schemes of vengeance ripen in his breast. }
 Silent and thoughtful while the board he ey'd,
 Eumæus pours on high the purple tide; 135

The old Poets and Historians, to express a person of great riches, gave him the epithet of πολυμήλων, πολυαρνῶν, or πολύρρητος; that is, "a person that had a great number of sheep or cattle, or a person of great wealth." This is likewise evident from the holy Scriptures: David had his officers, like Ulysses, to attend his flocks and herds: thus 1 Chron. xxvii. Jehonathan was set over his treasures in the field, cities and villages; Shimei over his vineyards; Zabdi over his wines; Baal-hanan over his olive-trees; and Joash over his oil: he had herdsmen that had charge over his cattle, sheep, camels, and asses. It was by cattle that the antient kings enriched themselves from the earliest ages: thus no less a person than Pharaoh, a powerful king of Ægypt, gave Joseph leave to appoint his brethren to be rulers over his cattle; and we read in all the Greek Poets, that the wealth of kings originally consisted in herds and flocks. They lose much of the pleasure of Homer who read him only as a Poet: he gives us an exact image of antient life, their manners, customs, laws, and politicks; and it must double our satisfaction, when we consider that in reading Homer we are reading the most antient author in the world, except the great lawgiver Moses. P.

The king with smiling looks his joy exprest,
And thus the kind inviting host address.

Say now, what man is he, the man deplor'd,
So rich, so potent, whom you style your lord?
Late with such affluence and possessions blest, 140
And now in honour's glorious bed at rest.
Whoever was the warrior, he must be
To Fame no stranger, nor perhaps to me;
Who (so the Gods, and so the Fates ordain'd)
Have wander'd many a sea, and many a land. 145

Small is the faith, the prince and queen ascribe
(Reply'd Eumæus) to the wand'ring tribe.
For needy strangers still to flatt'ry fly,
And want too oft betrays the tongue to lye.
Each vagrant traveller that touches here, 150
Deludes with fallacies the royal ear,
To dear remembrance makes his image rise,
And calls the springing sorrows from her eyes.

Ver. 140.] Similar rhymes have lately been used. The sub-joined attempt is not less faithful:

Who, late in flow of wealth and empire's pride,
At Troy for Agamemnon's honour dy'd.

Ver. 142.] This seems feeble. Thus?

His name reveal. So great a chief must be —.

Ver. 144.] The rhymes are defective, and the sense untrue. I shall propose a correction of Chapman:

*Jove knows and all the immortals, if I can,
So great a wanderer! tell of such a man.*

Ver. 153.] After this verse follows a sentiment in Homer, thus pourtrayed by Chapman:

Such thou may'st be. But he whose name you
crave,

Moulders in earth, or welters on the wave, 155

Or food for fish, or dogs, his reliques lie,

Or torn by birds are scatter'd thro' the sky.

So perish'd he : and left (for ever lost)

Much woe to all, but sure to me the most.

So mild a master never shall I find : 160

Less dear the parents whom I left behind,

Less soft my mother, less my father kind.

Not with such transport wou'd my eyes run o'er,

Again to hail them in their native shore ;

As lov'd Ulysses once more to embrace, 165

Restor'd and breathing in his natal place.

It is th' accustom'd law, that women keepe,
Their husbands, elsewhere dead, at home to weepe.

Ver. 154.] Our translator is brief with his author here, who
may be literally represented thus :

Thou too full prompt may'st be to forge the tale,

That vest or coat may wrap thee cold with age.

Him now, perchance, or dogs or ravenous fowls

Tear to the bones, of vital powers bereav'd ;

Or fish by sea have eaten, while his bones

On the wild shore lie sepulcher'd in sand.

If the turn of the concluding verse should please the reader, is
obligations are due to Ogilby :

Or hungry fish devour'd him far from land,

And now his bones lie *sepulchred in sand.*

Ver. 160.] Chapman has given his author more fully :

— — — — for I never shall

Finde so humane a royall mayster more,

Whatever sea I seeke, whatever shore.

That name, for ever dread, yet ever dear,
 Ev'n in his absence I pronounce with fear :
 In my respect, he bears a prince's part ;
 But lives a very brother, in my heart. 170

Thus spoke the faithful swain, and thus re-
 join'd

The master of his grief, the man of patient mind.
 Ulysses, friend ! shall view his old abodes,
 (Distrustful as thou art) nor doubt the Gods.
 Nor speak I rashly, but with faith averr'd, 175
 And what I speak attesting heav'n has heard.

Ver. 167. *That name for ever dread, &c.*] Eustathius excellently explains the sentiment of Eumæus, which is full of tenderness and humanity. I will not call Ulysses, cries Eumæus, by the name of Ulysses, for from strangers he receives that appellation ; I will not call him my master, for as such he never was towards me ; I will then call him brother, for he always used me with the tenderness of a brother. Ἠδαιός properly signifies an elder brother.

What I would further observe is, the wonderful art of Homer in exalting the character of his hero : he is the bravest and the best of men, good in every circumstance of life : valiant in war, patient in adversity, a kind father, husband, and master, as well as a mild and merciful king : by this conduct the Poet deeply engages our affections in the good or ill fortune of the hero : he makes himself master of our passions, and we rejoice or grieve at his success or calamity through the whole Odyssey. P.

Much after the same manner our Poet in his Eloisa :

Oh name for ever sad ! for ever dear !

See the note on Iliad xxii. verse 422.

Ver. 171.] The rhymes of these *three* couplets are inadmissible in correcter poetry : for I vehemently disapprove that pronunciation of the participle *beard*, which adapts it to *preferr'd*, not only as inconsistent with the sound of the first form *bear*, but principally as confounding the term with *berd*, and destroying that distinction, which cannot be too diligently consulted.

If so, a cloak and vesture be my meed ;
 'Till his return, no title shall I plead,
 Tho' certain be my news, and great my need. }
 Whom want itself can force untruths to tell, 180
 My soul detests him as the gates of hell.

Thou first be witness, hospitable Jove !
 And ev'ry God inspiring social love !
 And witness ev'ry household pow'r that waits
 Guard of these fires, and angel of these gates ! 185
 Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
 His antient realms Ulysses shall survey,

Ver. 180.] So Chapman :

No less I hate him than *the gates of hell*,
 That pooreness can force *an untruth to tell* :

and after him Ogilby :

Who in necessity a lie will tell,
 I hate him worse than *the gates of hell* :

compare Iliad ix. verse 412.

Ver. 185.] The latter clause is scriptural phraseology.

Ver. 186. *Ere the next moon increase, or this decay.*] These verses have been thought to be used ænigmatically by Ulysses.

τῷ δ' αὐτῷ λυκάσσει· ἐλπίσαι ἐνθάδ' Ὀδυσσεύς,

τῷ μὲν φθινόρος μηνός, τῷ δ' ἑταίρειο.

In the former verse Eustathius tells us there is a various reading, and judges that it ought to be written τῷ δ' αὖ τῷ, and not τῷ δ' αὐτῷ; and it must be allowed that the repetition of τῷ gives a greater emphasis to the words, and agrees better with the vehemence of the speaker in making his asseveration.

The latter verse in the obvious sense seems to mean that Ulysses would return in the space of a month, and so Eumæus understood it; but in reality it means in the compass of a day. Solon was the first who discovered the latent sense of it, as Plutarch informs us: "Solon, says that author, observing the inequality of the months, and that the moon neither agreed with the rising or

In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn,
And the lost glories of his house return.

Nor shall that meed be thine, nor ever more 190
Shall lov'd Ulysses hail this happy shore,
(Reply'd Eumæus :) To the present hour
Now turn thy thought, and joys within our pow'r,
From sad reflection let my soul repose ;
The name of him awakes a thousand woes. 195

" setting of the sun, but that often in the same day she over-took
" and went before it, named that same day *ἡν καὶ νέα*, *the old and*
" *new moon* ; and allotted that part of the day that preceded the
" conjunction, to the old moon, and the other part of it to the
" new ; from hence we may judge that he was the first that com-
" prehended the sense of this verse of Homer :

Τὴ μὲν φθινόροσ μνηδὲς, τὴ δ' ἱσαμένοιο.

" Accordingly he named the following day, *the day of the new*
" *moon*. Ulysses then means that he will return on the last day
" of the month, for on that day the moon is both old and new ;
" that is, she finishes one month, and begins another." This is
taken from the life of Solon ; but whether the obvious sense in
which Eumæus is supposed to understand it, or the latent meaning
of Solon be preferable, is submitted to the reader's judgment ; I
confess I see no occasion to have recourse to that mysterious ex-
plication : what Ulysses intended was to certify Eumæus, that
Ulysses would assuredly return very speedily ; and the verse will
have this effect, if it be understood literally and plainly : besides,
Ulysses is to continue in an absolute disguise ; why then should he
endanger a discovery, by using an ambiguous sentence, which
might possibly be understood ? But if it was so dark that it was
utterly unintelligible to Eumæus, then it is used in vain, and a
needless ambiguity. P.

Ver. 188.] Chapman, with trivial adjustment, is more faithful ;
Him to revenge, whose ever deed hath done
Wrong to his wife and his illustrious sonne.

Ver. 195.] Eloiſa, ver. 30.

That well-known name awakens all my woes.

But guard him Gods! and to these arms restore!
 Not his true comfort can desire him more;
 Not old Laertes, broken with despair;
 Not young Telemachus, his blooming heir.
 Alas, Telemachus! my sorrows flow 200
 Afresh for thee, my second cause of woe!
 Like some fair plant set by a heav'nly hand,
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he blest the land;
 In all the youth his father's image shin'd,
 Bright in his person, brighter in his mind. 205
 What man, or God, deceiv'd his better sense,
 Far on the swelling seas to wander hence?
 To distant Pylos hapless is he gone,
 To seek his father's fate, and find his own!
 For traitors wait his way, with dire design 210
 To end at once the great Arceſian line.
 But let us leave him to their wills above;
 The fates of men are in the hand of Jove.
 And now, my venerable guest! declare 214
 Your name, your parents, and your native air:

Ver. 209.] The turn at the conclusion of this verse is graceful and ingenious, but unauthorised by his original, and made less acceptable by defective rhyme. The proposed couplet is faithful:

To distant Pylos, eager to enquire

The fame and fortunes of his hapless sire.

And the passage reminds me of a curious paragraph in South's masterly sermon on *education*, where he is speaking of the times under the republican government. "Women running in whole shoals to conventicles, to seek Christ forsooth! but to find some body else!"

Ver. 214.] There is much indolence in the execution of this passage, and no great elegance. I shall give a plain translation:

Sincere from whence begun your course relate,
And to what ship I owe the friendly freight ?

Thus he : and thus (with prompt invention
bold)

The cautious chief his ready story told.

On dark reserve what better can prevail, 229
Or from the fluent tongue produce the tale,
Than when two friends, alone, in peaceful place
Confer, and wines and cates the table grace ;
But most, the kind inviter's chearful face ? }
Thus might we sit, with social goblets crown'd,
'Till the whole circle of the year goes round ; 226
Not the whole circle of the year wou'd close
My long narration of a life of woes.

But such was heav'n's high will ! Know then,
I came

From sacred Crete, and from a fire of fame : 230

But, father ! come, reveal thy tale of woe ;
And tell me truly, that my soul may know :
Who, whence thou art, thy parents, city ? say :
What ship, what sailors, hither might convey
Thee to our island ? say, what clime they boast ?
For none by land can reach a sea-girt coast.

Ver. 229: — — *Know then, I came*
From sacred Crete, — —

This whole narration is a notable instance of that artful dissimulation so remarkable in the character of Ulysses, and an evidence that Homer excellently sustains it through the whole poem ; for Ulysses appears to be πολέτροπος, as he is represented in the first line, throughout the Odyssey. This narrative has been both

Castor Hylacides (that name he bore)
 Belov'd and honour'd in his native shore;
 Blest in his riches, in his children more.

praised and censured by the Criticks, especially by Rapin. I will lay his observations before the reader.

“Homer is guilty of verbosity, and of a tedious prolix manner of speaking. He is the greatest talker of all antiquity: the very Greeks, though chargeable with an excess this way above all nations, have reprehended Homer for his intemperance of words; he is ever upon his rehearsals, and not only of the same words, but of the same things, and consequently is in a perpetual circle of repetitions. It is true he always speaks naturally, but then he always speaks too much: his adventures in Ægypt, which he relates to Eumæus, are truly idle impertinent stories, purely for amusement: there is no thread in his discourse, nor does it seem to tend to any proposed end, but exceeds all bounds: that vast fluency of speech, and those mighty overflowings of fancy, make him shoot beyond the mark. Hence his draughts are too accurate, and leave nothing to be performed by the imagination of the reader, a fault which (as Cicero observes) Apelles found in the antient painters.”

This objection is intended only against the fullness of Homer's expression, not against the subject of the narration; for Rapin in another place speaking of the beauties of Homer, gives this very story as an instance of his excellency. These are his words:

“I shall say nothing of all the relations which Ulysses makes to Eumæus upon his return to his country, and his wonderful management to bring about his re-establishment; that whole story is drest in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration.”

If what Rapin remarks in the latter period be true, Homer will easily obtain a pardon for the fault of prolixity, imputed to him in the aforementioned objection. For who would be willing to retrench one of the most decent and noble narrations of antiquity, merely for the length of it? But it may, perhaps, be true that this story is not impertinent, but well suited to carry on the design of Ulysses, and consequently tends to a proposed end: for in this consists the strength of Rapin's objection.

Sprung of a handmaid, from a bought embrace,
 I thar'd his kindness with his lawful race : 235

Nothing is more evident than that the whole success of Ulysses depends upon his disguise; a discovery would be fatal to him, and at once give a single unassisted person into the power of his enemies. How then is this disguise to be carried on? especially when Ulysses in person is required to give an account of his own story? Must it not be by assuming the name of another person, and giving a plausible relation of his life, fortunes, and calamities, that brought him to a strange country, where he has no acquaintance or friend? This obliges him to be circumstantial, nothing giving a greater air of probability than descending to particularities, and this necessitates his prolixity. The whole relation is comprehended in the compass of an hundred and seventy lines; and an episode of no greater length may not perhaps deserve to be called *verboſe*, if compared with the length of the *Odyssey*: nay, there may be a reason given why it ought to be of a considerable length: there is a pause in the action, while Minerva passes from Ithaca to Telemachus in Lacedæmon: this interval is to be filled up with some incident relating to Ulysses, until Telemachus is prepared to return; for his assistance is necessary to re-establish the affairs of Ulysses. This then is a time of leisure, and the Poet fills it up with the narrations of Ulysses till the return of Telemachus, and consequently there is room for a long relation. Besides (remarks Eustathius) Homer interests all men of all ages in the story, by giving us pieces of true history, antient customs, and exact descriptions of persons and places, instructive and delightful to all the world, and these incidents are adorned with all the embellishments of eloquence and poetry. P.

Ver. 234. *Sprung of a handmaid* — —] Ulysses says he was the son of a concubine: this was not a matter of disgrace among the antients, concubinage being allowed by the laws.

The sons cast lots for their patrimony, an evidence that this was the practice of the antient Greeks. Hence an inheritance had the name *κληρονομία*, that is, from the lots; parents put it to the decision of the lot, to avoid the envy and imputation of partiality in the distribution of their estates. It has been judged that the Poet writes according to the Athenian laws, at least this custom prevailed in the days of Solon; for he forbade parents who

But when that fate, which all must undergo,
 From earth remov'd him to the shades below;
 The large domain his greedy sons divide,
 And each was portion'd as the lots decide.
 Little alas! was left my wretched share, 240
 Except a house, a covert from the air:
 But what by niggard Fortune was deny'd,
 A willing widow's copious wealth supply'd.
 My valour was my plea, a gallant mind
 That, true to honour, never lagg'd behind, 245 }
 (The sex is ever to a soldier kind.)
 Now wasting years my former strength confound,
 And added woes have bow'd me to the ground:
 Yet by the stubble you may guess the grain,
 And mark the ruins of no vulgar man. 250

had several legitimate sons to make a will, but ordained that all the legitimate sons should have an equal share of their father's effects. *Eustathius.* P.

This passage is very happy, unaffected, and faithful.

Ver. 243.] I discover no authority for this. Rather,
 A willing *wife's* abundant wealth supply'd.

Ver. 246.] This verse is a mean insertion, destitute of all countenance from his original.

Ver. 247.] These *two* couplets appear thus in Homer:

— — — — but now all this is gone;

Yet the bare straw, I deem, informs thine eyes
 E'en now; for woes unnumber'd press me down.

Ver. 249.] We must lament the inaccuracy of rhyme. Chapman is good and exact:

But I suppose, that you by thus much seene,
 Know by the stubble, what the corne hath bene.

Me, Pallas gave to lead the martial storm,
 And the fair ranks of battle to deform :
 Me, Mars inspir'd to turn the foe to flight,
 And tempt the secret ambush of the night.
 Let ghastly Death in all his forms appear, 255
 I saw him not ; it was not mine to fear.
 Before the rest I rais'd my ready steel ;
 The first I met, he yielded, or he fell.
 But works of peace my soul disdain'd to bear,
 The rural labour, or domestick care. 260
 To raise the mast, the missile dart to wing,
 And send swift arrows from the bounding string,

Ver. 257.] The rhymes are vicious. The subjoined couplet is more faithful to the author:

First with my lance I sprang upon the foe,
 Peerless of foot ; and dealt the deadly blow.

Ver. 259. — — *My soul disdain'd to bear,*
The rural labour — —]

Photarch, in his comparison of Aristides and Cato, cites these verses,

— — ἔρπον δὲ μοι ὃ φίλον ἔσκεν,
 Οὐδ' οἰκωφελίῃ, &c.

and tells us, that they who neglect their private and domestick concerns, usually draw their subsistence from violence and rapine. This is certainly a truth : men are apt to supply their wants, occasioned by idleness, by plunder and injustice : but it is as certain that no reflection is intended to be cast upon this way of living by Ulysses, for in his age piracy was not only allowable, but glorious ; and sudden inroads and incursions were practised by the greatest heroes. Homer therefore only intends to shew that the disposition of Ulysses inclined him to pursue the more dangerous, but more glorious, way of living by war, than the more lucrative, but more secure method of life, by agriculture and husbandry.

Were arts the Gods made grateful to my mind ;
 Those Gods, who turn (to various ends design'd) }
 The various thoughts and talents of mankind. }
 Before the Grecians touch'd the Trojan plain, 266
 Nine times commander, or by land or main,
 In foreign fields I spread my glory far,
 Great in the praise, rich in the spoils, of war :
 Thence charg'd with riches, as increas'd in fame,
 To Crete return'd, an honourable name. 271
 But when great Jove that direful war decreed,
 Which rous'd all Greece, and made the mighty
 bleed ;
 Our states myself and Idomen employ
 To lead their fleets, and carry death to Troy. 275
 Nine years we warr'd ; the tenth saw Ilion fall ;
 Homeward we sail'd, but Heav'n dispers'd us all.

Ver. 263.] By borrowing a good expression from Ogilby, this verse will be considerably improved both in spirit and fidelity :

Me to these *dire delights* the Gods inclin'd.

Ver. 275.] A portion of his author, here suppressed, may be supplied in the following manner :

No means appear'd to shun that fatal field ;

A noisy vulgar made our rulers yield.

Ver. 276.] Our translator is too brief in a passage, where amplification rather had not been unacceptable. Thus ?

The sons of Greece a nine-years' labour found ;

The tenth saw Troy laid level with the ground.

Their course our ships triumphant homeward keep,

But power divine dispers'd them thro' the deep.

One only month my wife enjoy'd my stay ;
 So will'd the God who gives and takes away.
 Nine ships I mann'd, equipp'd with ready stores,
 Intent to voyage to th' Ægyptian shores ; 281
 In feast and sacrifice my chosen train
 Six days consum'd ; the seventh we plough'd the
 main.

Crete's ample fields diminish to our eye ;
 Before the Boreal blast the vessels fly ; 285
 Safe thro' the level seas we sweep our way ;
 The steer-man governs, and the ships obey.
 The fifth fair morn we stem th' Ægyptian tide,
 And tilting o'er the bay the vessels ride :
 To anchor there my fellows I command, 290
 And spies commission to explore the land.
 But sway'd by lust of gain, and headlong will,
 The coasts they ravage, and the natives kill.

Ver. 278.] Thus, more faithfully :

One only month at home I cheer'd my life
 In sweet embraces of my babes and wife.

Ver. 285.] Or thus, more accurately :

*With tide and favouring wind our vessels fly :
 Safe from disease and storm we sweep our way.*

Ver. 288.] I should thus render the original :

Well-water'd Ægypt the fifth morn we found ;
 My ships I station'd in her stream renown'd.

Ver. 292.] The following attempt, which is literal, will shew
 the want of fidelity in our translator :

They, urg'd by insolence and lawless force,
 Straight of th' Ægyptian swains the well-till'd fields

The spreading clamour to their city flies,
 And horse and foot in mingled tumult rise. 295
 The red'ning dawn reveals the circling fields
 Horrid with bristly spears, and glancing shields.
 Jove thunder'd on their side. Our guilty head
 We turn'd to flight; the gathering vengeance
 spread 299
 On all parts round, and heaps on heaps lie dead.
 I then explor'd my thought, what course to
 prove?

(And sure the thought was dictated by Jove.
 Oh had he left me to that happier doom,
 And sav'd a life of miseries to come!)

The radiant helmet from my brows unlac'd, 305
 And low on earth my shield and javelin cast,
 I meet the monarch with a suppliant's face,
 Approach his chariot, and his knees embrace.

Laid waste; bore off their wives, and infant race,
 And slew the men. Soon to the city flew
 The clamorous din. Crowds with the rising sun
 Burst forth: with horse and foot the plain was fill'd,
 And flashing steel. Then thunder-loving Jove
 Sent on my crew base flight; nor one endur'd
 To face his foe: such dangers gather'd round!
 There numerous victims to the pointed steel
 Fell: some surviv'd to toil and servitude:

which goes down to verse 301. of the translation.

Ver. 300.] A couplet, omitted here, the reader may see in
 book xvii. verse 522.

He heard, he sav'd, he plac'd me at his side ;
 My state he pity'd, and my tears he dry'd, 318
 Restrain'd the rage the vengeful foe exprest,
 And turn'd the deadly weapons from my breast,
 Pious ! to guard the hospitable rite,
 And fearing Jove, whom mercy's works delight.

In Ægypt thus with peace and plenty blest, 319
 I liv'd (and happy still had liv'd) a guest.
 On sev'n bright years successive blessings wait ;
 The next chang'd all the colour of my fate.
 A false Phœnician of insidious mind,
 Vers'd in vile arts, and foe to humankind, 320
 With semblance fair invites me to his home ;
 I seiz'd the proffer (ever fond to roam)
 Domestick in his faithless roof I stay'd,
 'Till the swift sun his annual circle made,
 To Lybia then he meditates the way ; 325
 With guileful art a stranger to betray,
 And sell to bondage in a foreign land :
 Much doubting, yet compell'd, I quit the strand,
 Thro' the mid seas the nimble pinnace sails,
 Aloof from Crete, before the northern gales ; 330
 But when remote her chalky cliffs we lost,
 And far from ken of any other coast,

Ver. 331.] The rhymes will not pass. We may thus substitute :
 When vanish Crete, nor other land was nigh ;
 But all one wild expanse of sea and sky,
 Jove o'er our ship a night of horrors led—;
 without any violation of fidelity.

When all was wild expanse of sea and air ;
Then doom'd high Jove due vengeance to pre-
pare.

He hung a night of horrors o'er their head, 335
(The shaded ocean blacken'd as it spread)

He launch'd the fiery bolt ; from pole to pole
Broad burst the lightnings, deep the thunders roll ;
In giddy rounds the whirling ship is tost,
And all in clouds of smoth'ring sulphur lost. 340

As from a hanging rock's tremendous height,
The sable crows with intercepted flight
Drop endlong ; scarr'd, and black with sulph'rous
hue,

So from the deck are hurl'd the ghastly crew.
Such end the wicked found ! But Jove's intent
Was yet to save th' oppress'd and innocent. 346

Plac'd on the mast (the last recourse of life)
With winds and waves I held unequal strife ;
For nine long days the billows tilting o'er,
The tenth soft wafts me to Thesprotia's shore. 350

Ver. 337.] The reader may see the same portion of the original, that corresponds to these *four* couplets, translated by Brome in book xii. verse 485 to 496. Neither translator has succeeded, in my opinion.

Ver. 348.] The version gives but a meager representation of it's original. The following attempt is literal :

There as I clang, the winds tempestuous drave.
Nine days beheld me tossing on the wave :

The monarch's son a shipwrackt wretch reliev'd,
 The fire with hospitable rites receiv'd,
 And in his palace like a brother plac'd,
 With gifts of price and gorgeous garments grac'd.
 While here I sojourn'd, oft' I heard the fame 355
 How late Ulysses to the country came,
 How lov'd, how honour'd in this court he stay'd,
 And here his whole collected treasure lay'd ;
 I saw myself the vast unnumber'd store
 Of steel elab'rate, and refulgent ore, 360
 And brass high heap'd amidst the regal dome ;
 Immense supplies for ages yet to come !
 Meantime he voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy hill,

On the tenth gloomy night, a billow bore,
 Huge, rolling, furious, to Thesprotia's shore.

Ver. 363. — — *He voyag'd to explore the will
 Of Jove, on high Dodona's holy bill.*]

These oaks of Dodonà were held to be oraculous, and to be endued with speech, by the antients ; and pigeons were supposed to be the priestesses of the deity. Herodotus in Euterpe gives a full account of what belongs to this oracle, who tells us, that he was informed by the priestesses of Dodona, that two black pigeons flew away from Thebes in Ægypt, and one of them perching upon a tree in Dodona, admonished the inhabitants, with a human voice, to erect an oracle in that place to Jupiter. But Herodotus solves this fable after the following manner. “ There were two
 “ priestesses carried away from Ægypt, and one of them was sold
 “ by the Phœnicians in Greece, where she in her servitude consecrated an altar to Jupiter under an oak ; the Dodonæans gave
 “ her the name of a pigeon, because she was a Barbarian, and
 “ her speech at first no more understood than the chattering of a

What means might best his safe return avail, 365
To come in pomp, or bear a secret fail?

“bird or pigeon; but as soon as she had learned the Greek tongue, it was presently reported that the pigeon spoke with an human voice. She had the epithet Black, because she was an Ægyptian.”

Eustathius informs us, that Dodona was antiently a city of Thesprotia; and in process of time the limits of it being changed, it became of the country of the Molossians, that is, it lay between Thessaly and Epirus. Near this city was a mountain named Tmarus or Timourus: on this mountain there stood a temple, and within the precincts of it were these oraculous oaks of Jupiter: this was the most antient temple of Greece, according to Herodotus, founded by the Pelasgians, and at first served by priests called Selli; and the goddess Dione being joined with Jupiter in the worship, the service was performed by three aged priestesses, called in the Molossian tongue *πίλαιαι*, as old men were called *πίλαιοι*, (perhaps from the corrupted word *παλαιοι*, or antients) and the same word *πίλαιαι* signifying also pigeons, gave occasion to the fable of the temple of Dodona having doves for priestesses. But if, as Herodotus affirms, the Phœnicians sold this priestess of Jupiter originally to the Greeks, it is probable they were called doves, after the Phœnician language, in which the same word, with a small alteration, signifies both a dove and a priestess. See note on ver. 75. of the twelfth Odyssey.

Eustathius gives us another solution of this difficulty, and tells us, that as there were *κορακομάντιες*, or augurs, who drew predictions from the flight and gestures of crows; so there were others who predicted from observations made upon doves; and from hence these doves were called the prophetesses of Dodona, that being the way by which the decrees of the Gods were discovered by the augurs.

I have remarked, that the temple of Dodona stood upon the mountain Timourus; hence the word *τίμωρος* came to signify those oracles, and thus *τίμωρος* is used by Lycophron. Now Homer in another place writes,

Εἴ γε μὴ αἰθήσουσι Διὸς μέγαλοιο δέμους.

Full oft' has Phidon, whilst he pour'd the wine,
 Attesting solemn all the pow'rs divine,
 That soon Ulysses would return, declar'd,
 The sailors waiting, and the ships prepar'd. 370
 But first the king dismiss'd me from his shores,
 For fair Dulichium crown'd with fruitful stores;
 To good Acastus' friendly care consign'd:
 But other counsels pleas'd the sailors mind:
 New frauds were plotted by the faithless train,
 And Misery demands me once again. 376

Strabo therefore, instead of *Δίπυρος*, reads *τίμυρος*; for, observes that author, the oracles, not the laws of Jupiter, are preserved at Dodona. *Eusebiius*.

But whence arose the fable of these oaks being vocal? I doubt not but this was an allusion of those who gave out the oracles to the people: they concealed themselves within the cavities or hollow of the oaks, and from thence delivered their oracles; and imposing by this method upon the superstition and credulity of those ages, persuaded the world that the Gods gave a voice and utterance to the oaks.

I refer the reader, for a larger account of these Dodonæan oracles, to the annotations upon book xvi. verse 285. of the Iliad. P.

I should prefer Ogilby, with some polish of modern harmony:

But he was gon, he said, to Dodon's grove,
 There to consult the sacred oak of Jove,
 Now absent long from home, to be advis'd,
 Should he return in publick or disguis'd.

But our translator borrows from Chapman, where this passage is repeated in the *nineteenth book*:

— what course for home would best prevail
 To come in pompe, or beare a secret saile;

compare book xix. verse 453.

Ver. 376.] Or, with more resemblance to the Greek phraseology,

And deep calamities o'erwhelm again.

Soon as remote from shore they plough the wave,
 With ready hands they rush to seize their slave;
 Then with these tatter'd rags they wrapt me
 round,

(Stript of my own) and to the vessel bound. 386

At eve, at Ithaca's delightful land

The ship arriv'd: forth-issuing on the sand,

They sought repast; while to th' unhappy kind,

The pitying Gods themselves my chains unbind.

Soft I descended, to the sea apply'd 385

My naked breast, and shot along the tide.

Soon past beyond their sight, I left the flood,

And took the spreading shelter of the wood.

Their prize escap'd the faithless pirates mourn'd;

But deem'd enquiry vain, and to their ship re-
 turn'd. 390

Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,

They led me to a good man and a wife;

Ver. 388.] His author dictates,

And took the shelter of the *flowery* wood.

Ver. 389.] Our poet is concise. Thus Homer:

There I lay crouching: they with many a sigh

Depart; nor farther search to them appear'd

A profitable labour: thus again

They climb their vessel. Me the gods with ease

Screen'd, and conducted to the friendly lodge

Of no rude man, and doom a longer date.

Ver. 391. *Screen'd by protecting Gods from hostile eyes,*

They led me to a good man and a wife.]

This is a very artful compliment which Ulysses pays to Eumæus;

To live beneath thy hospitable care,
And wait the woes Heav'n dooms me yet to bear.

The Gods guided me to the habitation of a person of wisdom, and names not Eumæus, leaving it to him to apply it.

I doubt not but the reader agrees with Ulysses as to the character of Eumæus; there is an air of piety to the Gods in all he speaks, and benevolence to mankind; he is faithful to his king, upright in his trust, and hospitable to the stranger.

Dacier is of opinion, that ἀνδρὸς ἐπιστήμονοιο takes in virtue as well as wisdom; and indeed Homer frequently joins σοφίῃ τε καὶ δίκῃ, and ἀδανήμονι καὶ δίκῃ; that is, wisdom and virtue, folly and impiety, throughout the Odyssey. *For never, never wicked man was wise.* Virtue in a great measure depends upon education: it is a science, and may be learned like other sciences; in reality there is no knowledge that deserves the name, without virtue; if virtue be wanting, science becomes artifice: as Plato demonstrates from Homer; who, though he is an enemy to this Poet, has enriched his writings with his sentiments. P.

[Ver. 392.] Spence, in his Essay, justly censures this verse, as void of dignity. We can hardly acquiesce, even when the poetry is in it's own nature less elevated. Thus in the imitation of Horace, epist. i. 7. 39.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me

A safe companion, and a free:

as Prior, in his imitation of the *ninth epistle* of the same book:

And, in one word, a good man, and a true:

and Chaucer in his *prologue*:

A Frere there was, a wanton, and a merry.

[Ver. 394. *And wait the woes heav'n dooms me yet to bear.*] It may not perhaps be unsatisfactory to see how Ulysses keeps in sight of truth through this whole fabulous story.

He gives a true account of his being at the war of Troy; he stays seven years in Ægypt, so long he continued with Calypso; the king of Ægypt, whose name Eustathius tells us was Sethon, according to the antients, entertains him hospitably like that Goddess; a Phœnician detains him a whole year, the same has been observed of Circe; the vessel of this Phœnician is lost by a

Unhappy guest! whose sorrows touch my
mind! 395

(Thus good Eumæus with a sigh rejoin'd)
For real suff'rings since I grieve sincere,
Check not with fallacies the springing tear;
Nor turn the passion into groundless joy
For him, whom heav'n has destin'd to de-
stroy. 400

Oh! had he perisht on some well-fought day,
Or in his friend's embraces dy'd away!
That grateful Greece with streaming eyes might
raise

Historic marbles, to record his praise:
His praise, eternal on the faithful stone, 405
Had with transmissive honours grac'd his son.

storm, and all the crew perishes except Ulysses. The same is true of the companions of Ulysses: he is thrown upon the land of the Thesprotians by that tempest, and received courteously by Phidon, the king of that country; this represents his being cast upon the Phæacian shore by the storm, and the hospitable Phidon means Alcinous, king of the Phæacians: the manner likewise of his being introduced to Phidon, agrees with his introduction to Alcinous; the daughter introduces him to Alcinous, and the son to Phidon. Thus we see there is a *concordia discors* through the whole narration, the Poet only changing the names of persons and places. Ulysses lay under an absolute necessity thus to falsify his true history, and represent himself as a stranger to the whole island of Ithaca, otherwise it would have been natural for Eumæus to offer to guide him to his friends, upon which a discovery must inevitably have followed, which would have proved fatal to that hero. P.

Ver. 401.] Compare book i. verse 303. with the present passage.

Now snatch'd by harpies to the dreary coast,
 Sunk is the hero, and his glory lost !
 While pensive in this solitary den,
 Far from gay cities, and the ways of men, 416
 I linger life ; nor to the court repair,
 But when the constant queen commands my care,

Ver. 407. *Now snatch'd by harpies* — —] This place seems to evince, that the expression of being torn by the harpies, means that the dead person is deprived of the rites of sepulture ; and not as Dacier understands it, that he is disappeared, or that it is unknown what is become of him : for the whole lamentation of Eumæus turns upon this point, namely, that Ulysses is dead, and deprived of the funeral ceremonies. P.

Ver. 411. — — *Nor to the court repair,*
But when the queen — —]

It may appear, at first view, as if Eumæus thought his absence from the court an aggravation to his calamities ; but this is not his meaning : he speaks thus to prevent Ulysses from asking him to introduce him immediately to Penelope ; and this is the reason why he enlarges upon the story of the Ætolian, who had deceived him by raising his expectations of the immediate return of Ulysses.

It is remarkable, that almost all these fictions are made by Cretans, or have some relation to the island of the Cretans : thus Ulysses feigns himself to be of Crete, and this Ætolian lays the scene of his falsehood in the same island : which, as Eustathius observes, may possibly be a latent satyr upon that people, who were become a reproach and proverb for their remarkable lying. This agrees exactly with the character given them by St. Paul from Epimenides.

Κρητες ἀνὶ ψεύδει.

And κρητικὸν signifies to lie.

St. Chrysostom fills up the broken verse thus,

— — κὴ γὰρ τάφος, ὃ ἀνὰ, σείο

Κρητες ἐκείνην αἰῶν, οὐ δ' ἐ δόλις, ἰσοὶ γὰρ αἰεὶ.

But this is added from Callimachus in his hymn to Jupiter, thus translated by Mr. Prior,

Or when, to taste her hospitable board,
 Some guest arrives, with rumours of her lord;
 And these indulge their want, and those their
 woe,
 And here the tears, and there the goblets flow.
 By many such have I been warn'd; but chief
 By one Ætolian robb'd of all belief,
 Whose hap it was to this our roof to roam,
 For murder banish'd from his native home.
 He swore, Ulysses on the coast of Crete
 Staid but a season to refit his fleet;
 A few revolving months shou'd waft him o'er,
 Fraught with bold warriors, and a boundless
 store.

The Cretan boasts thy natal place: but oft,
 He meets reproof deserv'd: for he presumptuous
 Has built a tomb for thee, who never know'st
 To die, but liv'st the same to day and ever.

That the latter part of these verses belongs not to Epimenides, is evident, for St. Paul quotes the verse thus:

Κρήτης αὐτὸ ψεύσται, καὶ ἀνὴρ ὄνειαρ.

The two last words are not in Callimachus, and consequently the rest is only a conjectural and erroneous addition. P.

Ver. 415.] There is an Ovidian prettiness in these lines, that borders on littleness and affectation. Thus? more closely:

These for their absent king indulge their tears;

Those the glad banquet, free-regaling, cheers.

I have animadverted on this species of impropriety in a note on the *Rape of the Lock*, iii. 8.

Ver. 421. Thus Ogilby:

H' had seen our king new sheathing his craz'd fleet,
 By tempests tost, and that next spring from Crete—

O thou! whom age has taught to understand,
 And heav'n has guided with a fav'ring hand! 426
 On God or mortal to obtrude a lie
 Forbear, and dread to flatter, as to die.

Not for such ends my house and heart are free,
 But dear respect to Jove, and charity. 430

And why, oh swain of unbelieving mind!
 (Thus quick reply'd the wisest of mankind)

Doubt you my oath? yet more my faith to try,
 A solemn compact let us ratify,
 And witness ev'ry pow'r that rules the sky! 435

If here Ulysses from his labours rest,
 Be then my prize a tunic and a vest;
 And, where my hopes invite me, straight transport
 In safety to Dulichium's friendly court.

But if he greets not thy desiring eye, 440
 Hurl me from yon dread precipice on high;
 The due reward of fraud and perjury.

Ver. 425.] Homer says only,
 Thou, woe-worn senior!

so that our translator seems to have glanced on Chapman:

But thou, an old man, *taught* with so much woe
 As thou hast sufferd.

Ver. 440.] Chapman is faithful to his author:

— — — — — If (as fits my vow)
 Your king returne not, let your servants throw
 My old limbes headlong, from some rock most hye,
 That other poore men may take feare to lye.

The version before us might be thus adjusted:

*Bid thy slaves hurl me from yon cliff on high,
 That all henceforth dread fraud and perjury.*

Doubtless, oh guest! great laud and praise were
mine

(Reply'd the swain for spotless faith divine)

If, after social rites and gifts bestow'd, 445

I stain'd my hospitable hearth with blood,

How would the Gods my righteous toils succeed,

And bless the hand that made a stranger bleed?

No more—th' approaching hours of silent night

First claim refection, then to rest invite; 450

Beneath our humble cottage let us haste,

And here, unenvy'd, rural dainties taste.

Thus commun'd these; while to their lowly
dome

The full-fed swine return'd with evening home;

Ver. 443.] So Chapman:

The herdsman, that had gifts in him *divine*,

Replied: O guest, how shall this fame of *mine*

And honest vertue amongst men remaine

Now, and heere after, without worthy staine,

If I —:

but I should prefer to the tautology of our poet, which favours
much of Sternhold and Hopkins, a different word:

— — — — great *fame* and praise were mine.

Ver. 445.] The rhymes are inadmissible. Thus?

If I with hospitable rites carest,

And, sad reverse! then robb'd of life my guest.

Ver. 449.] There is great prolixity in these *four* verses, and
yet the sense of the author is not given. I shall present the
reader with a plain literal translation:

'Tis supper-time: my comrades soon will come;

We in our tent must speed the welcome meal.

Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral sties, 455
 With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.
 Then to the slaves—Now from the herd the best
 Select, in honour of our foreign guest :
 With him, let us the genial banquet share,
 For great and many are the griefs we bear ; 460
 While those who from our labours heap their
 board,
 Blaspheme their feeder, and forget their Lord.
 Thus speaking, with dispatchful hand he took
 A weighty ax, and cleft the solid oak ;

Ver. 455. *Compell'd, reluctant, to their sev'ral sties,*

With din obstrep'rous, and ungrateful cries.]

There is scarce a more sonorous verse in the whole *Odyfsey*.

Κλαλὴν δ' ἄσπιλον ὄπρ'ο συνὶ αὐλισομένων.

The word swine is what debases our idea ; which is evident, if we substitute shepherd in the room of hogherd, and apply to it the most pompous epithet given by Homer to Eumæus. For instance, to say δῖο, or the illustrious hogherd, is mean enough : but the image is more tolerable when we say, the illustrious shepherd ; the office of a shepherd (especially as it is familiarized and dignified in poetry by the frequent use of it) being in repute. The Greeks have magnificent words to express the most common objects ; we want words of equal dignity, and have the disadvantage of being obliged to endeavour to raise a subject that is now in the utmost contempt, so as to guard it from meanness and ignominy.

P.

Ver. 462.] This verse is interpolated by the translator. Chapman has fully deliver'd his author's sense :

Since others eat our labours, and take none,

Ver. 463.] The rhymes are incorrect. Thus ?

He spake ; and with dispatchful hand receives

A weighty ax, and solid timber cleaves

This on the earth he pil'd; a boar full fed 465
 Of five years age, before the pile was led:
 The swain, whom acts of piety delight,
 Observant of the Gods, begins the rite;
 First shears the forehead of the bristly boar,
 And suppliant stands, invoking ev'ry pow'r 470
 To speed Ulysses to his native shore.

[Ver. 469.] *First shears the forehead of the bristly boar.*] I have already observed, that every meal among the antients was a kind of sacrifice of thanksgiving to the Gods; and the table, as it were, an altar.

This sacrifice being different from any other in Homer, I will fully describe the particulars of it from Eustathius. It is a rural sacrifice; we have before seen sacrifices in camps, in courts, and in cities, in the *Iliad*; but this is the only one of this nature in all Homer.

They cut off the hair of the victim in commemoration of the original way of cloathing, which was made of hair, and the skins of beasts.

Eumæus strows flour upon it; in remembrance, that before incense was in use, this was the antient manner of offering to the Gods, or as Dacier observes, of consecrating the victim, instead of the barley mixed with salt, which had the name of immolation.

Eumæus cut a piece from every part of the victim; by this he made it an holocaust, or an intire sacrifice.

Eumæus divides the rest at supper; which was always the office of the most honourable person; and thus we see Achilles and other heroes employed throughout the *Iliad*. He portions it into seven parts; one he allots to Mercury and the nymphs, and the rest he reserves for himself, Ulysses, and his four servants. He gives the chine to Ulysses, which was ever reputed an honour and distinction; thus Ajax after a victory over Hector, is rewarded in the same manner.

Νάτροσι δ' Ἀλάλια δινυκίῃσι γίπασι
 Ἀργείοις.

P.

A knotty stake then aiming at his head,
 Down dropp'd he groaning, and the spirit fled.
 The scorching flames climb round on ev'ry side :
 Then the sing'd members they with skill divide ;
 On these, in rolls of fat involv'd with art, 476
 The choicest morsels lay from ev'ry part.
 Some in the flames, bestrow'd with flour, they
 threw ;

Some cut in fragments, from the forks they drew :
 These while on sev'ral tables they dispose, 480
 As priest himself, the blameless rustick rose ;
 Expert the destin'd victim to dis-part
 In sev'n just portions, pure of hand and heart.
 One sacred to the nymphs apart they lay ;
 Another to the winged son of May : 485

Ver. 470.] We may thus rectify the rhyme :

Then every god his pious lips implore—

Ver. 484. *One sacred to the nymphs — —*

Another to the winged son of May.]

It may be asked why Eumæus allots part of the victim to Mercury and the nymphs, since there is nothing of the like nature to be found in the whole Iliad and Odyssey? This is done in compliance to the place and person of Eumæus, whose employment lies in the country, and who has the care of the herds of Ulysses; he therefore offers to the nymphs, as they are the presidents of the fountains, rivers, groves, and furnish sustenance and food for cattle: and Mercury was held by the antients to be the patron of shepherds. Thus Simonides,

Θύει Νύμφαις κ' Μαιαδὲ τέκνῳ

Οὔτοι γὰρ ἀνδρὶ αἶμα ἔχουσι πομαίνων.

Eustathius adds, (from whom this is taken) that Mercury was a lucrative God, and therefore Eumæus sacrifices to him for increase

The rural tribe in common share the rest,
 The king the chine, the honour of the feast,
 Who sat delighted at his servant's board;
 The faithful servant joy'd his unknown lord.
 Oh be thou dear (Ulysses cry'd) to Jove, 490
 As well thou claim'st a grateful stranger's love!
 Be then thy thanks, (the bounteous swain
 reply'd)
 Enjoyment of the good the Gods provide.

of his herds: or because he was *δολιος ἐρμῆς*, and, like Ulysses, master of all the arts of cunning and dissimulation, and then Eumæus may be understood to offer to him for the safety of Ulysses, that he might furnish him with artifice to bring him in security to his country; and we see this agrees with his prayer.

What Dacier adds is yet more to the purpose. Eumæus joins Mercury with the nymphs because he was patron of flocks, and the antients generally placed the figure of a ram at the base of his images; sometimes he is represented carrying a ram upon his arms, sometimes upon his shoulders: in short, it suffices that he was esteemed a rural deity, to make the sacrifice proper to be offered to him by a person whose occupation lay in the country. P.

Ver. 487.] Vicious rhymes! Thus?

Ulysses, while the rest regale the swains,
 The chine entire, an ample portion, gains.

Ver. 488.] Or thus, for the reasons just assigned;
 Delighted fate the king unknown, to see
 His faithful servant's hospitality.

Ver. 490.] So Chapman:

— — — — I would to Jove
 (Eumæus) thou liv'dst in his worthy love
 As great as mine.

Ver. 492.] A very wrong turn is given to this speech in the translation; which will sufficiently appear from a literal representation of it:

From God's own hand descend our joys and
woes ;

These he decrees, and he but suffers these : 495

All pow'r is his, and whatfoe'er he wills,

The will itself, omnipotent, fulfills,

This said, the first fruits to the Gods he gave ;

Then pour'd of offer'd wine the sable wave :

In great Ulysses' hand he plac'd the bowl, 500

He sat, and sweet refection chear'd his soul.

The bread from canisters Mefaulius gave,

(Eumæus' proper treasure bought this slave,

And led from Taphos, to attend his board,

A servant added to his absent Lord) 505

Eat, noble stranger ! and enjoy the meal
Before thee : this will God bestow, and that
Omit, as likes his will omnipotent.

Ver. 504. *And led from Taphos* — —] This custom of purchasing slaves prevailed over all the world, as appears not only from many places of Homer, but of the holy Scriptures, in which mention is made of slaves bought with money. The Taphians lived in a small island adjacent to Ithaca ; Mentis was king of it, as appears from the first of the *Odyssey* : they were generally pirates, and are supposed to have had their name from their way of living, which in the Phœnician tongue (as Bochart observes) signifies rapine ; *kataph*, and by contraction *taph*, bearing that signification.

Frequent use has been made of Phœnician interpretations through the course of these notes, and perhaps it may be judged necessary to say something why they may be supposed to give names to countries and persons, more than any other nation.

They are reported to be the inventors of letters, Lucan, lib. iii.

“ Phœnices primi, famæ si creditur, auri

“ Mansuram rudibus vocem signare figuris.”

His task it was the wheaten loaves to lay,
 And from the banquet take the bowls away.
 And now the rage of hunger was repress'd,
 And each betakes him to his couch to rest. 509

and were the greatest navigators in the world. Dionysius says they were the first,

Οἱ πρῶτοι νήισσιν ἐπειρήσαντο θαλάσσης,
 Πρῶτοι δ' ἐμπορίας ἀλιθύνειν ἐμήσαντο.

The first who used navigation, the first who trafficked by the ocean. If we put these two qualities together, it is no wonder that a great number of places were called by Phœnician names: for they being the first navigators, must necessarily discover a multitude of islands, countries, and cities, to which they would be obliged to give names when they described them. And nothing is so probable, as that they gave those names according to the observations they made upon the nature of the several countries, or employment of the inhabitants. In the present instance, the Taphians being remarkable pirates, (as appears from Homer,

— — Τάφιοι ληΐστορες ἄνδρες
 — — ληΐστρον ἐπισκόμενοι Ταφίοισι.)

The Phœnicians, who first discovered this island, called it Taph, the Island of Pirates. Places receive appellations according to the language of the discoverer, and generally from observations made upon the people. It will add a weight to this supposition, if we remember that Homer was well acquainted with the traditions and customs of the Phœnicians; for he speaks frequently of that people through the course of the *Odyssey*. P.

Ver. 505.] Ogilby is more full in some respects:

In his lord's absence him he kept alone,
 Both to Laertes and the queen unknown.

Ver. 506.] This couplet is an ingenious expansion of the following clause in his original:

The bread Mefaulius clear'd.

Now came the night, and darkness cover'd o'er
The face of things; the winds began to roar;

Ver. 510. *Now came the night, — —
— — the winds began to roar, &c.*

Eustathius observes, that Homer introduces the following story by a very artful connexion, and makes it, as it were, grow out of the subject: the coldness of the present season brings to his mind a time like it, when he lay before Troy.

It is remarkable, that almost all Poets have taken an opportunity to give long descriptions of the night; Virgil, Statius, Apollonius, Tasso, and Dryden, have enlarged upon this subject: Homer seems industriously to have avoided it: perhaps he judged such descriptions to be no more than excrescencies, and at best but beautiful superfluities. A modern Hypercritick thinks Mr. Dryden to have excelled all the Poets in this point.

All things are hush'd as nature's self lay dead,
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head, &c.
The last verse is translated from Statius,

“ Et simulant fessos curvata cacumina somnos.”

which I mention only to propose it to consideration, whether *cacumina* must, in this place, of necessity signify the tops of mountains, why may it not be applied, as it is frequently, to the tops of the trees? I question whether the nodding of a mountain, or the appearance of its nodding, be a natural image: whereas if we understand it of the trees, the difficulty vanishes; and the meaning will be much more easy, that the very trees seem to nod, as in sleep.

I beg the reader's patience to mention another verse of Statius, that has been undoubtedly mistaken.

“ Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris,
“ Horruit in maculas.” — —

Which Cowley renders,
— — he swells with angry pride,

And calls forth all his spots on ev'ry side.

In which sense also, the author of the Spectator quotes it from Cowley. But it is impossible to imagine that the hair of any creature can change into spots; and if any creature could change it by anger, would not the spots remain when the passion was over?

The driving storm the wat'ry west-wind pours,
 And Jove descends in deluges of show'rs.
 Studious of rest and warmth, Ulysses lies,
 Foreseeing from the first the storm wou'd rise;
 In mere necessity of coat and cloak, 516
 With artful preface to his host he spoke.

Hear me, my friends! who this good banquet
 grace;

'Tis sweet to play the fool in time and place,
 And wine can of their wits the wise beguile, 520
 Make the sage frolick, and the serious smile,

The assertion is absolutely against nature, and matter of fact; and as absurd as to affirm that the hair of a tiger blushes. This mistake arises from the double sense of the word *macula*, which signifies also the *meshes* of a *net*, as any common dictionary will inform us. So Tully, *Reticulum minutis maculis*; Columella, *Rete grandi macula*; Ovid, *Distinctum maculis rete*. This way the sense is obvious: no wonder that a tiger, when enclosed in the toils, should *horrere in maculas*, or erect his hair when he flies against the meshes, endeavouring to escape; and it agrees with the nature of that animal, to roughen his hair when he is angry. I beg the reader's pardon for all this; but the mention of a Hypercritick was infecting, and led me into it unawares. P.

Or thus, commensurate with the author:

Night came, all drear and dark: incessant rain

Pour'd down from Jove: moist Zephyr blew amain:

which is perfectly faithful.

Ver. 513.] See Iliad v. 122.

Ver. 514.] This is very strange, obscure, and bordering on the ludicrous. Take a literal representation of the passage:

To prove the swineherd, spake the king, if chance

Himself would strip his cloak, or urge his men,

From care benevolent, to grant the boon.

Ver. 519.] Our Poet translates a verse of Horace, ode iv. 12.

Dulce est desipere in loco.

The grave in merry measures frisk about,
 And many a long repented word bring out,
 Since to be talkative I now commence,
 Let wit cast off the sullen yoke of sense. 515
 Once I was strong (wou'd heav'n restore those
 days)

And with my betters claim'd a share of praise.
 Ulysses, Menelaus led forth a band,
 And join'd me with them, ('twas their own com-
 mand;)

A deathful ambush for the foe to lay, 530
 Beneath Troy walls by night we took our way:
 There, clad in arms, along the marshes spread,
 We made the osier-fringed bank our bed.
 Full soon th' inclemency of heav'n I feel,
 Nor had these shoulders cov'ring, but of steel.
 Sharp blew the North; snow whitening all the
 fields 536
 Froze with the blast, and gath'ring glaz'd our
 shields.

There all but I, well fenc'd with cloak and vest,
 Lay cover'd by their ample shields at rest.

Ver. 533.] This open vowel displeases, and correction is obvious:

We made *an* osier-fringed bank —.

Ver. 536.] This couplet is peculiarly elegant and exact.

Ver. 538.] Thus Ogilby:

Under their shields they quiet lay at rest,
 I, like a fool, had left behind my vest.

Fool that I was ! I left behind my own ; 540 }
 The skill of weather and of winds unknown, }
 And trusted to my coat and shield alone ! }
 When now was wasted more than half the night,
 And the stars faded at approaching light ;
 Sudden I jogg'd Ulysses, who was laid 545
 Fast by my side, and shiv'ring thus I said.

Here longer in this field I cannot lie,
 The winter pinches, and with cold I die,
 And die agham'd (oh wisest of mankind)
 The only fool who left his cloak behind. 550

He thought, and answer'd : hardly waking
 yet,
 Sprung in his mind the momentary wit ;

Ver. 540. *I left behind my cloak, &c.*] To understand this passage, we must remember, that in those eastern regions, after very hot days an extreme cold night would sometimes succeed, even with frost and snow, contrary to the usual order of the season. If it had been winter, no doubt Ulysses would have armed himself against the nocturnal cold, and not have been reduced to such an extremity.

There is one incident in this story that seems extraordinary : Ulysses and Menelaus are said to form an ambush under the very walls of Troy, and yet are described to be sleeping while they thus form it. The words are, εὐδοῖν εὐκνητοί. Εὐδοῖν does not necessarily signify to be asleep, as is already proved from the conclusion of the first Iliad : but here it must have that import ; for Ulysses tells his companions, that he has had an extraordinary dream. Besides, even a tendency towards sleep should be avoided by soldiers in an ambuscade, especially by the leaders of it. The only answer that occurs to me is, that perhaps they had centinels waking while they slept ; but even this would be unsoldier-like in our age.

(That wit, which or in council, or in fight, 554
 Still met th' emergence, and determin'd right)
 Hush thee, he cry'd, (soft whisp'ring in my ear)
 Speak not a word, lest any Greek may hear—
 And then (supporting on his arm his head)
 Hear me, companions! (thus aloud he said)
 Methinks too distant from the fleet we lye : 560
 Ev'n now a vision stood before my eye,
 And sure the warning vision was from high :
 Let from among us some swift courier rise,
 Haste to the gen'ral, and demand supplies.
 Upstartd Thoas straight, Andremon's son, 565
 Nimble he rose, and cast his garment down ;
 Instant, the racer vanish'd off the ground ;
 That instant, in his cloak I wrapt me round :
 And safe I slept, till brightly-dawning shone
 The Morn, conspicuous on her golden throne. 570
 Oh were my strength as then, as then my age !
 Some friend would fence me from the winter's rage.

Ver. 556.] Much in the same manner Ogilby :

With a low voice thus *whisper'd in my ear* ;

No more, lest any of the rest should hear.

Ver. 564.] The translator might glance on Chapman :

— — — — — Let one go then and try

If Agamemnon will afford *supply*.

Ver. 565.] Thus? on account of the rhymes :

Then Thoas straight, Andraemon's son, *uprose* ;

Off, at the word, his *purple cloak he throws*.

Ver. 571.] Ogilby strives to keep nearer to his author :

Had I that strength, and youth, as then I had,

Amongst you soon I should be better clad,

Either for love or fear.

Yet tatter'd as I look, I challeng'd then
 The honours, and the offices of men :
 Some master, or some servant would allow 575
 A cloak and vest—but I am nothing now !

Well hast thou spoke (rejoin'd th' attentive
 swain)

Thy lips let fall no idle word or vain !
 Nor garment shalt thou want, nor ought beside,
 Meet, for the wand'ring suppliant to provide. 580
 But in the morning take thy cloaths again,
 For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain ;

Thus ?

Some friend, as then, were *now* my strength and age,
 From love or shame would screen the winter's rage.

Ver. 573.] So Chapman :

— — — — — I should then

Seem worth a weed, that fits a herdsmen's men.

Ver. 580.] The same rhymes have just occurred. Thus ?

But take *thine own*, when morning's rays appear ;

One vest suffices for one swineherd here.

And the rhymes, that follow, cannot be received as legitimate.

Ver. 581. *But in the morning take thy cloaths again.*] This is not spoken in vain ; it was necessary for Ulysses to appear in the form of a beggar, to prevent discovery.

The word in the Greek is *δοπαλῆξις*, which it is impossible to translate without a circumlocution. It paints (observes Eustathius) exactly the dress of a beggar, and the difficulty he labours under in drawing his rags to cover one part of his body that is naked, and while he covers that, leaving the other part bare : *δοπαλῆξις* is *ταῖς παλάμαις δονήσεις* or *δινήσεις*, and expresses how a beggar is embarrassed in the act of covering his body, by reason of the rents in his cloaths. P.

Ver. 582. *For here one vest suffices ev'ry swain.*] It is not at first view evident, why Ulysses requests a change of raiment from

No change of garments to our hinds is known:
But when return'd, the good Ulysses' son

Eumæus, for a better dress would only have exposed him to the danger of a discovery. Besides, this would have been a direct opposition to the injunctions of the Goddess of Wisdom, who had not only disguised him in the habit of a beggar, but changed his features to a conformity with it. Why then should he make this petition? The answer is, to carry on his disguise the better before Eumæus; he has already told him that he was once a person of dignity, though now reduced to poverty by calamities: and consequently a person who had once known better fortunes, would be uneasy under such mean circumstances, and desire to appear like himself; therefore he asks a better dress, that Eumæus may believe his former story.

What Eumæus speaks of not having many changes of garments, is not a sign of poverty, but of the simplicity of the manners of those ages. It is the character of the luxurious, vain Phæacians, to delight in changes of dress, and agrees not with this plain, sincere, industrious Ithacan, Eumæus.

I wonder this last part of the relation of Ulysses has escaped the censure of the Criticks: the circumstance of getting the cloak of Thoas in the cold night, though it shews the artifice of Ulysses essential to his character, yet perhaps may be thought unworthy the majesty of epick poetry, where every thing ought to be great and magnificent. It is of such a nature as to raise a smile, rather than admiration; and Virgil has utterly rejected such levities. Perhaps it may be thought that Ulysses adapts himself to Eumæus, and endeavours to engage his favour by that piece of pleasantry; yet this does not solve the objection, for Eumæus is not a person of a low character: no one in the *Odyssey* speaks with better sense, or better morality. One would almost imagine that Homer was sensible of the weakness of this story, he introduces it so artfully. He tells us in a short preface, that wine unbends the most serious and wise person, and makes him laugh, dance, and speak, without his usual caution: and then he proceeds to the fable of his ambush before Troy. But no introduction can reconcile it to those who think such comick relations should not at all be introduced into epick poetry.

With better hand shall grace with fit attires 585
His guest, and send thee where thy soul desires.

The honest herdsman rose, as this he said,
And drew before the hearth the stranger's bed :
The fleecy spoils of sheep, a goat's rough hide
He spreads ; and adds a mantle thick and wide ;
With store to heap above him, and below, 591
And guard each quarter as the tempests blow.
There lay the king, and all the rest supine ;
All, but the careful master of the swine :
Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care, 595
Well arm'd, and fenc'd against nocturnal air ;
His weighty falchion o'er his shoulder ty'd :
His shaggy cloak a mountain goat supply'd :

Ver. 594.] Here the translator drops the following portion of his original :

— — — — — him Ulysses joy'd to see
So careful of his absent master's wealth.

Ver. 595. *Forth hasted he to tend his bristly care.*] A French Critick has been very severe upon this conduct of Eumæus. *The divine hogherd*, says he, *having given the divine Ulysses his supper, sends him to sleep with his hogs, that had white teeth.* When Criticks find fault, they ought to take care that they impute nothing to an author but what the author really speaks, otherwise it is not criticism, but calumny and ignorance. Monsieur Perrault is here guilty of both, for Ulysses sleeps in the house of Eumæus, and Eumæus retires to take care of his charge, not to sleep, but to watch with them.

Ver. 597.] Thus more accurately :

His *wind-proof* cloak a mountain goat supply'd :
With *pointed javelin*, dread of dogs and men.

EDITOR.

With his broad spear, the dread of dogs and men,
 He seeks his lodging in the rocky den,
 There to the tusky herd he bends his way,
 Where screen'd from Boreas, high o'er arch'd,
 they lay.

This and the preceding book take up no more than the space of one day. Ulysses lands in the morning, which is spent in consultation with Minerva how to bring about his restoration. About noon he comes to Eumæus, for immediately after his arrival they dine: they pass the afternoon and evening in conference: so that thirty-five days are exactly completed since the beginning of the *Odyssey*. P.



THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

